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GROTE'S PLATO.¹

THE NEGATIVE, OR SEARCH DIALOGUES.

BY PROFESSOR BAIN.

ALTHOUGH, in the celebrated chapters on the Sophists and on Sokrates, in his "History of Greece," Mr. Grote made a commencement of his intended account of Grecian philosophy, he found it advisable to reserve Plato and Aristotle for a separate work. He has now fulfilled his promise as regards Plato.

Perhaps no man in the Grecian world has inspired a wider or a deeper interest than Plato. He has divided with Aristotle, and exerted after a manner of his own, the sway of Greek intellect over the civilized world. If Aristotle is more sagacious, sober, and various in scientific accomplishments, Plato has coupled with philosophy the Hellenic graces of style, and his emotional charms have made him appear almost divine. But idolatry is not favourable to exact appreciation; and a leading aim of the present work is to undo what the author considers a mistaken estimate of Plato's character and method, which has taken a firm hold of the great mass of his readers and commentators.

A short extract from the preface will introduce us to the scope of the work:—

¹ "Plato and the other Companions of Sokrates." By George Grote, F.R.S., D.C.L., Oxon, and LL.D., Cambridge, Vice-Chancellor of the University of London. 3 vols. Murray.

"The title of these volumes will sufficiently indicate that I intend to describe, as far as evidence permits, the condition of Hellenic philosophy at Athens during the half century immediately following the death of Sokrates in 399 B.C. My first two chapters do indeed furnish a brief sketch of Pre-Socratic philosophy: but I profess to take my departure from Sokrates himself, and these chapters are inserted mainly in order that the theories by which he found himself surrounded may not be altogether unknown. Both here, and in the sixty-ninth chapter of my History, I have done my best to throw light on the impressive and eccentric personality of Sokrates: a character original and unique, to whose peculiar mode of working on other minds I scarcely know a parallel in history. He was the generator, indirectly and through others, of a new and abundant crop of compositions—the "Socratic dialogues:" composed by many different authors, among whom Plato stands out as unquestionable coryphæus, yet amidst other names well deserving respectful mention as seconds, companions, or opponents.

"It is these Socratic dialogues, and the various companions of Sokrates from whom they proceeded, that the present work is intended to exhibit. They form the dramatic manifestation of Hellenic philosophy—as contrasted with the formal and systematising, afterwards prominent in Aristotle.

"But the dialogue is a process containing commonly a large intermixture, often a preponderance, of the negative vein: which was more abundant and powerful in Sokrates than in any one. In discussing the Platonic dialogues, I have brought this negative vein into the foreground. It reposes upon a view of the function and value of philosophy which is less dwelt upon than it ought to be, and for which I here briefly prepare the reader."

The author then proceeds to describe the nature of philosophy as *reasoned truth*, borrowing a happy phrase from the lamented Ferrier. In this respect, it is radically opposed to unreasoned beliefs, generated by the mere sentiments of the mind, or by traditional or other authority. The business of the philosopher lies in calling for proof where others believe without proof, to reject received doctrines if the proof appears insufficient, and to urge in their stead what he considers to be true. But then his truth must be reasoned truth, supported by proofs, and fortified against all objections. Philosophy is thus (as Ferrier so well showed) by necessity polemical; the assertion of independent reason by individual reasoners, dissenters from the prevalent unreasoning belief, and yielding to no authority save the counter-reasons of others. It will happen, moreover, that philosophers are dissenters from one another, to the great gain of philosophy itself.

Now this polemic character did not fully show itself at the earliest stage of Greek philosophy. The first philosophers, from Thales downwards, departed materially from the unreasoning beliefs as to natural agency, rejecting the polytheistic explanations, and adopting each some independent hypothesis upon more or less of reason assigned. But there appears to have been little or no refutation or negation in their procedure. None of them tried to *disprove* the received point of view, and to throw its supporters on their defence. The dialectic age had not yet arrived.

That age was prepared by the Eleatic Zeno, and formally opened by Sokrates. The saying that Sokrates brought philosophy down from heaven to earth,—from cosmical speculation to human affairs—is true, but not the whole truth. He revolutionized the method of philosophy. He gave the negative and polemic aspect of reasoned truth a prominence and an emphasis unknown before. His gift of cross-examination was employed to disabuse men of the conceit of knowledge, and give them

the torpedo shock of humiliating conscious ignorance, which he considered the preparation for true knowledge. The peculiar features of the spoken dialogues of Sokrates are necessary for the understanding of half of the written dialogues of Plato, which are devoid of meaning, unless construed with reference to the separate function and independent value of negative dialectic.

"Whether readers may themselves agree in such estimation of negative dialectic, is another question; but they must keep it in mind as the governing sentiment of Plato during much of his life, and of Sokrates throughout the whole of his life; as being moreover one main cause of that antipathy which Sokrates inspired to many orthodox contemporaries. I have thought it right to take constant account of this orthodox sentiment among the ordinary public, as the perpetual drag-chain, even when its force is not absolutely repressive, upon free speculation."

The first chapter is devoted to the Speculative Philosophy of Greece, up to the time of Sokrates. The three Milesians—Thales, Anaximander, and Anaximenes—Pythagoras, Xenophanes of Kolophon, Parmenides of Elea, Herakleitus of Ephesus, Empedokles of Agrigentum, Anaxagoras of Klazomenæ, Diogenes of Apollonia, Leukippos of Elea, Demokritos of Abdëra,¹ are suc-

¹ We must make room in a note for a few sentences on Demokritos:—

"Among the lost treasures of Hellenic intellect, there are few which are more to be regretted than the works of Demokritos. Little is known of them except the titles: but these are instructive as well as multifarious. The number of different subjects which they embrace is astonishing. Besides his atomic theory, and its application to cosmogony and physics, whereby he is chiefly known, and from whence his title of *physicus* was derived—we find mention of works on geometry, arithmetic, astronomy, optics, geography or geology, zoology, botany, medicine, music and poetry, grammar, history, ethics, &c. In such universality he is the predecessor, perhaps the model, of Aristotle. It is not likely that this wide range of subjects should have been handled in a spirit of empty generality, without facts or particulars: for we know that his life

cessively passed in review. Of this chapter we will say only that it is an attempt to construct, from the slender remaining accounts and fragments of these philosophers, an intelligible representation of the problems they endeavoured to solve, and of their manner of solving them; and we doubt much whether it is now possible to give a better statement of their views.

In the second chapter, the author makes some interesting general reflections on the schemes of these twelve beginners in philosophy, contrasting them with the prevailing popular conceptions of nature. He notes in them, not merely "the growth and development of scientific curiosity, but also "the spontaneity and exuberance of "constructive imagination—that prominent attribute of the Hellenic mind "displayed to the greatest advantage "in the poetical, oratorical, historical, "artistic productions, and transferred "from thence to minister to their scientific curiosity." While the primitive theories had no positive character in common, their common negative characteristic was remarked by Aristotle: "The earlier philosophers (he says) had "no part in Dialectics; *dialectical force* "did not yet exist." The invention of this new arm is attributed by the same authority to Zeno; and accordingly Mr. Grote enters fully into the Zenonian

dialectics as the prelude to Sokrates and Plato.

The Eleatic Zeno is best known by his puzzles and paradoxes on motion; but these have to be viewed in connection with the doctrine of Parmenides—the commencement of all Ontology—recognising, together with the sensible or Phenomenal world, an Ultra-Phenomenal, Noumenal, or Absolute world, of which certain attributes could be affirmed. It was on this last world that Zeno brought to bear his contradictory propositions; and by means of them, somewhat in the manner of the logical dilemma, he refuted those opponents of Parmenides, who contended that the Absolute was plural and discontinuous, against his (Parmenides') view of the One and the Continuous (*Ens unum continuum*).

"It is the opening of the negative "vein which imparts from this time "forward a new character to Grecian "philosophy. It is no longer sufficient "to propound a theory, either in obscure, "oracular metaphors, and half-intelligible aphorisms, like Herakleitus, or "in verse more or less impressive, like "Parmenides or Empedokles. The "theory must be sustained by proofs, "guarded against objections, defended "against imputations of inconsistency; "moreover, it must be put in comparison with rival theories. Here are "new exigencies, to which dogmatic "philosophers had not before been "obnoxious. They were now required "to be masters of the art of dialectic "attack and defence, not fearing the "combat of question and answer—a "combat in which, assuming tolerable "equality between the duellists, the "questioner had the advantage of the "sun, or the preferable position, and "the farther advantage of choosing "where to aim his blows."

After these preliminaries, our author proceeds to Plato's life, making the most of the few authentic particulars. Born 427 B.C. at Ægina, of a noble family, and constitutionally robust, he showed remarkable quickness in learning, attained a great familiarity with the poets,

was long, his curiosity insatiable, and his personal travel and observation greater than that of any contemporary. We know too that he entered more or less upon the field of dialectics, discussing those questions of evidence which became so rife in the Platonic age. He criticised, and is said to have combated, the doctrine laid down by Protagoras, 'Man is the measure of all things.' It would have been interesting to know from what point of view he approached it: but we learn only the fact that he criticised it adversely. The numerous treatises of Demokritus, together with the proportion of them which relate to ethical and social subjects, rank him with the philosophers of the Platonic and Aristotelian age. His *Summum Bonum*, as far as we can make out, appears to have been the maintenance of mental serenity and contentment: in which view he recommended a life of tranquil contemplation, apart from money-making, or ambition, or the exciting pleasures of life."

and composed poetry of his own, but which he burned when he came under Sokrates, possibly about his twentieth year. Taking into account the extraordinary and trying political circumstances of Athens from 499-403 B.C. Mr. Grote concludes that a robust young citizen like Plato, entering military life in 409, must have been occupied in hard military service, if not abroad, in the defence of Attica, or in garrison duty at Athens. The battle of Arginusæ, the crushing defeat of *Ægospotami*, the blockade of Athens, when many died of famine, the tyranny of the Thirty, the gallant combat of *Thrasybulus*, followed by the intervention of the *Lacedæmonians* and the restoration of the democracy, were the political surroundings of Plato's youthful years. He felt the impulse of political ambition usual with many Athenians of good family; and continued in Athens till the condemnation of Sokrates in 399, when he temporarily retired with the other Socratic companions to *Megara*, threw up practical politics, and resolved to devote himself exclusively to philosophical speculation, unless in the event (which happened, little to his credit) of an invitation from some city or state to legislate for it upon exalted principles. The interval of thirteen years, between the death of Sokrates and the opening of his own school, may have been spent partly at Athens, but was also in part occupied with foreign travel, in *Kyrênê*, *Egypt*, *Italy*, and *Sicily*. He was forty-one when he entered (386) on his public vocation of teacher of philosophy in a garden adjoining the precinct sacred to the hero *Akadêmus*, about a mile from the gate of Athens on the road to *Eleusis*. In this precinct there were shady walks, a gymnasium for bodily exercises, and a museum with library and class-room; and adjoining was a small dwelling-house and garden, Plato's private residence. "Here, under the name of Academy, was founded the earliest of those schools of philosophy, which continued for centuries forward to guide and stimulate the speculative minds of Greece and Rome."

Mr. Grote considers it necessary to devote two chapters to the Platonic canon: the necessity arising not from any doubt in the ancient world as to what were the genuine Dialogues, but from the turn of the discussions during the present century. He first enters on a minute survey of the external evidences for the received canon, called the catalogue of *Thrasyllus*; showing that the works of Plato must have been acquired, from authentic sources, by the *Alexandrine Library*, on whose authority the canon rests. He then applies himself to the refutation of the new system of criticism, originating with *Schleiermacher*, and professing, regardless of the external testimonies, to discriminate the genuine writings of Plato by a kind of internal evidence. The alleged evidence supposes, first, a systematic unity of purpose, a process of regular development in the mind of Plato, traceable throughout his Dialogues; and, secondly, that the Dialogues can be now arranged in their proper chronology. Mr. Grote disputes both assumptions, with arguments that appear to be overwhelming. And although, in the course of this controversy with *Schleiermacher* and the German commentators, he takes occasion to set forth, by way of contrast, his view of the real method of Plato, we prefer to draw on the chapter succeeding, which is made to bear on the Platonic compositions generally.

The first impression produced by these writings is their great variety. No single epithet can describe them all. Some critics of antiquity described Plato as essentially a searcher or inquirer, and as never reaching any certain result. This is going too far; he is sceptical in some Dialogues, dogmatical in others. Again, *Aristotle* characterised his style of writing as something between poetry and prose, and declared that the doctrine of Ideas obtained all its plausibility from metaphors. This is also true to a certain extent. Many of the Dialogues possess a degree of poetic exuberance condemned as excessive by contemporary and subsequent critics, who had

before them, for comparison, the most finished compositions of Greece. Moreover, the power of his dramatic situations would have carried away the prizes at the Dionysiac festivals, if he had followed the drama as a profession. But these poetic attributes are not found in all the Dialogues.

"It is in truth scarcely possible to resolve all the diverse manifestations of the Platonic mind into one higher unity; or to predicate, about Plato as an intellectual person, anything which shall be applicable at once to the Protagoras, Gorgias, Parmenides, Phædrus, Symposium, Philæbus, Phædon, Republic, Timæus, and Leges. Plato was sceptic, dogmatist, religious mystic and inquisitor, mathematician, philosopher, poet (erotic as well as satirical), rhetor, artist—all in one: or at least, all in succession, throughout the fifty years of his philosophical life. At one time the exuberant dialectical impulse claims satisfaction, manifesting itself in a string of ingenious doubts and unsolved contradictions: at another time, he is full of theological antipathy against those who libel Helios and Seléné, or who deny the universal providence of the Gods: here, we have unqualified confessions of ignorance, and protestations against the false persuasion of knowledge, as alike wide-spread and deplorable—there, we find a description of the process of building up the Kosmos from the beginning, as if the author had been privy to the inmost purposes of the Demiurgus. In one dialogue the erotic fever is in the ascendant, distributed between beautiful youths and philosophical concepts, and confounded with a religious inspiration and *furor* which supersedes and transcends human sobriety (Phædrus): in another, all vehement impulses of the soul are stigmatised and repudiated, no honourable scope being left for anything but the calm and passionless *Nous* (Philæbus, Phædon). Satire is exchanged for dithyramb, and mythe,—and one ethical point of view for another (Protagoras, Gorgias). The all-sufficient dramatising power of the master gives full effect to each of these multifarious tendencies. On the whole—to use a comparison of Plato himself—the Platonic sum total somewhat resembles those fanciful combinations of animals imagined in the Hellenic mythology—an aggregate of distinct and disparate individualities, which look like one because they are packed in the same external wrapper."

Another circumstance must be taken into the account. We know Plato mainly in one character, the composer of Dialogues. He was, besides, a lecturer; but the nature of his lecturing is almost unknown. The only occasions of his speaking in his own person are

presented by his few epistles (written, after he was sixty years of age, to Dionysius II. Dion, and others), from which we gather, first, his opinion that direct written exposition was useless for conveying real instruction to the reader; next, his reluctance to publish any such exposition under his own name, and carrying with it his responsibility. Writing to Dionysius, in answer to a demand for farther explanations of his higher doctrines, he advises the dependence, not on writing, but on meditation and debate, as the proper mode of acquiring and retaining them. "These matters cannot be communicated in words, as other sciences are. Out of repeated debates on them, and much social intercourse, there is kindled suddenly a light in the mind, as from fire bursting forth, which when once generated keeps itself alive." "I have never myself written anything on these subjects. There neither is, nor shall there ever be, any treatise of Plato." The opinions called by the name of "Plato are those of Sokrates in his days of youthful vigour and glory." His idea of the true position of a learner was in oral communication with the teacher; a written exposition, sown broadcast among the multitude, was to him an altogether incongruous and futile proceeding. The necessity of personal adaptation on the part of the tutor was intensely present to his view; and, as a Greek, he felt, what we can realize only in an inferior degree, the action and re-action of the human presence in stimulating the forces of the intellect, as well as in the social pleasures. The drama and dialectics, both of Hellenic origin, had for a principal root the sociability of the Hellenic temperament. But the strongest objection to the dead letter remains. The only test of mastery of any subject is that the learner shall be able to endure from others, and himself apply to others, a Sokratic Elenchus, or cross-examination as to all the difficulties. No written exposition will qualify up to this point; nothing short of a course of tuition conducted in the very fashion will do.

The author next goes on to divide the Dialogues. He excludes the Epistles, the Apology of Sokrates, and the Menexenus, as compositions apart. There are, then, thirty-three Dialogues in all, nineteen of Search, and fourteen of Exposition. The most elaborate specimen of the Search Dialogues is Theætetus; Menon, Lachês, Charmidês, Lysis, Euthyphron, &c. are perfect specimens in their way, but less worked out. Among Expository Dialogues, Timæus and Epinomis are the most marked examples, being devoid of all negative criticism. The Republic, Phædon, and Philêbus display exposition, preceded or accompanied by search. Many others are of the mixed character, being placed under search or under exposition according as either quality preponderates.

Let us now follow our author in a more particular description of those Dialogues of Search. A philosopher, as commonly conceived, is one that has made up his mind to certain opinions, which he expounds with authority, illustrates, and proves. Such was Plato in some of his compositions. But in by far the greater number, he could give no opinion at all on the questions raised. There is a process of inquiry, of search, not only fruitless, but devious, circuitous, and intentionally protracted. The position of authority is disclaimed. Not only does he never give judgment in his own name, but his principal spokesman declares that he has not made up his own mind, that he is only a searcher along with others, more eager in the chase than they. Philosophy is a search after the unknown, not a deliverance respecting the known. The pursuit is considered as profitable and invigorating, even though what is sought is not found. The efficacy of Sokrates, both as he pursued his cross-questioning vocation among the Athenians, and as he appeared in the Platonic Dialogues, is not producing, but obstetric. He furnishes a stimulus to the parturition of something in the pregnant brain of the respondent. The relationship of teacher and learner, with authority on the one side, and reciprocity and trust

on the other, does not exist. In modern times, the general public are not admitted to the process of searching for truth; before the finished work is presented, the scaffolding is removed. Plato has a strong interest in viewing the different stages of the erection. If we could suppose, what sometimes happens, that a research is carried on by two persons in co-partnery, and that their correspondence and discussions were all preserved, the recital would furnish the basis of a composition after Plato's own heart; he would dress it up with dramatic touches, and send it forth as a dialogue of search. At Athens, in his day, co-partnery in intellectual labour was the rule; the active minds were either the Rhetors, addressing the multitude on particular issues, or the Dialecticians, debating between themselves on general questions. In the dialectic process, one person set up a thesis, another cross-examined upon it; and the most irresistible of all cross-examiners was Sokrates. Play was thus given to the negative arm of philosophy, the art of disproving the false. The Eleatic Zeno, Sokrates, and Plato considered that a great service was rendered, even if they stopped short at this point. They felt no shame in the confession of ignorance. Most historians of ancient philosophy fail to realize, because themselves disliking, this process of mere negation. They would tolerate it in small doses, and as an aid to affirmation; requiring that, when you deprive a man of one affirmative solution, you must be prepared at once with another. "Le Roi est Mort: Vive le Roi!" the dogmatic throne must never be empty. But, if we look at the practice of Plato, we shall find a different case. The Parmenides, for example, is throughout a protest against forward affirmation, an assertion of an independent *locus standi* for the negationist. The claims of the objector must be satisfied before the affirmer can be held solvent. Parmenides selects for criticism Plato's own theory of Ideas, and indicates an array of difficulties that are not removed, and that appear irremovable. That a man

should make an unanswerable case against his own darling theory of the world, is not human nature, think the commentators. Plato thinks otherwise, and Grote, perhaps conscious of being capable of the same thing, sides with him.

But we must now advert to the more special ground assigned by Sokrates for his negative procedure. It referred to that chronic and deep-seated malady of the human mind, the false persuasion of knowledge. Men constantly credit themselves with knowing what they do not know; the first step of their intellectual progress is to be disabused of this belief, and feel in room of it a mortifying sense of ignorance. Sokrates claimed for himself the distinction of having thoroughly passed this preliminary stage. "I am distinguished" (says he) from others, by this "character only—that I am conscious of my own ignorance: the wisest of men would be he that had the like consciousness: but as yet I have looked for such a man in vain." So deeply did he take to heart the prevalent false persuasion of knowledge among all classes, that (under what he conceived a mission from the Delphian god) his whole life was a continued warfare against it. His instrument was a cross-examination that sooner or later involved every respondent in the meshes of self-contradiction. The topics chosen by him for testing men's knowledge (and herein lay another of his characteristics) were, not the recondite speculations of the early philosophers—the Kosmos, Astronomy, Meteorology—but matters of everyday talk, experience, and practice; respecting which every one was ready to give a confident opinion. What is justice? what is injustice? what are temperance and courage? what is law, lawlessness, democracy, aristocracy? what is the government of mankind, and the attributes qualifying for the governing function? It was in these matters that he detected universal ignorance, coupled with a firm but illusory persuasion of knowledge.

Mr. Grote, not content with forcibly reciting the Sokratic and Platonic

method of negative cross-examination, applied to the false persuasion of knowledge, endorses it with his hearty concurrence. He believes both in the existence of the evil, and in the suitability of the remedy, so far as the disease is curable (in which he is not over-sanguine). We must give his views in his own words:—

"This aggregate of beliefs and predispositions to believe, ethical, religious, æsthetic, social, respecting what is true or false, probable or improbable, just or unjust, holy or unholy, honourable or base, respectable or contemptible, pure or impure, beautiful or ugly, decent or indecent, obligatory to do or obligatory to avoid, respecting the status and relations of each individual in the society, respecting even the admissible fashions of amusement and recreation—this is an established fact and condition of things, the real origin of which is for the most part unknown, but which each new member of the society is born to and finds subsisting. It is transmitted by tradition from parents to children, and is imbibed by the latter almost unconsciously from what they see and hear around, without any special season of teaching, or special persons to teach. It becomes a part of each person's nature—a standing habit of mind, or fixed set of mental tendencies, according to which particular experience is interpreted and particular persons appreciated. It is not set forth in systematic proclamation, nor impugned, nor defended: it is enforced by a sanction of its own, the same real sanction or force in all countries, by fear of displeasure from the Gods, and by certainty of evil from neighbours and fellow-citizens. The community hate, despise, or deride, any individual member who proclaims his dissent from their social creed, or even openly calls it in question. Their hatred manifests itself in different ways, at different times and occasions, sometimes by burning or excommunication, sometimes by banishment or interdiction from fire and water; at the very least, by exclusion from that amount of forbearance, good-will, and estimation, without which the life of an individual becomes insupportable: for society, though its power to make an individual happy is but limited, has complete power, easily exercised, to make him miserable. The orthodox public do not recognise in any individual citizen a right to scrutinise their creed, and to reject it if not approved by his own rational judgment. They expect that he will embrace it in the natural course of things, by the mere force of authority and contagion—as they have adopted it themselves: as they have adopted also the current language, weights, measures, divisions of time, &c. If he dissents, he is guilty of an offence described in the terms of the indictment preferred against Sokrates—'Sokrates commits crime, inasmuch as he does not believe in the Gods, in whom the city believes, but introduces new religious beliefs,' &c.

'Nomos (Law and Custom), King of All' (to borrow the phrase which Herodotus cites from Pindar), exercises plenary power, spiritual as well as temporal, over individual minds; moulding the emotions as well as the intellect according to the local type—determining the sentiments, the belief, and the predisposition in regard to new matters tendered for belief, of every one—fashioning thought, speech, and points of view, no less than action—and reigning under the appearance of habitual, self-suggested tendencies. Plato, when he assumes the function of Constructor, establishes special officers for enforcing in detail the authority of King Nomos in his Platonic variety. But even where no such special officers exist, we find Plato himself describing forcibly (in the speech assigned to Protagoras) the working of that spontaneous, ever-present police by whom the authority of King Nomos is enforced in detail—a police not the less omnipotent because they wear no uniform, and carry no recognised title."

The first condition of philosophy as reasoned truth is dissent and disenfranchisement from traditional and consecrated authority—the existence, at all hazards, of a small minority, asserting the right of self-judgment. This position was taken in greater or less degree by several eminent poets and philosophers in early Greece, by Pindar and by Xenophanes. So the various theories of the Kosmos, from Thales downwards, were the free offspring of individual minds, although as yet unaccompanied with the dialectic process of attack and rejoinder. It was in the fifth century B.C. that the two-sided procedure, familiar in the drama and in the dikastery, was enlisted in the service of philosophy, that Zeno and Sokrates assumed the aggressive. Never before had the authority of King Nomos met such an enemy as the Sokratic cross-examination; the prescriptive creed and the unconsciously imbibed sentiment were thrown upon their defence before the reason of an individual citizen. "You, Polus, bring against me the authority of the multitude, as well as of the most eminent citizens, who all agree in upholding your view. But I, one man, standing here alone, do not agree with you. And I engage to compel you, my one respondent, to agree with me."

It is from the conversation of So-

krates that the Platonic Dialogues of Search take their rise, and we must read them in the light of the Sokratic dictum: "False persuasion of knowledge is almost universal: the Elenchus, which eradicates this, is salutary and indispensable; the dialectic search for truth between two active self-working minds, both of them ignorant, yet both feeling their own ignorance, is instructive, as well as fascinating, though it should end without finding any truth at all, and without any other result than to discover some proposed hypotheses to be untrue."

The Sokratic method was the initiative of a genuine scientific operation, in propounding as an end the exact definition of general notions—such generalities as Knowledge, Justice, Law, Temperance, Courage, Holiness. In ordinary usage, these terms are left vague and undefined, and are therefore liable to indiscriminate and improper application. Sokrates plies his respondents more especially on this head; and his dialectic process soon exposes their weakness. Every one pretends to know what Justice is, but, when he asks them for a precise definition, and cross-examines them upon it, they break down; and he leaves the desideratum unsupplied. In fact, both he and Plato are aware that the definition of the leading terms of ethics, politics, mind, &c., is a serious business; and we may regard the Platonic Ideas, or eternal self-existent Forms—the Form of the Just, of the Good—as a transcendental solution of the difficulty, emanating from the mystic and *a priori* side of Plato's mind. But, however this may be, it is certain that Sokrates, by his dialectic sifting of the meanings of general words, is entitled to be considered the originator of Inductive Definition.

In arranging the Dialogues, Mr. Grote thinks it best to commence with such as delineate Sokrates at work in his own manner, as attested by the unidealized report of Xenophon. These are pure Search Dialogues. He places last of all such as depart most widely from Sokrates and from negation, believed to

be also the latest of Plato's compositions—*Timæus*, *Kritias*, *Leges*. These are in glaring contrast to the searching questions, the negative acuteness, the confessed ignorance, of Sokrates; Plato, in his old age, has not maintained consistency with his youth, as Sokrates did, but has passed round from the negative to the affirmative pole of philosophy. The character of Exposition attaches in its purity to this class of dialogues. Between the extreme specimens of the two classes, the intermediate Dialogues are placed according as they seem to approximate to one or other type.

According to this plan, the *APOLOGY* of Sokrates is the starting point. Although not properly a Dialogue, but the address of Sokrates in his trial before the *Dikasts*, it is purely Sokratic in its ideas. It is believed to be in substance the real defence pronounced by Sokrates, reported and drest up, yet not intentionally transformed, by Plato. In the poorest translation, this discourse reaches the moral sublime. Sokrates explains at length his mission and his vocation—1. To cross-examine men, and to destroy the false persuasion of wisdom and of virtue so widely diffused among them. 2. To reproach them, and make them ashamed of pursuing wealth and glory more than wisdom and virtue. He disclaims the imparting of positive knowledge. He cannot teach what WISDOM or VIRTUE is. He declares his resolution to follow his own sense of duty whatever danger attends it. "Where a man may have posted himself—either under his own belief that it is best, or under orders from the magistrate—there he must stay and affront danger, not caring for death or anything else in comparison with disgrace."

"As to death, Sokrates knows very little what it is, nor whether it is good or evil. The fear of death, in his view, is only one case of the prevalent mental malady—men believing themselves to know that of which they really know nothing. If death be an extinction of all sensation, like a perpetual and dreamless sleep, he will regard it as a prodigious benefit compared with life: even the Great King will not be a loser by the exchange. If, on the

contrary, death be a transition into Hades, to keep company with those who have died before—Homer, Hesiod, the heroes of the Trojan War, &c.—Sokrates will consider it supreme happiness to converse with and cross-examine the potentates and clever men of the past—Agamemnon, Odysseus, Sisyphus; thus discriminating which of them are really wise, and which of them are only unconscious pretenders. He is convinced that no evil can ever happen to the good man; that the protection of the Gods can never be wanting to him, whether alive or dead. 'It is not lawful for a better man to be injured by a worse. He may indeed be killed, or banished, or disfranchised; and these may appear great evils, in the eye of others. But I do not think them so. It is a far greater evil to do what Meletus is now doing—trying to kill a man unjustly.'

The *KRITON* is not a Dialogue of Search, but our author takes it next as intended to rectify the one-sided impression of the character of Sokrates left by the *Apology*. It professes to record a conversation held with him two days before his death, with a view to urge his availing himself of the means of escape provided by his friends. Among other topics advanced, by way of persuading him, was the public disgrace of the situation. "Disgraced in the opinion of every one," exclaims he; "that is not the proper test of the propriety of your recommendation. I am now, as I have always been, prepared to follow nothing but that voice of reason which approves itself to me in discussion as the best and soundest." "We have before agreed that the opinions general among men ought not to be followed in all cases." "In the treatment and exercise of the body, we must not attend to the praise, the blame, or the opinion of every man, but only to the one professional trainer or physician." "The point to be decided is not what will be the general opinion, if I decline your proposition, but whether it will be just or unjust—right or wrong—if I consent to escape from prison against the will of the Athenians and the sentence of the law." "Even though others act wrong to us, we ought not to act wrong to them in return." "Most men hold the contrary to this, but it is a cardinal

"point; between those affirming it and those denying it, there is no common ground; they can only regard each other with contempt." Accordingly he delivers an eloquent pleading in favour of obedience to the laws of the Athenian state, such as would have befitted Pericles or Demosthenes, and would have been warmly applauded by an Athenian audience. Gratitude, affection, the mutual covenant between citizen and state, and his own reputation as a teacher of justice and virtue, forbade him to violate the laws. Mr. Grote considers that the main drift of the Dialogue is to counterwork the effect of that apparent defiance of the city and its institutions exhibited in the Apology. The accusation against him was contempt for the laws, and he meets it in this fashion. The marked specialities of his character being kept in the background, he is made to exemplify the austere type of citizen virtue. But, then, it is not from blind faith, but from self-formed conviction that he acts thus. "This is, and has long been, *my* conviction." The good orthodox citizen would probably have elected to escape from prison.

Two other recurring doctrines are broached in this Dialogue. First, in reply to the Sokratic inquiry, What is justice? it is stated analogically, that just and honourable are to the mind what health and strength are to the body; a faint shadowing of the great Platonic principle, that justice is not so much a social obligation or reciprocal regard to others, as a lofty, self-regarding attribute. The second point is also very frequent in the Dialogues, namely, the contrast of "The one specially instructed, professional, theorising expert — *versus* prevailing sentiment, common sense, intuition, instinct, pre-judice," &c. A prominent feature of the original method of Sokrates lay in perpetually citing the common trades by way of parallel to the arts of politics and ethics. When a young man aspired to political power, he was laid hold of by Sokrates and interrogated as to when, where, and how, he had learned the political craft — questions that every

shoemaker could answer in his own case.

The EUTHYPHRON is an ethical Dialogue of Search, also in some degree related to the trial. The indictment having been entered in the office of the King Archon, Sokrates had come to plead to it. In the portico of the office he meets Euthyphron, a prophet and adviser in points of theological difficulty, who has come to indict his own father for a homicide. The conversation between the two on the circumstances of the homicide leads to a Sokratic cross-examination of Euthyphron, as to the general constituent feature, or definition, of Holiness. Euthyphron's first reply is, the example of the Gods. Sokrates asks if he believes the current narratives respecting the discords and quarrels of the Gods; Euthyphron believes them all, and a number besides not in common circulation. Mr. Grote here takes occasion to remark that the very putting of the question was an offence to an orthodox Athenian. Then, says Sokrates, as the quarrels of men usually turn upon just and unjust, good and evil, so must the quarrels of the Gods; and one God may think right what another thinks wrong. On receiving this thrust, Euthyphron maintains that some things are repugnant to all the Gods, and homicide is one. Sokrates now retorts with fine-drawn logic, "Do the Gods love the holy because it is holy, or is it holy because they love it?" Euthyphron, unaware of the masked battery, answers, "They love it because it is holy;" so that something apart from their opinion determines holiness, and we are as far off as ever. Sokrates has another logical arrow: "You will admit that whatever is holy is necessarily just, but is every thing just necessarily holy?" holiness is a species under the genus just, but are the two co-extensive, or not? This is too deep for the respondent, and necessitates a series of examples to make plain the nature of genus and species; which understood, he replies that holiness is that species of the genus just, having for its specific character ministration to the Gods; whereas the other species concern ministration to men.

Sokrates now demands the nature of such ministration to the Gods, and lands his respondent on the rocks of that puzzling question, How can our services benefit the Gods? we can only gain their favour by doing what they love—the holy—the very point to be determined. So ends the dialogue, unsettling without settling.

This being the first of the proper Socratic, or Search Dialogues, Mr. Grote reiterates upon it his views of the purport of those Dialogues. It contains the cross-examining Elenchus applied to implicit and unexamined faith and the false persuasion of knowledge; it turns upon the defining of a general name in common use; it shows the insufficiency of a number of tentative definitions, but provides nothing in their room, the reason being that the author had none to give. Then, as to the machinery of the cross-examination, we see how much of it consisted in the employment of logical distinctions, now for the first time brought into notice. The very operation of defining a general term was new; so was the distinction of higher and lower genera; and both innovations are due to Sokrates. Also, as regards the criterion or measure of ethical truth—of what makes the just, the good, the holy—instead of this being each man's inward sentiment, Sokrates insisted that some objective criterion should be assigned, something that all would recognise alike, and that would be a convincing reason to the sceptic. Euthyphron was satisfied in his own mind what holiness was, and what things were holy, but he could not assign a defining mark that would stand the logical sifting of Sokrates; no more can Plato himself.

Remark also the dramatic manner of Plato in bringing forward his discussions. The scene is laid at the King Archon's office; the speakers came there, each on matters of life and death; and out of these strong personal interests the discussion takes its rise.

The two Dialogues named *ALKIBIADES* follow. They are both cross-examinations of that noted personage, in his early youth, when he gave himself up

to Sokrates. In the first, he is an aspirant after political power. A few sentences will show how he is handled.

"*Sokr.* You are about to step forward as adviser of the public assembly. Upon what points do you intend to advise them? Upon points which you know better than they? *Alk.* Of course. *Sokr.* All that you know has been either learnt from others or found out by yourself. *Alk.* Certainly. *Sokr.* But you would neither have learnt anything, nor found out anything, without the desire to learn or find out: and you would have felt no such desire, in respect to that which you believed yourself to know already. That which you now know, therefore, there was a time when you believed yourself not to know? *Alk.* Necessarily so. *Sokr.* Now all that you have learnt, as I am well aware, consists of three things—letters, the harp, gymnastics. Do you intend to advise the Athenians when they are debating about letters, or about harp-playing, or about gymnastics? *Alk.* Neither of the three. *Sokr.* Upon what occasions, then, do you propose to give advice? Surely, not when the Athenians are debating about architecture, or prophetic warnings, or the public health: for to deliver opinions on each of these matters belongs not to you but to professional men—architects, prophets, physicians; whether they be poor or rich, high-born or low-born? If not *then*, upon what other occasions will you tender your counsel? *Alk.* When they are debating about affairs of their own."

Sokrates carries out the comparison of the politician to the professional man, and brings Alkibiades to the confession that he learned politics, not as a regular craft, but from the floating opinions of the multitude. But the multitude (like the Gods in the Euthyphron) are disqualified as teachers by their hopeless differences of opinion as to the just and unjust. Then, by a farther string of questions, with no little verbal equivocation, also frequent in Plato, he compels Alkibiades to the admission of the truly Platonic doctrine that the just is also the honourable, good, and expedient; after which follow discussions on the good, on taking care of one's-self, and on self-knowledge, and an ethical conclusion to the effect that, not wealth and power, but justice and temperance are the conditions of happiness.

The second Dialogue has for its dramatic prelude the incident of Alkibiades being about to offer prayer and sacrifice to the Gods. In convincing Alkibiades that he is too ignorant of what is good

for him to put any definite request to the Gods, Sokrates brings out another Platonic point of view, relative to the doctrine of the good. Assuming one to possess a number of good things in detail—health, money, family, &c.—he farther desiderates the skill to apply these in proper measure to the supreme end of life. "We have here (says our author) the title and the postulate, but "nothing more, of a comprehensive "Teleology, or right comparative estimate of ends and means against one "another, so as to decide when, how far, "and under what circumstances, each "ought to be pursued." This high regulating function is declared one of the attributes of philosophy, and is often elaborately illustrated; yet never passing out of that state of dreamy grandeur that characterises Plato as an expositor.

The two succeeding dialogues, the GREATER HIPPIAS and the LESSER HIPPIAS, are occupied with various interesting discussions—as Law, Beauty, (handled at great length), Veracity, and Mendacity—and are good Sokratic specimens. But we are unable, within our limits, even to allude to the whole of the nineteen Dialogues of Search. Our remaining space must be devoted to illustrating our author's manner as a commentator in the higher questions of philosophy.

Let us then take the THEÆTETUS, wherein is propounded the question, What is Knowledge—Cognition—Science?

In answer to the question put by Sokrates—What is Knowledge or Cognition?—the respondent, Theætetus, at first replies, there are many different kinds of knowledge—geometry, arithmetic, the various arts and trades. This of course will not do, and Sokrates points out by easy examples (as clay, square and oblong numbers) what it is to give a general definition. The respondent does not see his way clearly yet, and Sokrates gives him an encouraging lecture, pointing out the nature of his own obstetric function in such matters. Theætetus now answers, "Cognition is sensation (or sensible perception)." Upon this Sokrates remarks that it is the same

doctrine, though in other words, as was laid down by Protagoras—"Man is the "measure of all things; of things existent, that they exist, of things non-existent, that they do not exist. As "things appear to me, so they are to me: "as they appear to you, so they are to "you." Our author complains that the management of the dialogue is tortuous and perplexed, and refuses to admit the equivalence of the two doctrines—"Knowledge is sensible perception," and "Man is the measure of all things." He treats them as totally distinct doctrines, both of cardinal importance in philosophy. Let first quote from his exposition of the second:—

"The Protagorean doctrine—Man is the measure of all things—is simply the presentation in complete view of a common fact—uncovering an aspect of it which the received phraseology hides. Truth and Falsehood have reference to some believing subject—and the words have no meaning except in that relation. Protagoras brings to view this subjective side of the same complex fact, of which Truth and Falsehood denote the objective side. He refuses to admit the object absolute—the pretended *thing in itself*—Truth without a believer. His doctrine maintains the indefeasible and necessary involution of the percipient mind in every perception—of the cognizant mind in every conception—of the cognizant mind in every cognition. Farther, Protagoras acknowledges many distinct believing or knowing Subjects: and affirms that every object known must be relative to (or in his language, *measured by*) the knowing Subject: that every *cognitum* must have its *cognoscens*, and every *cognoscibile* its *cognitionis capax*: that the words have no meaning unless this be supposed: that these two names designate two opposite poles or aspects of the indivisible fact of cognition—actual or potential—not two factors, which are in themselves separate or separable, and which come together to make a compound product. A man cannot in any case get clear of or discard his own mind as a Subject. Self is necessarily omnipresent; concerned in every moment of consciousness, and equally concerned in all, though more distinctly attended to in some than in others. The subject, self, or Ego, is that which all our moments of consciousness have in common and alike: Object is that in which they do or may differ—although some object or other there always must be. The position laid down by Descartes—*Cogito, ergo sum*—might have been stated with equal truth—*Cogito, ergo est (cogitatum aliquid): sum cogitans—est cogitatum*—are two opposite aspects of the same indivisible mental fact—*cogitatio*. In some cases, doubtless, the objective aspect may absorb our attention,

eclipsing the subjective: in other cases, the subjective attracts exclusive notice: but in all cases and in every act of consciousness, both are involved as co-existent and correlative. That alone exists, to every man, which stands, or is believed by him to be capable of standing, in some mode of his consciousness as an Object correlative with himself as a Subject. If he believes in its existence, his own believing mind is part and parcel of such fact of belief, not less than the object believed in: if he disbelieves it, his own disbelieving mind is the like. Consciousness in all varieties has for its two poles Subject and Object: there cannot be one of these poles without the opposite pole—north without south—any more than there can be a concave without convex (to use a comparison familiar with Aristotle), or front without back: which are not two things originally different and coming into conjunction, but two different aspects of the same indivisible fact.

"In declaring that 'Man is the measure of all things'—Protagoras affirms that Subject is the measure of Object, or that every object is relative to a correlative Subject. When a man affirms, believes, or conceives, an object as existing, his own believing or concipient mind is one side of the entire fact. It may be the dark side, and what is called the *object* may be the light side, of the entire fact: this is what happens in the case of tangible and resisting substances, where Object, being the light side of the fact, is apt to appear all in all: a man thinks of the Something which resists, without attending to the other aspect of the fact of resistance, viz. his own energy or pressure, to which resistance is made. On the other hand, when we speak of enjoying any pleasure or suffering any pain, the enjoying or suffering Subject appears all in all, distinguished plainly from other Subjects, supposed to be not enjoying or suffering in the same way: yet it is no more than the light side of the fact, of which Object is the dark side. Each particular pain which we suffer has its objective or differential peculiarity, distinguishing it from other sensations, correlating with the same sentient Subject."

This, then, is a statement of some of the things implied in the great doctrine called the Relativity of Knowledge, which has risen by slow degrees to its present high position in philosophy. Plato himself, although here arguing against it in the Protagorean statement, has in various places exposed fallacies arising from the suppression of relativity and the assumption of an absolute. Our author's vindication of the doctrine from the subtle objections of the dialogue is a masterly combination of independent thinking and erudite reference.

The arguments whereby Sokrates im-

pugns the doctrine of Protagoras are such as these:—"It puts every man on a par 'as to wisdom and intelligence; and 'not only every man, but every horse, 'dog, frog, and other animal along with 'him. Each man is a measure for himself; all his judgments and beliefs are 'true; he is, therefore, as wise as Protagoras, and has no need to seek instruction from Protagoras. Reflection, 'study, and dialectical discussion are 'superfluous and useless to him; he is 'a measure to himself on the subject 'of geometry, and need not, therefore, 'consult a professed geometrician like 'Theodorus. Moreover, every man believes that there are some things where 'he is not so wise as others. It is true 'that in matters of present sensation '—hot, cold, dry, moist, sweet, bitter—'what each man judges is true for himself. But in regard to what is good, 'profitable, advantageous, healthy, one 'man judges more truly than another." To all these, Mr. Grote replies, that the doctrine is not that every opinion of every man is true, but that *every opinion of every man is true to that man himself.*

"The fact that all exposition and discussion is nothing more than an assemblage of individual judgments, depositions, affirmations, negations, &c. is disguised from us by the elliptical form in which it is conducted. For example:—I, who write this book—can give nothing more than my own report, as a witness, of facts known to me, and of what has been said, thought, or done by others,—for all which I cite authorities:—and my own conviction, belief or disbelief, as to the true understanding thereof, and the conclusions deducible. I produce the reasons which justify my opinion: I reply to those reasons which have been supposed by others to justify the opposite. It is for the reader to judge how far my reasons appear satisfactory to his mind. To deliver my own convictions, is all that is in my power: and if I spoke with full correctness and amplitude, it would be incumbent on me to avoid pronouncing any opinion to be *true* or *false* simply: I ought to say, it is *true to me*—or *false to me*. But to repeat this in every other sentence, would be a tiresome egotism. It is understood once for all by the title page of the book: an opponent will know what he has to deal with, and will treat the opinions accordingly. If any man calls upon me to give him *absolute truth*, and to lay down the canon of evidence for identifying it—I cannot comply with the request, any farther than to

deliver my own best judgment, what is truth—and to declare what is the canon of evidence which guides my own mind. Each reader must determine for himself whether he accepts it or not. I might indeed clothe my own judgments in oracular and vehement language: I might proclaim them as authoritative dicta: I might speak as representing the Platonic Ideal, Typical Man,—or as inspired by a *δαίμων* like Sokrates: I might denounce opponents as worthless men, deficient in all the sentiments which distinguish men from brutes, and merit punishment as well as disgrace. If I used all these harsh phrases, I should only imitate what many authors of repute think themselves entitled to say, about *THEIR* beliefs and convictions. Yet in reality, I should still be proclaiming nothing beyond my own feelings:—the force of emotional association, and antipathy towards opponents, which had grown round these convictions in my own mind. Whether I speak in accordance with others, or in opposition to others, in either case I proclaim my own reports, feelings, and judgments—nothing farther. I cannot escape from the Protagorean limit or measure."

Equally striking and pertinent is our author's reply to the argument that dialectical discussion is at an end, if the doctrine of Protagoras be admitted. Dialectic operates altogether by question and answer; the questioner takes all his premises from the answers of his respondent, and can only proceed in the direction where the respondent leads him. The appeal is made in the last resort to the individual mind, which is installed as the measure of truth or falsehood *for itself*. Sokrates undertakes only the obstetric process of evolving from the respondent mind what already exists in it without the means of escape. He repudiates all appeal to authority, except the respondent's own. If you pronounce a man unfit to be the measure of truth for himself, you constitute yourself the measure in his place. As soon as he is declared a lunatic, some other person must manage his property for him. You cannot get out of the region of individual judgments, more or fewer in number: the king, the pope, the priest, the judges or censors, the author of some book, the promulgator of some doctrine. In most instances a believer entirely forgets that his own mind is the product of a given time and place, and of a conjunction of circumstances always peculiar, for the most

part narrow. He cannot be content to be a measure for himself and such as his arguments may satisfy. He insists upon constituting himself—or some authority worshipped by himself—or some abstraction interpreted by himself—a measure for all others besides. The doctrine of Protagoras is the real foundation of the right of private judgment. Aristotle, we find, impugned the doctrine; but though we must be grateful to him for his efforts to lay down objective canons of research, yet each of us has to judge for ourselves as to the sufficiency of those canons; which is the real meaning of the Protagorean formula. No one demands more emphatically to be a measure for himself, even when all authority is against him, than Sokrates in the Platonic Gorgias.

The next part of the dialogue consists in examining the doctrine that "Knowledge is sensible perception." The Sokratic sifting of this doctrine is peculiarly rich in suggestions of a psychological kind. It exemplifies the great lengths that Plato had gone in opening up important and leading questions in philosophy.

In some of the experiences of sense, people differ; the wind, cold to one man, is not cold to another. On the other hand, in matters of weight and measure (the muscular element in sensation) all men are unanimous. This is one vital distinction to be kept in view. Then two men may look at an inscription; the sensible fact is the same to both; not so the thoughts that it gives rise to. This, too, is an important opening, but not followed up in the dialogue. Sokrates next remarks that the doctrine excludes memory, which is knowledge, but not present sensation; the only reply is, that the doctrine could never have been meant as excluding the remembered facts of sense. Again, Sokrates acutely points out that what distinguishes the senses is their several organs; but perception must have a deeper and a common seat, where all these converge. We perceive *through* the senses, and *with* the central force or soul. Then there are many of our judgments that do not

belong to any sense in particular, but to the sensations generally; as existence, likeness, unity, plurality; these the soul must be supposed to apprehend by itself and not by the sense organs.

Many a time has this last observation been reproduced in philosophy as an argument for innate ideas; but that doctrine was not held by Plato. He supposes the central intelligent mind to work altogether upon the facts of sense; to review and compare them with one another; and to compute facts present or past, with a view to the future. The sentient mind operates through special bodily organs of sense; the intelligent mind has no special bodily organs. The common man lives altogether in the sentient region; only the few laborious thinkers rise to the high operations of the intelligent mind.

Mr. Grote here, as everywhere else, places himself at the most advanced point of view of the subject in dispute, and his criticisms are a lesson in mental philosophy. He pertinently remarks that, though it is convenient to distinguish intellect from sensation (or sensible perception), the distinction is arbitrary, and the line has been variously drawn. So indeterminate is the language of psychology, that it is difficult to say how much any writer means to include under the terms sense, sensation, sensible perception. Of this position our author gives an instructive commentary by extensive citations from ancient and from modern philosophers. The propositions of our knowledge affirm relations of likeness, difference, succession, &c. between two or more sensations or facts of sense. We rise thus to states of mind more complicated than simple sensation, or including, along with sensation, the intellectual processes of memory, comparison, and discrimination, and the complicated functions of these. This is what Plato calls opinion or belief. In a certain inferior form, it is possessed by all men; in its highest form it is knowledge, or cognition, and is attained only by a select few. The crowning height of cognition is distinguished from opinion by being infallible and un mistakeable; by apprehending

the real essence of things, or real truth; and, lastly, by this, that the possessor can maintain his own consistency under cross-examination, and can test the consistency of others by cross-examining them.

Theætetus being driven out of his definition of knowledge as sensible perception, now advances another—"Knowledge consists in right or true opinion." Opinion may be false, but, when it is true, it is knowledge. Sokrates, however, is much perplexed to understand that state of mind called false opinion, although he has often thought it over and debated it with others. He suggests various hypotheses, and refutes them all. A man must either know a thing or not know it; and, if he knows it, how should he be mistaken about it?

Theætetus recollects another definition learnt from some one whose name he forgets. "Knowledge is true opinion, coupled with *rational explanation*." This leads Sokrates into an account of the various modes of rational explanation. It means, first, the power of enunciating the opinion in clear and appropriate words; this every one can do that is not dumb or an idiot; a function so universally owned cannot claim the dignity of knowledge. Secondly, it implies the power of describing the thing by its component elements. Thus Hesiod says. that there are a hundred distinct wooden pieces in a waggon; any one that could specify all these would give a rational explanation of the waggon. And, thirdly, the most common meaning is to assign the specific mark wherein a thing differs from other things. On which Sokrates remarks that, in knowing a thing, we must trace its agreements as well as its differences. He has now hit the nail, without being aware of it. These two facts—cognisance of Difference and cognisance of Agreement can be shown to exhaust the essence of knowledge; and both are requisite. All that we know of a gold ring is summed up in its agreements with certain things—round things, small things, gold things, &c. and its differences from others—square, oblong, silver, iron, &c. Instead of

amending the definition, Sokrates simply rejects it, and ends the dialogue without positive result.

"Such a string of objections never answered, and of difficulties without solution, may appear to many persons nugatory as well as tiresome. To Plato they did not appear so. At the time when most of his dialogues were composed, he considered that the Search after truth was at once the noblest occupation, and the highest pleasure, of life. Whoever has no sympathy with such a pursuit—whoever cares only for results, and finds the chase in itself fatiguing rather than attractive—is likely to take little interest in the Platonic dialogues. To repeat what I said in Chapter VI.—Those who expect from Plato a coherent system in which affirmative dogmas are first to be laid down, with the evidence in their favour—next, the difficulties and objections against them enumerated—lastly, these difficulties solved—will be disappointed. Plato is, occasionally, abundant in his affirmations: he has also great negative fertility in starting objections: but the affirmative current does not come into conflict with the negative. His belief is enforced by rhetorical fervour, poetical illustration, and a vivid emotional fancy. These elements stand to him in the place of positive proof; and, when his mind is full of them, the unsolved objections, which he himself had stated elsewhere, vanish out of sight. Towards the close of his life (as we shall see in the *Treatise De Legibus*), the love of dialectic, and the taste for enunciating difficulties even when he could not clear them up, died out within him. He becomes ultra-dogmatical, losing even the poetical richness and fervour which had once marked his affirmations, and substituting in their place a strict and compulsory orthodoxy."

We shall make only one other reference to complete the illustration of Mr. Grote's view respecting the Dialogues of Search. The fragment called KLEITOPHON reflects to us the complaints that would naturally arise against this one-sided, negative, critical, or destructive dialectic. The speaker in the Dialogue profoundly admires the procedure of Sokrates in so far as it stimulates men out of intellectual sloth; but prays that he would go on to impart some positive instructions respecting virtue, justice, and the health of the mind. "Proceed, Sokrates, I supplicate you, to deal with me as I have described; in order that I may never more have occasion, when I talk with Lysias, to blame you on some points while

"praising you on others. I will repeat, that to one who has not yet received the necessary stimulus, your conversation is of inestimable value; but to one who has already been stimulated, it is rather a hindrance than a help to his realizing the full acquisition of virtue, and thus becoming happy." Mr. Grote is little surprised that the dialogue is not brought to conclusion, and that no answer is given by Sokrates to the respectful, yet emphatic requisition of Kleitophon. The case is too strong for reply. It resembled the objections in Parmenides to the theory of Ideas; which are unanswered and unanswerable. Kleitophon complains to Sokrates: "You are perpetually stirring us up and instigating us; you do this admirably; but, when we have become full of fervour, you do not teach us how we are to act, nor indicate the goal that we are to aim at." But this is the account that Sokrates gives of himself to the Dikasts. It is his mission from the Delphian God to worry the Athenians with perpetual stimulus, like the gadfly exciting a horse. But his mission finishes with the negative; inspiration fails him when he deals with the affirmative. The gadfly excites the animal, but does not show him in what direction to expend his awakened energy.

"His affirmative dicta,—as given in the *Xenophontic Memorabilia*, are for the most part plain, homebred, good sense,—in which all the philosophical questions are slurred over, and the undefined words, Justice, Temperance, Holiness, Courage, Law, &c. are assumed to have a settled meaning agreed to by every one—while, as given by Plato, in the *Republic* and elsewhere, they are more speculative, highflown, and poetical, but not the less exposed to certain demolition, if the batteries of the Sokratic Elenchus were brought to bear upon them. The challenge of Kleitophon is thus unanswerable. It brings out in the most forcible, yet respectful, manner the contrast between the two attributes of the Sokratic mind: in the negative, irresistible force and originality: in the affirmative, confessed barrenness alternating with honest, acute, practical sense, but not philosophy. Instead of this, Plato gives us transcendental hypotheses, and a religious and poetical ideal; impressive indeed to the feelings, but equally inadmissible to a mind trained in the use of the Sokratic tests."

WOMEN AND THE FINE ARTS.

BY F. T. PALGRAVE.

(Continued.)

II

WE have now tried to pursue the external conditions of art through their numerous—I fear, their tedious,—varieties of aspect. Turning to the inner or personal qualifications, the task, if not less difficult, is however less diffuse in its nature. For Imagination and Fancy on the side of the Intellect, with Predominance of Emotional Instinct on the side of the Heart (to repeat our former general definition), if accepted as practically correct, will be essentials common to Poetry, Painting, Sculpture, and Music. To this definition was added above a certain instinct or devotion to beauty of form, and the physical aptitude for rendering or realizing it, as what might be called the sensuous qualifications. But these last have already been dealt with in the main when considering the effect of education on female aptitude for art. As, therefore, the chief inner prerequisites are shared amongst the Fine Arts; and as it is more difficult to trace their existence in visible forms, or notes, or colour (certain though it be that their presence is what makes a Mozart, Mozart, or gives “Correggiosity” to Correggio) than in Poetry, it may be best to take examples from that art which both presents an easier field for analysis, and enables us to transfer them bodily to our pages.

If, then, we select the works of Miss Joanna Baillie, Miss Landon, and Mrs. Hemans, as the best known of our recent, but not quite contemporary female poets (the horrible word *poetess* I avoid when possible), and as those who, on the whole, did most to deserve the wide reputation which they enjoyed whilst living,—no one will deny that they were aware of the primary functions of poetry, or that

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they were more or less gifted with the primary faculties for creating it. So far from displaying any conscious weakness in regard to these qualities, Imagination, Fancy, and Passion are aimed at or present in every page of their volumes. Few poets have, indeed, ventured to deal with so many and such diverse themes as Mrs. Hemans entrusted to her imaginative faculties: no one has attempted a treatment of the Passions so systematic and so ingeniously characterized, as Miss Baillie: the fancy and the emotions form the groundwork of Miss Landon's verse. Why then would truth—the only honourable eulogy on the dead—forbid reckoning any one of the three among those writers who are probably destined, we will not say to immortality, but even to average human permanence? Why can no one poem by them be quoted equal to the single ballad by which Lady Ann Lindsay will be remembered whilst our language is sung or spoken? High as was their aim, and deep their devotion to their art, why can we barely class any of them with the second-rate poets of their day,—with Rogers, or Southey, or Moore? Why is their place, on the whole, already perilously near the “circle” (to take Dante's term) consecrated to those once famous names, who now live only a shadowy life in literary tradition?

Far be it from us to imply that no better fate is deserved by the whole work of the three ladies first named. There are two fair ballads by Miss Baillie, and a few fine descriptive passages are introduced with taste and skill in her dramas. Miss Landon shows signs of an intensity which in less unhappy circumstances might have passed from promise into fulfilment. Mrs. Hemans retains a place in our collections and our memories by

a few musical and pathetic stanzas. In this respect they stand, it must be remembered, on the level of an immense number of male poets, whose names survive only in some single piece, or whose ballad has come down to us without preserving a clue to its author. I think I am correct in saying that the poems of each of the two whose career was not prematurely closed, respectively equal in bulk the whole that was published by Burns, Keats, and Shelley together. They rival in bulk Wordsworth or Byron. I need not go back to the days when the golden canons of brevity and finish were more strictly observed in the art of poetry. But this comparison is, it is believed, enough to make it clear in what sense these distinguished female writers have failed to accomplish an ambition, laudable as any by which human creatures can be inspired.

Difficult as the task may be, and diffidently as it should be undertaken, we must, however, endeavour to give some suggestions as to the cause of what, under whatever limitations, must still be spoken of as failure. It is only by some such method as I have already noticed, that we can hope to reach results of useful character: whether the final result of the whole inquiry be to confirm the opinion that Nature, fitting women for other duties, has not qualified her, or qualified her but rarely, for this; or to strengthen the doctrine of those, who in the noble phrase of Tennyson,

Know the woman's cause is man's,

ascribe the deficiencies in her work as an artist to the tyrannous limits set to her education, with the inferior position really assigned to her for others' pleasure or convenience, and affirm that the natural bar cannot at least be pleaded until more than one or two generations have been trained in an equal share of those advantages which have been hitherto the male monopoly.

I might express the general criticism which would first be suggested by a survey of the poetry of women, in the phrase that it is not the work of "imagination all compact." It has abundance

of tales, of situations, of thought, feeling, and description; but rarely are they grasped with that power which renders the poet's version of them that which burns itself into the memory as *the* version *par excellence*. Originality is not wanting; it is no mere echo from other voices that we hear: the strain is sweet and pleasing, yet the impression left is that the form in which it has been cast is not the one best and closest to the idea. This is sometimes expressed by saying that the verse of women wants strength. I should be inclined rather to say that it wants closeness of grasp. The thought is often new and powerful; but it is not wrought into that intimate and vital union with the words, which makes one feel as if it could not have been said otherwise. But to effect this is the leading, the central aim of art. No doubt the Material—what has to be said or sung or represented—is the basis of the whole. But art, as such, has nothing to do with providing the material. It has the duty of arranging, selecting, and rendering it beautiful. In a word, art is that which gives us Form in its widest sense. Let me illustrate this by an example or two: it lies at the root of the whole matter of our inquiry. Aristotle had undoubtedly a greater command of physical and metaphysical science than Lucretius. The matter treated by the two was identical. Aristotle possessed more of it, and possessed it in a much more thorough manner. Why then is he not a poet? Because he had not the gift of throwing "the nature of things" into those forms of beauty which give the obsolete philosophy of Lucretius so strange a hold over us. Lord Bacon, to judge by his Essays, was not less deeply read than Shakespeare in human character. Why is he not his equal in poetry? We give the same answer: he wanted the formative power of art. And if we now ask why women have been deficient in recognizing this first law of poetry, some answer at least may be found in the facts that they want men's severer training both in mind and in the great models, and that they

work under the knowledge that they will not be judged by the same standard. So intensely difficult is it to use our powers to the uttermost, that either cause might be sufficient to debar genius from reaching excellence. Combined, they are fatal.

Let me add here a remark to which I would venture to request attention, from the bearing it will be found to have on the final results of my argument. It is, that the adverse criticisms, so to call them, often made upon the poetry of women, in regard whether to its want of grasp or to its excess in the emotional and moral elements, do not, as the objectors have apparently believed, point out weaknesses peculiar to it as such. These are not, in any essential sense, feminine characteristics. They are precisely the shortcomings which we notice in much of the poetry of men, when it does not reach first-rate quality. It will hence be obvious that such criticisms are justly applicable to the large majority of poets. They, also, fail of excellence through deficiency in grasp, form, and moderation. When an open criticism is applied (after their death) to women, their work is tacitly compared with the first-rate work of men. And this is undoubtedly the only standard worth anything. But it is so difficult to keep in practical remembrance the infinitely larger number of poets whose work is not first-rate, that a critic is apt, perhaps, to overlook the fact that even numerically considered, the band of female artists—so inferior to the male in positive amount—must be expected to produce, in any circumstances, a lesser average of excellence: and that, when we honestly consider the absolute smallness of that average amongst men, and add to it the heavily adverse conditions under which women have worked, it is only natural that the result (of first-rate quality), should have hitherto been scanty.

It is not easy to find instances so parallel that they can be brought forward as complete exemplifications. Under this reserve, however, two short poems, written in the same key, may be quoted in illustration of my former remarks.

The first is by Mrs. Hemans; the second by Scott.

TRUUBADOUR SONG

The warrior cross'd the ocean's foam,
For the stormy fields of war;
The maid was left in a smiling home,
And a sunny land afar.

His voice was heard where javelin-showers
Pour'd on the steel-clad line;
Her step was midst the summer flowers,
Her seat beneath the vine.

His shield was cleft, his lance was riven,
And the red blood stain'd his crest;
While she—the gentlest wind of heaven,
Might scarcely fan her breast!

Yet a thousand arrows pass'd him by,
And again he cross'd the seas;
But she had died as roses die,
That perish with the breeze—

As roses die, when the blast is come,
For all things bright and fair;
There was death within the smiling home—
How had death found her there?

THE MAID OF NEIDPATH

O! lovers' eyes are sharp to see,
And lovers' ears in hearing;
And love, in life's extremity,
Can lend an hour of cheering.
Disease had been in Mary's bower
And slow decay from mourning,
Though now she sits on Neidpath's tower,
To watch her love's returning.

All sunk and dim her eyes so bright,
Her form decay'd by pining,
Till through her wasted hand, at night,
You saw the taper shining.
By fits a sultry hectic hue
Across her cheek was flying;
By fits so ashy pale she grew,
Her maidens thought her dying.

Yet keenest powers to see and hear
Seem'd in her frame residing;
Before the watch-dog prick'd his ear
She heard her lover's riding;
Ere scarce a distant form was kenn'd
She knew and waver'd to greet him;
And o'er the battlement did bend
As on the wing to meet him.

He came—he pass'd—a heedless gaze,
As o'er some stranger glancing;
Her welcome, spoke in faltering phrase,
Lost in his courser's prancing:—
The castle arch, whose hollow tone
Returns each whisper spoken,
Could scarcely catch the feeble moan
Which told her heart was broken.

Here more of the elements or motives of the pathetic are contained in the first poem than in Scott's; it is also

written with more care and finish in the verse, and contains no such flat prosaicism as the unfortunate first lines of his third stanza; yet how far below it in pathos! how little in it, that lies not deeper than, but nearly as deep as tears! Why is this? We think, because the "Troubadour" wants concentration, wants simplicity—in one word, wants form.

The same remarks apply to that province of poetry in which, as in case of painting, one would naturally expect from women peculiar success, as it is certainly a province to which they have devoted immense labour. Natural scenery, in all its aspects, has been sung by them in England and in America in many thousand graceful and thoughtful lines; they have drawn not only the landscape in its details, but in its moral. Yet, when the book has been closed, where are the passages which recur to the reader's mind, at those moments when an actual scene reminds him at once of Shakespeare and Milton, of Wordsworth and Shelley? Where, we would ask, is even the short phrase like the many which, to all feeling minds, arise when we are alone with Nature, and make us conscious that Byron, or Keats, or Tennyson have anticipated what we see, and set it to music for us?

The cottage homes of England!
By thousands on her plains,
They are smiling o'er the silvery brooks,
And round the hamlet fanes.

Through glowing orchards forth they peep
Each from its nook of leaves;
And fearless there the lowly sleep
As the bird beneath their eaves.

. . . An English home—gray twilight pour'd
On dewy pastures, dewy trees,
Softer than sleep—all things in order stored,
A haunt of ancient Peace.

How far more perfect in its beauty is here the second picture! Let us add another example from Wordsworth's "Admonition to a Traveller," illustrating the poet's singular faculty of painting the outward landscape through his intense grasp of its inner significance.

Yes, there is holy pleasure in 'thine eye!
—The lovely cottage in the guardian nook

Hath stirr'd thee deeply; with its own dear
brook,
Its own small pasture, almost its own sky!

"Its own small pasture, *almost its own sky!*" Turner himself could not have touched this with more spiritual fineness—with more ethereal accuracy. One more similar contrast, and we pass to other aspects of the subject. The following are both pictures of the sea at evening—both beautiful; but only one has that entrancing magic of first-rate poetry which forbids its images to fade, and seems written as if it must be so, and would be no otherwise;—like Luther at Wittenburg, "*So muss ich! ich kann nicht anders!*"

DISTANT SOUND OF THE SEA AT EVENING

Yes, rolling far up some green mountain-dale
Oft let me hear, as oftimes I have heard,
Thy swell, thou Deep; when evening calls the
bird
And bee to rest; when summer tints grow
pale,

Seen through the gathering of a dewy veil,
And peasant steps are hastening to repose,
And gleaming flocks lie down, and flower-cups
close

To the last whisper of the falling gale.

Then, 'midst the dying of all other sound,
When the soul hears thy distant voice profound,
Lone worshipping, and knows that through
the night

"Twill worship still, then most its anthem-tone
Speaks to our being of the Eternal One,
Who girds tired nature with unslumbering
might.

BY THE SEA WITH A CHILD

It is a beauteous evening, calm and free;
The holy time is quiet as a nun
Breathless with adoration; the broad sun
Is sinking down in its tranquillity;

The gentleness of heaven is on the Sea:
Listen! the mighty being is awake,
And doth with his eternal motion make
A sound like thunder—everlastingly.

Dear child! dear girl! that walkest with me
here,
If thou appear untouched by solemn thought
Thy nature is not therefore less divine:

Thou liest in Abraham's bosom all the year,
And worshipp'st at the Temple's inner shrine,
God being with thee when we know it not.

We divided the internal qualifications
or prerequisites of art between Imagi-

nation and Fancy, as it were, on one side, and Predominance of Emotional Instinct, on the other. But, whilst maintaining this division for convenience, I would wish to have it remembered that it is of an arbitrary nature, and that Passion and Imagination might be more accurately described, not as the workings of Heart and Head, but rather as dual functions of that single Force (or whatever it be) which an excellent though somewhat old-fashioned term speaks of as the Soul. Indeed, the word functions, just used, has perhaps itself a misleading tendency; and it might be best to think of Imagination, Fancy, and Passion rather as simple manifestations of the soul in its unity and vitality. No one, we apprehend, who puts aside the technicalities of theory, or the infinitely more confusing metaphors and careless phrases of common phraseology, will seriously believe that the Head can turn itself to produce Imagination only, without respect to the Feelings, as the tongue might utter French or English at will; or that the Heart can at pleasure apply emotions quite irrespective of reason. Science traces what she calls sympathetic action between certain organs of the body. There is a similar sympathetic action between the energies of the soul. And hence, returning to our subject, it is probable that what we have remarked on the Imaginative element in the poetry of women will find a parallel in that other Emotional element which the hasty criticism I am all through contending with has often assumed as the peculiar province of the fair writers.

Our remarks tended to this: that want of force and concentration in grasping a scene, painting a character, or realizing a sentiment, whether exhibited in male or female verse, might be summed up, mainly, as deficiency in comprehending poetry as an art. A thousand graceful images, and phrases in which to express them, arise within any cultivated and feeling soul at the sight of natural beauty, or the contemplation of human character in its unselfish moods.

But he alone will select those images and phrases, and those only, which are new, penetrating, and musical, who has trained his natural gift by assiduous study of what has been done before him by those who were similarly gifted. In a word, whilst the root of poetry is in the soil of nature, her flowers will only grow in the atmosphere of art. The same law applies, equally and exactly, making the necessary changes in regard to subject matter, to the other Fine Arts. The result of this process of selection to the poet, will often be silence; to the painter, a blank canvas. But the result to the world will be, that we are saved a commonplace picture, or a second-rate poem. In these high regions, there is no success unless our powers are not only strained, but trained, to the very utmost; and fortunate is he, one of ten thousand, who even thus achieves it! Without these conditions, to succeed is simply impossible.

Those difficulties, then, arising from limited and shallow education, and the want of an honest judgment from the world, which hinder the serious pursuit of poetry, will not be felt less in reference to its emotional elements, than to its imaginative. But they will show themselves in a different manner. They weaken poetical imagination by destroying grasp and closeness. They equally weaken poetical emotion by leading the poet to give us too much of it. Conscious that it is this quality which may be said to lend Colour (as we might speak of Imagination as lending Form) to poetry, the bias will be to lay on the passions thick and rich over every square inch of the picture. There is no need to prove at length that this is a special tendency or temptation of women. Whilst comparing their work in the Fine Arts with that of men, I have never taken for granted (although for the general scope of my argument it was not required that I should dwell upon the subject), that what they might do, had they a fair chance, would be *similar* in quality, any more than the circumstances of life would allow it to be equal in positive quantity, to the production of the other

sex. It is, undoubtedly, within the region of the emotions that nature authorises us to look for the highest success, and for most of it, from female hands. Experience confirms this. From Sappho downwards, this is the side on which women have most impressed the world as poets. Men, it is true, have probably far exceeded them in the actual amount of verse overflashed with feeling which they have created. "The purple light of love," beautiful as it is, has been shed with far too lavish a profusion over their landscapes; nay, there are some, and not of small repute either (Moore is an example), whose whole atmosphere, like what we read of the lakes of Cashmere, is charged rather with rose-pink than with the nobler colour. But this is because so much more verse by men than by women has been printed. If we make a *comparative* estimate, the Affections and the Emotions, whether as subjects for direct handling, or as the light in which incidents and landscapes are viewed, hold a much larger part in female poetry. And we must sympathize here with what I think may be correctly called the common opinion, that the part thus held is disproportioned to good effect. The due balance is wanting. And there is no one lesson which strict art teaches more strongly than balance. I will add, there is also no lesson more forcibly taught by that study of the great ancient models which is sedulously refused to women.

I give here one eminently beautiful instance, wherein this want of balance and moderation appears to me to mar the pleasure which the poem would otherwise afford us. It may be compared with Scott's "Maid of Neidpath," quoted above. The effect of that, as fixed on the mind by its last stanza, as a great living poet once remarked to me, might be spoken of as almost too pathetic:—

He came—he pass'd—a heedless gaze
As o'er some stranger glancing;
Her welcome, spoke in faltering phrase,
Lost in his courser's prancing:—
The castle-arch, whose hollow tone
Returns each whisper spoken,
Could scarcely catch the feeble moan
Which told her heart was broken.

The laws of art would have been violated, as I will presently try to show, had the *moral* image left been other than simply tragic: but we may, perhaps, be allowed to miss the absence of any pleasure-giving image of beauty, such as Campbell has suggested in the two final lines of his poem on the same theme. Compare Scott's, however, with the stanzas by Mrs. Hemans to her sister:—

Sister! since I met thee last
O'er thy brow a change has past;
In the softness of thine eyes
Deep and still a shadow lies;
From thy voice there thrills a tone
Never to thy childhood known;
Through thy soul a storm hath moved:
—Gentle sister! thou hast loved!

Yes! thy varying cheek hath caught
Hues too bright from troubled thought;
Far along the wandering stream
Thou art follow'd by a dream;
In the woods and valleys lone
Music haunts thee, not thine own!
Wherefore fall thy tears like rain?
—Sister! thou hast loved in vain.

Tell me not the tale, my flower!
On my bosom pour that shower;
Tell me not of kind thoughts wasted;
Tell me not of young hopes blasted;
Wring not forth one burning word,
Lest thy heart no more be stirr'd!
Home alone can give thee rest:
—Weep, sweet sister, on my breast!

This is too intense, too delicate, too *intime* a picture: we feel instinctively that the outer world has hardly a right to disclosures so poignantly pathetic.

A few more words on some of the conditions of art already alluded to may lead us to a further insight why the Pathetic and the Passionate in female hands have failed of the excellence to which the sincerity, delicacy, and strength of the emotion itself entitled it. One of the most imperative of these laws is that the work shall leave a sense of high and lofty pleasure. This has been generally accepted as the true end of art. Its object is not, as such, to tell us facts, or to reveal Nature to ordinary souls, or to honour the Deity, or to do us good—powerfully as it may in fact fulfil these purposes. As art, it must give *pleasure*, or it fails precisely in that which forms its speciality, and distinguishes it from other forms of human energy. An over-

abundance of the pathetic may defeat the aim of pleasure. Yet to please has been, probably, less consciously neglected by poetesses than by poets. But women have, I think, been far less willing than men to accept that which necessarily flows from this first condition of poetry—that poetry, like all Fine Art, must not aim at doing us direct good. In this sense the often-abused phrase is true, that art—directly religious, of course, excepted—has no morality. I see no reason to suppose there is anything special in female nature that leads it to finish its poem with a text, or to teach a gracious moral in its picture. These at least are errors common to innumerable male practitioners. But it is quite natural to suppose that the knowledge of the laws and the study of the great models of art (the ancient examples in particular; one of the principal lessons of which is the familiarity they give us with a world where all our problems were approached from a point of view quite different from ours), totally denied to women, may be at least one main reason why this all-important rule, which makes pleasure the end of Art, has been observed by the men who have been the leading poets and artists of the world. Be this as it may, it appears to me indisputable that the introduction of a definite, frequently indeed of a directly religious, moral, is not only a mark or note of poetry by women, but is one chief reason why they have not carried their poetry to greater excellence. I do not contend that ideas of this character are necessarily, or often, excluded from first-rate verse. A sense of ultimate justice softens even the most tragic dramas of Sophocles or Shakespeare. “To justify the ways of God to man” was one avowed object,—it may be doubted whether it can be reckoned one of the successes,—of “Paradise Lost.” But with women it is not enough to let Christian hopes, for instance, form the unseen though not unfelt background of the picture. Such a feeling as Tennyson’s “behind the veil,” is alien from them. There must too often even be a

positive allusion to heaven in the last stanza. Take the justly-admired lines—I suppose the most admired—of that charming writer who has furnished our former illustrations:—

THE GRAVES OF A HOUSEHOLD

They grew in beauty side by side,
They fill’d one home with glee;
Their graves are severed far and wide
By mount, and stream, and sea.

The same fond mother bent at night
O’er each fair sleeping brow;
She had each folded flower in sight—
Where are those dreamers now?

One, ’midst the forest of the West,
By a dark stream is laid—
The Indian knows his place of rest
Far in the cedar-shade.

The sea, the blue lone sea, hath one—
He lies where pearls lie deep;
He was the loved of all, yet none
O’er his low bed may weep.

One sleeps where southern vines are drest
Above the noble slain;
He wrapt his colours round his breast,
On a blood-red field of Spain.

And one—o’er her the myrtle showers
Its leaves, by soft winds fann’d,
She faded ’midst Italian flowers—
The last of that bright band.

And parted thus they rest, who play’d
Beneath the same green tree;
Whose voices mingled as they pray’d
Around one parent knee!

They that with smiles lit up the hall,
And cheered with song the hearth!—
Alas for love! if thou wert all,
And naught beyond, O earth!

Beautiful as this is, may I own that, beside a certain want of ease in the last two lines, their sentiment appears to me to destroy the effect of the preceding; and, by so doing, to bring the whole poem down to an inferior level?

Alas for love! if thou wert all,
And naught beyond, O earth!

The very greatness of the idea thus suggested—precisely what would elevate a practical address of consolation—is precisely what lowers and diminishes the poem as poetry. Why? Because before the vast thoughts of eternity, with its accompanying images of love restored,

and the family reunited for ever, the pathetic partings of our short human life are annihilated. The colours of passion grow pale before the everlasting light of heaven. The poet who writes thus, undoes his own work: he seems to turn round on us, like Prospero, in the "Tempest," at the winding up of the masque, and say, "Time after all is nothing before eternity." Yet the "Graves" is not only one of the best pieces of English poetry by a female hand, but has been unconsciously recognised as such mainly because it is more free than most from the weight of too much moralization. I will add one or two specimens more, with contrasting pictures in which the law that poetry is above all things to give us noble pleasure through perfect form, and not make teaching its obvious end,—in a word, that it must observe the commands of art, first and foremost,—seems to me more accurately kept: adding first, in sequence to the poem just quoted, a somewhat similar piece from a poet who has certainly shown no unreadiness, in due place—because in his *In Memoriam* they are the actual subject-matter of the poem—to deal with the images of the other world.

Home they brought her warrior dead :
She nor swoon'd nor uttered cry :
All her maidens, watching, said,
"She must weep or she will die."

Then they praised him, soft and low,
Call'd him worthy to be loved,
Truest friend and noblest foe ;
Yet she neither spoke nor moved.

Stole a maiden from her place,
Lightly to the warrior slept,
Took the face-cloth from the face ;
Yet she neither moved nor wept.

Rose a nurse of ninety years,
Set his child upon her knee—
Like summer tempest came her tears—
"Sweet my child, I live for thee."

This is a far slighter sketch than that of Mrs. Hemans, yet how effective it is, by the very reason that it aims at so much smaller an effect! It keeps its limits: it observes moderation. I leave comment on the remaining examples to my readers.

Oh! Skylark, for thy wing!
Thou bird of joy and light,
That I might soar and sing
At heaven's empyreal height;
With the heathery hills beneath me,
Whence the streams in glory spring,
And the pearly clouds to wreath me,
O Skylark! on thy wing.

Free, free, from earth-born fear,
I would range the blessed skies,
Through the blue divinely clear
Where the low mists cannot rise!
And a thousand joyous measures
From my chainless heart should spring,
Like the bright rain's vernal treasures,
As I wander'd on thy wing.

But oh! the silver cords
That around the heart are spun,
From gentle tones and words,
And kind eyes that make our sun!
To some low, sweet nest returning,
How soon my love would bring
There, *there*, the dews of morning,
O Skylark! on thy wing.

Ethereal minstrel! pilgrim of the sky!
Dost thou despise the earth where cares
abound?

Or while the wings aspire, are heart and eye
Both with thy nest upon the dewy ground?
Thy nest which thou canst drop into at will,
Those quivering wings composed, that music
still!

To the last point of vision, and beyond
Mount, daring warbler!—that love-
prompted strain—

"Twixt thee and thine a never-failing bond—
Thrills not the less the bosom of the plain:
Yet mightst thou seem, proud privilege! to
sing

All independent of the leafy spring.

Leave to the nightingale her shady wood;
A privacy of glorious light is thine,
Whence thou dost pour upon the world a
flood

Of harmony, with instinct more divine:
Type of the wise, who soar, but never roam—
True to the kindred points of Heaven and
Home!

TO CAROLINE

When thy bounding step I hear,
And thy soft voice low and clear;
When thy glancing eyes I meet,
In their sudden laughter sweet—
Thou, I dream, wert surely born
For a path by care unworn!
Thou must be a sheltered flower,
With but sunshine for thy dower.
—Ah! fair child! not e'en for thee
May this lot of brightness be;
Yet, if grief must add a tone
To thine accents now unknown;
If within that cloudless eye
Sadder thoughts one day must lie,

Still I trust the signs which tell
On thy life a light shall dwell,
Light—thy gentle spirit's own,
From within around thee thrown.

TO A YOUNG LADY

Sweet stream, that winds through yonder
glade—
Apt emblem of a virtuous maid—
Silent and chaste she steals along,
Far from the world's gay busy throng :
With gentle yet prevailing force ;
Intent upon her destined course ;
Graceful and useful all she does,
Blessing and blest where'er she goes ;
Pure-bosom'd as that watery glass,
And heaven reflected in her face.

Finally, and that we may close with
pure pleasure unalloyed by the ungrate-
ful though salutary and instructive
lessons of comparison, let me add two
great poems—great with all their brevity,
each in its style so high and perfect that
they stand unmistakably on the list of
masterpieces : observing in Lady Ann
Lindsay's how severely she has main-
tained the sadness of truth in an imagi-
native tale ; in Cowper's how the same
exquisite and admirable veracity has
restrained him equally from glossing over
by words of comfort the tragedy with
which "an owre true tale" supplied him.

LOSS OF THE ROYAL GEORGE

Toll for the Brave !
The brave that are no more !
All sunk beneath the wave
Fast by their native shore !
Eight hundred of the brave,
Whose courage well was tried,
Had made the vessel heel
And laid her on her side.
A land-breeze shook the shrouds
And she was overset ;
Down went the Royal George,
With all her crew complete.
Toll for the brave !
Brave Kempenfelt is gone ;
His last sea-fight is fought,
His work of glory done.
It was not in the battle ;
No tempest gave the shock ;
She sprang no fatal leak,
She ran upon no rock.
His sword was in its sheath,
His fingers held the pen,
When Kempenfelt went down
With twice four hundred men.
—Weigh the vessel up,
Once dreaded by our foes !

And mingle with our cup
The tear that England owes.
Her timbers yet are sound,
And she may float again
Full-charged with England's thunder,
And plough the distant main :
But Kempenfelt is gone :
His victories are o'er ;
And he and his eight hundred
Shall plough the wave no more.

AULD ROBIN GRAY

When the sheep are in the fauld, and the
kye at hame,
And a' the world to rest are gane,
The wae o' my heart fa' in showers frae
my e'e,
While my gudeman lies sound by me.
Young Jamie lo'ed me weel, and sought me
for his bride ;
But saving a crown he had naething else
beside ;
To make the crown a pund, young Jamie
gaed to sea ;
And the crown and the pund were baith for
me.
He hadna been awa' a week but only twa,
When my father brak his arm, and the cow
was stoun awa' ;
My mother she fell sick, and my Jamie at
the sea—
And Auld Robin Gray came a-courtin' me.
My father couldna work, and my mother
couldna spin ;
I toil'd day and night, but their bread I
couldna win ;
Auld Rob maintain'd them baith, an wi'
tears in his e'e
Said, Jennie, for their sakes, O marry me !
My heart it said Nay ; I look'd for Jamie
back ;
But the wind it blew high, and the ship it
was a wrack ;
His ship it was a wrack—why didna Jamie
dee ?
Or why do I live to cry, Wae's me ?
My father urgit sair : my mother didna
speak ;
But she look'd in my face till my heart was
like to break :
They gi'd him my hand, but my heart was
at the sea ;
Sae Auld Robin Gray he was gudeman to me.
I hadna been a wife a week but only four,
When mournfu' as I sat on the stane at the
door,
I saw my Jamie's wraith, for I couldna think
it he—
Till he said, I'm come hame to marry thee.
O sair, sair did we greet, and muckle did
we say ;
We took but ae kiss, and I bade him gang
away :

I wish that I were dead, but I'm no like to dee;

And why was I born to say, Wae's me !

I gang like a ghaist, and I carena to spin ;
I daurna think on Jamie, for that wad' be a sin ;

But I'll do my best a gude wife aye to be,
For Auld Robin Gray he is kind unto me.

III

I will now try to draw together the threads of this long web ; though, I fear, not such a work of art as that spun by the female fingers of Arachne. If the main argument be correct, that, after centuries of more or less continuous attempt, the success of women in the four Fine Arts treated of has been limited and imperfect, shall we ascribe this mainly to obstacles which can and should be, or to obstacles which should not and cannot be removed ? Is what we are examining a law of Nature or a law of man—man emphatically ?

I would not have the presumption to affirm that this may not ultimately prove a law of Nature. Such a judgment would, in truth, be especially presumptuous where the net result of the inquiry is, that woman having never yet been either treated or tried as on an intellectual, imaginative, or spiritual equality with man, the first condition of a sound comparison is wanting. What I here contend is that, whether we take the external or inward prerequisites and circumstances of success, women have been hitherto debarred from them by the deficient education they receive themselves, and, to speak honestly, by the contemptuous treatment in regard to these matters which they receive at the hands of men.

Putting aside minor hindrances, and minor objections (more especially and scornfully each and all of those objections which belong to the gallantry, learned lady, and other ornamental or ball-room species), I am bound to meet the following, which may be urged against the above conclusions.

The first argument I notice will be one already slightly treated of—that women have other, as lofty but differ-

ent, functions. So far as this does not beg the whole question (in which point it is directly at variance with the fact of the number who have attempted the pursuits before us), it has been met by my former statement, that we are not to expect a *positively* equal number of female aspirants. All claimed is, an equal *comparative* number of eminent successes.

The next argument touches, not upon the special studies needful to follow any art or profession, but on the general place assigned to education strictly so called, in bringing out and forming the mind. It may be stated thus : That the common-sense of mankind, in fixing the close of a girl's education three or four years before that of a youth, has not only rightly taken the measure of her understanding, but properly leaves the rest of her training to be given by the school of experience, which is superior to all the schoolrooms in Europe.

So far as study proper is here opposed to practical experience, the point need not be discussed. That experience will always come in its degree, and whether a little sooner or later is of small importance. Indeed, and except in cases where a profession by men, or the married state by women, has been entered early, practical experience can rarely be active before one or two and twenty. The poet or painter then has his share with the rest of mankind, and it has been already noticed, how far success in the Fine Arts, whether male or female, is affected by it.

Had the training of either men or women, or indeed the conduct of their lives in general, been really settled and governed by a true common sense, there would be another world than that we know of, and one in which, *inter alia*, essays on education would be unnecessary. To call the custom or rule which closes a girl's studies at seventeen "common sense," is only to evade argument by a "foregone conclusion." Those who maintain that her brains are not capable of more make just such an assumption as those who should forbid a boy to learn swimming on the ground that it

is impossible to swim. Those, on the other hand, who rate the girl's mental quickness so high, that by that age she will, they say, have equalled the boy four years older, appear to me to confuse the readiness gained by going out into the world with the readiness of a well-cultivated mind. If a boy of seventeen be treated as a mere boy, but a girl of seventeen as an "ornament to society," she will of course exhibit a superior quickness; but this will be gained at the expense of her mental power. It is a forced flower against a natural blossoming. Besides, as before remarked, the assumption is untrue in fact. The young girl is no more really capable of mastering serious studies than her contemporary. But an additional hardship, perhaps equally injurious, has also arisen from the arbitrary limitation of the time permitted for self-improvement. She does not even start fair with the boy of her own age. If his training be broken off, he may at least have learned thoroughly what he has learned. He has obtained foundations on which he may afterward resume his studies. But his sister's whole course of intellectual work has been crammed into the space allowed him to begin his. He has learned only the formal grammar and vocabulary, for instance, of a foreign language during the years allotted her to master the language, and some of the literature also. She has, further, been compelled to set her mind to this arduous labour at an age when she can rarely have reached the power of heartily enjoying her studies; for she is to be out of the schoolroom during the years when she would have worked to ten-fold profit, and with ten-fold ease, through growing ability to take pleasure in the work, to see it in relation to present life, and to other studies: and know, in a word, where it is taking her. What injustice is here! If the mind, when young, be mainly developed and improved by experience of other and stronger minds, and if nineteen-twentieths of this experience, during youth, comes, and can come, only through sheer study and intercourse with older minds already so trained—truths which it

would be out of place here to demonstrate—women have not yet had a fair chance.

But here it will be urged, that the case is, at any rate, exaggerated; for that a fair number of women, including undoubtedly the majority of those who have distinguished themselves in any of the Fine Arts, have actually obtained, or have given themselves, thorough education. So far as this statement is correct in regard to those so distinguished, it, of course, supports my main argument. It is clear at least that the women have themselves thought a complete training advantageous. Nor is it denied that these exceptions exist; and, in general, to the very great and visible gain of the individuals in all the relations of their lives. But, with reference to success in poetry or painting, it may be strongly questioned whether the simple fact that this *thorough* (to take Lord Strafford's expressive word), was exceptional, did not of itself undo much of its improving or fertilizing power. Genius is delicate in its operations: it works best when following the most quiet ways. Everything that tends to take its possessor—rather say, him or her who is possessed by it—out of the common path, especially during the period of his own growth and training, disturbs its balance. Nor can such an education, after the very best efforts (and women, in all spheres of life, have been eminent in making them), equal—it cannot even nearly reach—that which is not exceptionally given. Besides a want in depth and force, it wants that which is most encouraging to the energies of the soul, the spur of knowing that it has a thousand rivals. It is also without the support needful for encouragement to undergo the great labour and pain inseparable from any work of thought,—a knowledge that the way has been trodden by hundreds of thousands before us. There is no greater bar to the course of originality than an exceptional position.

Somewhat the same line of argument applies to that absence of a true judgment from the world at large (in which I include women, who copy men on

this point), spoken of as only next in force to deficient education in retarding female success. Men often pretend to judge women's work as they occasionally do their own. I put it to the conscience of my readers whether this be not a pretence. The inevitable flourish always comes in, and compliment supplants criticism. This takes away another of the essential spurs to excellence—that without which even Milton, the most self-centred and proudly independent of poets, could not write—the “fit audience, though few.”

The last argument refers to a wider and a more difficult subject. For it may be naturally said that, after all, even allowing the views here taken on the general effect of education, and the limited, forcing-house quality of that allotted to women, genius in art is matter of nature, and that art itself is not amenable to rules or susceptible of education. There is a sense in which all this is true. But that sense does not affect my argument. It is possible that the answer to the whole may lie in the fact that nature does not give genius of this kind to women. But there is another sense, in which we may say that all that nature gives is useless, if it be not cultivated and worked carefully out. The poet is born; but, like every other human creature, he is born to grow from infancy to strength. Now the whole history of every art shows that this growth can only be effected through education in the strict sense. Almost uniformly, poets have been men highly and completely educated. Take a list of English poets—Chaucer, Lydgate, Surrey, Wyatt, Spenser, Cowley, Donne, Herbert, Milton, Dryden, Pope, Collins, Gray, Cowper, Scott, Byron, Shelley, Wordsworth—all amongst the most cultivated, as well as the most gifted men of their day. Against these may be doubtfully and imperfectly set, as exceptions, Keats, Burns, and possibly, though not probably, that greatest poet, of whose life we practically know little more than of Homer's—Shakespeare, the always exceptional! If I enumerated the Hellenic and the Latin poets, or those of modern Europe,

my catalogue would repeat the same tale. We can trace the lives of poets, generally, in more detail than that of other artists; yet, so far as this may be done in their case, we meet everywhere the identical lesson. Training is useless without the gift; but the gift comes to nothing without training,—including that co-operation of many minds towards the same object, and under pressure of the same public trial of their work, which women have hitherto not obtained.

Man, or woman either, can only reach the level which the gift of God marks out for them; in that sense original genius is everything; “only a great mind can produce great work.” But, when it is once seen that the rule which renders all the Fine Arts simply the exponents and equivalents of mental force is absolute; that the hand is here simply the measure of the head: everything is granted which the strongest advocate of training, as above defined, can require, including Locke himself, who, in words which it is much easier to evade than to disprove, assigned nine-tenths of what we are to education. Should any one prefer to speak of all the circumstances of education, internal or external, as secondary in comparison of the original vital force, or God-given genius, the metaphor may be conceded willingly. But, as regards our argument, it is a barren concession. As human creatures, all we can practically deal with to useful ends is that part of our nature which we can ourselves influence. Until these influences have been fully, honestly, and perseveringly tried (for man's education, such as it is, has been the growth, not of years, but of centuries), it is idle and evasive to attempt a decision, whether the genius and gift allotted to the highest of one sex may not be equally implanted in the other. Before pronouncing that man, in these respects, necessarily excels woman, woman must be treated on an equality with man. Meanwhile, however, we are perhaps authorized by experience to draw two inferences in a provisional way, regarding female success in Poetry, Painting, Sculpture, and Music. One

has been already noticed in part. It is not improbable that the number of women who can turn to these noble pursuits will always be less than the number of men, consistently with that portion in the scheme of life which nature has given them. My argument has throughout strictly followed the principle that the main duties of life remain unchanged; it has never assumed, nor needed to assume, that women should be simply as men; only that they should have equal facilities when they pursue the same objects. And it may be also not improbable that the number of women originally gifted with genius of the order needed may be less than that of the other sex. This also has been throughout allowed for; all claimed is, that they should show an equal *proportion* of high excellence.

My second inference is partly derived from a region which, in order to avoid dubious questions and personal susceptibilities, has been excluded from this essay. In general terms I may however now be allowed to remark, that what has been done in our own time by women in painting and poetry affords no small support to the conclusions of my argument. England in the latter art, France in the former, has recently given us examples of that sort of work which the world does not willingly let die; even though the best things referred to may, if judged by the equal weight and one balance, which alone are righteous or valid, show that we may hope from women higher advance when those who are gifted with

real genius, and have done what justice they could to it, are no longer looked on as exceptional beings. The parallel, and perhaps more complete advance which they have made in other fields of literature, not within my province, is also a powerful argument in favour of the views here put forward. For there can be no rational doubt that our gains from female artists in prose, in verse, or on canvass, are mainly due to the tardy and reluctant recognition of a right to thorough education, to a trial by the serious standard—in a word, to fair play, which man has, more or less, recently conceded to woman. That recognition has been, so far as at this distance of time we can judge, once in the world's history fully and frankly made and acted on. The result was, simply, Sappho and her sisters in art, to whom the most gifted, the most sensitive, and the most finely critical race that ever existed awarded the palm of first-rate excellence. And whenever this shall have been fully and frankly acknowledged and acted on again, the essayist of some future day, far off in the summers which we shall not see, will wonder that the civilized world so long suffered itself to be beguiled by unproved theories, or blinded by vulgar commonplace, to throw away one-half of that high and lasting pleasure which poetry in words, sounds, form, and colour affords us. *Detur pulchriori!* may then, perhaps, once more be the decision, when the prize for success in the Fine Arts is awarded by a just and enlightened criticism.

ROSES AND ROSEMARY.

I WALKED through my garden to cull me fresh posies,
Well I remember, on Midsummer's day:

I bound the sweet bay
With pansies rich and gay,
And with red red roses!

O, garlands will wither, and seasons will vary:
To-night I have plucked me a posy anew;
Of cypress and yew,
And the bitter bitter rue,
And the pale rosemary!

THE DOVE IN THE EAGLE'S NEST.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE HEIR OF REDCLIFFE."

CHAPTER VII.

THE SCHNEIDERLEIN'S RETURN.

THE poor little unowned bride had more to undergo than her imagination had conceived at the first moment.

When she heard that the marriage was to be a secret, she had not understood that Eberhard was by no means disposed to observe much more caution than mere silence. A rough, though kindly man, he did not thoroughly comprehend the shame and confusion that he was bringing upon her by departing from his former demeanour. He knew that, so enormous was the distance then supposed to exist between the noble and the burgher, there was no chance of any one dreaming of the true state of the case, and that as long as Christina was not taken for his wife, there was no personal danger for her from his mother, who—so lax were the morals of the German nobility with regard to all of inferior rank—would tolerate her with complacency as his favourite toy; and he was taken by surprise at the agony of grief and shame with which she slowly comprehended his assurance that she had nothing to fear.

There was no help for it. The *oubliette* would probably be the portion of the low-born girl who had interfered with the sixteen quarterings of the Adlerstein shield, and poor Christina never stepped across its trap-door without a shudder lest it should open beneath her. And her father would probably have been hung from the highest tower, in spite of his shrewd care to be aware of nothing. Christina consoled herself with the hope that he knew all the time why he had been sent out of the way, for, with a broad grin that had made her blush painfully, he had said he knew she would be well taken care

of, and that he hoped she was not breaking her heart for want of an escort. She tried to extort Eberhard's permission to let him at least know how it was; but Eberhard laughed, saying he believed the old fox knew just as much as he chose; and, in effect, Sorel, though now and then gratifying his daughter's scruples, by serving as a shield to her meetings with the young baron, never allowed himself to hear a hint of the true state of affairs.

Eberhard's love and reverence were undiminished, and the time spent with him would have been perfectly happy could she ever have divested herself of anxiety and alarm; but the periods of his absence from the castle were very terrible to her, for the other women of the household, quick to perceive that she no longer repelled him, had lost that awe that had hitherto kept them at a distance from her, and treated her with a familiarity, sometimes coarse, sometimes spiteful, always hateful and degrading. Even old Ursel had become half-pitying, half-patronizing, and the old Baroness, though not molesting her, took not the slightest notice of her.

This state of things lasted much longer than there had been reason to expect at the time of the marriage. The two *Freiherren* then intended to set out in a very short time to make their long talked-of submission to the Emperor at Ratisbon; but, partly from their German tardiness of movement, partly from the obstinate delays interposed by the proud old *Freiherrinn*, who was as averse as ever to the measure, partly from reports that the Court was not yet arrived at Ratisbon, the expedition was again and again deferred, and did not actually take place till September was far advanced.

Poor Christina would have given worlds to go with them, and even en-

treated to be sent to Ulm with an avowal of her marriage to her uncle and aunt, but of this Eberhard would not hear. He said the Ulmers would thus gain a hostage, and hamper his movements; and, if her wedding was not to be confessed—poor child!—she could better bear to remain where she was than to face Hausfrau Johanna. Eberhard was fully determined to enrol himself in some troop, either Imperial, or, if not, among the Free Companies, among whom men of rank were often found, and he would then fetch or send for his wife and avow her openly, so soon as she should be out of his mother's reach. He longed to leave her father at home, to be some protection to her, but Hugh Sorel was so much the most intelligent and skilful of the retainers as to be absolutely indispensable to the party—he was their only scribe; and, moreover, his new suit of buff rendered him a creditable member of a troop that had been very hard to equip. It numbered about ten men-at-arms, only three being left at home to garrison the castle—namely, Hatto, who was too old to take; Hans, who had been hopelessly lame and deformed since the old Baron had knocked him off a cliff in a passion; and Squinting Mätz, a runaway servant, who had murdered his master, the mayor of Strasburg, and might be caught and put to death if any one recognised him. If needful, the villagers could always be called in to defend the castle: but of this there was little or no danger—the Eagle's Steps were defence enough in themselves, and the party were not likely to be absent more than a week or ten days—a grievous length of time, poor Christina thought, as she stood straining her eyes on the top of the watch-tower, to watch them as far as possible along the plain. Her heart was very sad, and the omen of the burning wheel so continually haunted her that even in her sleep that night she saw its brief course repeated, beheld its rapid fall and extinction, and then tracked the course of the sparks that darted from it, one rising and gleaming high in air till it shone like a

star, another pursuing a fitful and irregular, but still bright course amid the dry grass on the hill-side, just as she had indeed watched some of the sparks on that night, minding her of the words of the Allhallow-tide legend: "*Fulgébunt justi et tanquam scintille in arundinete discurrunt*"—a sentence which remained with her when awake, and led her to seek it out in her Latin Bible in the morning.

Reluctantly had she gone down to the noontide meal, feeling, though her husband and father were far less of guardians than they should have been, yet that there was absolute rest, peace, and protection in their presence compared with what it was to be alone with Freiherrinn Kunigunde and her rude women without them. A few sneers on her daintiness and uselessness had led her to make an offer of assisting in the grand chopping of sausage-meat and preparation of winter stores, and she had been answered with contempt that my young lord would not have her soil her delicate hands, when one of the maids who had been sent to fetch beer from the cellar came back with startled looks, and the exclamation, "There is the Schneiderlein riding up the Eagle's Ladder upon Freiherr Ebbo's white mare!"

All the women sprang up together, and rushed to the window, whence they could indeed recognise both man and horse; and presently it became plain that both were stained with blood, weary, and spent; indeed, nothing but extreme exhaustion would have induced the man-at-arms to trust the tired, stumbling horse up such a perilous path.

Loud were the exclamations, "Ah, no good could come of not leading that mare through the *Johannisfeuer*."

"This shameful expedition! Only harm could befall. This is thy doing, thou mincing city-girl."

"All was certain to go wrong when a pale mist widow came into the place."

The angry and dismayed cries all blended themselves in confusion in the ears of the only silent woman present;

the only one that sounded distinctly on her brain was that of the last speaker, "A pale mist widow," as, holding herself a little in the rear of the struggling, jostling little mob of women, who hardly made way even for their acknowledged lady, she followed with failing limbs the universal rush to the entrance so soon as man and horse had mounted the slope and were lost sight of.

A few moments more, and the throng of expectants was at the foot of the hall steps, just as the lansknecht reached the arched entrance. His comrade Hans took his bridle, and almost lifted him from his horse; he reeled and stumbled as, pale, battered, and bleeding, he tried to advance to *Freiherrinn Kuni-gunde*, and, in answer to her hasty interrogation, faltered out, "Ill news, gracious lady. We have been set upon by the accursed *Schlangenwaldern*, and I am the only living man left."

Christina scarce heard even these last words; senses and powers alike failed her, and she sank back on the stone steps in a deathlike swoon.

When she came to herself she was lying on her bed, Ursel and Else, another of the women, busy over her, and Ursel's voice was saying, "Ah, she is coming round. Look up, sweet lady, and fear not. You are our gracious Lady Baroness."

"Is he here? O, has he said so? O, let me see him—Sir Eberhard," faintly cried Christina with sobbing breath.

"Ah, no, no," said the old woman; "but see here," and she lifted up Christina's powerless, bloodless hand, and showed her the ring on the finger. Her bosom had been evidently searched when her dress was loosened in her swoon, and her ring found and put in its place. "There, you can hold up your head with the best of them; he took care of that—my dear young *Freiherr*, the boy that I nursed," and the old woman's burst of tears brought back the truth to Christina's reviving senses.

"O tell me," she said, trying to raise

herself, "was it indeed so? O say it was not as he said!"

"Ah, woe's me, woe's me, that it was even so," lamented Ursel; "but oh, be still, look not so wild, dear lady. The dear, true-hearted young lord, he spent his last breath in owning you for his true lady, and in bidding us cherish you and our young baron that is to be. And the gracious lady below—she owns you; there is no fear of her now; so vex not yourself dearest, most gracious lady."

Christina did not break out into the wailing and weeping that the old nurse expected; she was still far too much stunned and overwhelmed, and she entreated to be told all, lying still, but gazing at Ursel with piteous bewildered eyes. Ursel and Else, helping one another out, tried to tell her, but they were much confused; all they knew was that the party had been surprised at night in a village hostel by the *Schlangenwaldern*, and all slain, though the young baron had lived long enough to charge the *Schneiderlein* with his commendation of his wife to his mother; but all particulars had been lost in the general confusion.

"O let me see the *Schneiderlein*," implored Christina, by this time able to rise and cross the room to the large carved chair; and Ursel immediately turned to her underling, saying, "Tell the *Schneiderlein* that the gracious Lady Baroness desires his presence."

Else's wooden shoes clattered downstairs, but the next moment she returned. "He cannot come; he is quite spent, and he will let no one touch his arm till Ursel can come, not even to get off his doublet."

"I will go to him," said Christina, and, revived by the sense of being wanted; she moved at once to the turret, where she kept some rag and some ointment, which she had found needful in the latter stages of *Ermentrude's* illness—indeed, household surgery was a part of regular female education, and Christina had had plenty of practice in helping her charitable aunt, so that the superiority of her skill to that of Ursel had

long been avowed in the castle. Ursel made no objection further than to look for something that could be at once converted into a widow's veil—being in the midst of her grief quite alive to the need that no matronly badge should be omitted—but nothing came to hand in time, and Christina was descending the stairs, on her way to the kitchen, where she found the fugitive man-at-arms seated on a rough settle, his head and wounded arm resting on the table, while groans of pain, weariness, and impatience were interspersed with imprecations on the stupid awkward girls who surrounded him.

Pity and the instinct of affording relief must needs take the precedence even of the desire to hear of her husband's fate; and, as the girls hastily whispered, "Here she is," and the Lanzknecht hastily tried to gather himself up, and rise with tokens of respect, she bade him remain still, and let her see what she could do for him. In fact, she at once perceived that he was in no condition to give a coherent account of anything, he was so completely worn out, and in so much suffering. She bade at once that some water should be heated, and some of the broth of the dinner set on the fire; then with the shears at her girdle, and her soft light fingers, she removed the torn strip of cloth that had been wound round the arm, and cut away the sleeve, showing the arm not broken, but gashed at the shoulder, and thence the whole length grazed and wounded by the descent of the sword down to the wrist. So tender was her touch that he scarcely winced or moaned under her hand; and, when she proceeded, with Ursel's help, to bathe the wound with the warm water, the relief was such that the wearied man absolutely slumbered during the process, which Christina protracted on that very account. She then dressed and bandaged the arm, and proceeded to skim—as no one else in the castle would do—the basin of soup, with which she then fed her patient as he leant back in the corner of the settle, at first in the same somnolent, half-conscious

state in which he had been ever since the relief from the severe pain; but after a few spoonfuls the light and life came back to his eye, and he broke out, "Thanks, thanks, gracious lady! This is the Lady Baroness for me! My young lord was the only wise man! Thanks, lady, now am I my own man again. It had been long ere the old Freiherrinn had done so much for me! I am your man, lady, for life or death." And, before she knew what he was about, the gigantic Schneiderlein had slid down on his knees, seized her hand, and kissed it—the first act of homage to her rank, but most startling and distressing to her. "Nay," she faltered, "prithce do not; thou must rest. Only if—if thou canst only tell me if he, my own dear lord, sent me any greeting, I would wait to hear the rest till thou hast slept."

"Ah! the dog of Schlangenwald!" was the first answer; then, as he continued, "You see, lady, we had ridden merrily as far as Jacob Müller's hostel, the traitor," it became plain that he meant to begin at the beginning. She allowed Ursel to seat her on the bench opposite to his settle, and, leaning forward, heard his narrative like one in a dream. There, the Schneiderlein proceeded to say, they put up for the night, entirely unsuspecting of evil, Jacob Müller, who was known to himself, as well as to Sorel, and to the others, assuring them that the way was clear to Ratisbon, and that he heard the Emperor was most favourably disposed to any noble who would tender his allegiance. Jacob's liquors were brought out, and were still in course of being enjoyed, when the house was suddenly surrounded by an overpowering number of the retainers of Schlangenwald, with their Count himself at their head. He had been evidently resolved to prevent the timely submission of the enemies of his race, and suddenly presenting himself before the elder Baron, had challenged him to instantaneous battle, claiming credit to himself for not having surprised them when asleep. The disadvantage had been scarcely less than if this had been

the case, for the Adlersteinern were all half-intoxicated, and far inferior in numbers—at least, on the showing of the Schneiderlein—and a desperate fight had ended by his being flung aside in a corner, bound fast by the ancles and wrists, the only living prisoner, except his young lord, who, having several terrible wounds, the worst in his chest, was left unbound.

Both lay helpless, untended, and silent, while the revel that had been so fatal to them was renewed by their captors, who finally all sunk into a heavy sleep. The torches were not all spent, and the moonlight shone into the room, when the Schneiderlein, desperate from the agony caused by the ligature round his wounded arm, sat up and looked about him. A knife thrown aside by one of the drunkards lay near enough to be grasped by his bound hands, and he had just reached it when Sir Eberhard made a sign to him to put it into his hand, and therewith contrived to cut the rope round both hands and feet—then pointed to the door.

There was nothing to hinder an escape; the men slept the sleep of the drunken; but the Schneiderlein, with the rough fidelity of a retainer, would have lingered with a hope of saving his master. But Eberhard shook his head, and signed again to escape; then, making him bend down close to him, he used all his remaining power to whisper, as he pressed his sword into the retainer's hand—

“Go home; tell my mother—all the world—that Christina Sorel is my wife, wedded on the Friedmund Wake by Friar Peter of Offingen, and, if she should bear a child, he is my true and lawful heir. My sword for him—my love to her. And, if my mother would not be haunted by me, let her take care of her.”

These words were spoken with extreme difficulty, for the nature of the wound made utterance nearly impossible, and each broken sentence cost a terrible effusion of blood. The final words brought on so choking and fatal a gush that, said the Schneiderlein, “he

fell back as I tried to hold him up, and I saw that it was all at an end, and a kind and friendly master and lord gone from me. I laid him down, and put his cross on his breast that I had seen him kissing many a time that evening, and I crossed his hands and wiped the blood from them and his face. And, lady, he had put on his ring; I trust the robber caitiffs may have left it to him in his grave. And so I came forth, walking soft, and opening the door in no small dread, not of the snoring swine, but of the dogs without. But happily they were still, and even by the door I saw all our poor fellows stark and stiff.”

“My father?” asked Christina.

“Ay, with his head cleft open by the Graf himself. He died like a true soldier, lady, and we have lost the best head among us in him. Well, the knave that should have watched the horses was as drunken as the rest of them, and I made a shift to put the bridle on the white mare and ride off.”

Such was the narrative of the Schneiderlein, and all that was left to Christina was the picture of her husband's dying effort to guard her, and the haunting fancy of those long hours of speechless agony on the floor of the hostel, and how direful must have been his fears for her. Sad and overcome, yet not sinking entirely while any work of comfort remained, her heart yearned over her companion in misfortune, the mother who had lost both husband and son; and all her fears of the dread *Freiherrinn* could not prevent her from bending her steps, trembling and palpitating as she was, towards the hall, to try whether the daughter-in-law's right might be vouchsafed to her, of weeping with the elder sufferer.

The *Freiherrinn* sat by the chimney, rocking herself to and fro, and holding consultation with Hatto. She started as she saw Christina approaching, and made a gesture of repulsion; but, with the feeling of being past all terror in this desolate moment, Christina stepped nearer, knelt, and clasping her hands said, “Your pardon, lady.”

“Pardon!” returned the harsh voice,

even harsher for very grief, "thou hast naught to fear, girl. As things stand, thou canst not have thy deserts. Dost hear?"

"Ah, lady, it was not such pardon that I meant. If you would let me be a daughter to you."

"A daughter! A wood-carver's girl to be a daughter of Adlerstein!" half laughed the grim baroness. "Come here, wench," and Christina underwent a series of sharp searching questions on the evidences of her marriage.

"So," ended the old lady, "since better may not be, we must own thee for the nonce. Hark ye all, this is the Frau Freiherrinn, Freiherr Eberhard's widow, to be honoured as such," she added, raising her voice. "There, girl, thou hast what thou didst strive for. Is not that enough?"

"Alas! lady," said Christina, her eyes swimming in tears, "I would fain have striven to be a comforter, or to weep together."

"What! to bewitch me as thou didst my poor son and daughter, and well-nigh my lord himself! Girl! Girl! Thou know'st I cannot burn thee now: but away with thee; try not my patience too far."

And, more desolate than ever, the crushed and broken-hearted Christina, a widow before she had been owned a wife, returned to the room that was now so full of memories as to be even more home than Master Gottfried's gallery at Ulm.

CHAPTER VIII.

PASSING THE OUBLIETTE.

Who can describe the dreariness of being snowed-up all the winter with such a mother-in-law as Freiherrinn Kunigunde?

Yet it was well that the snow came early, for it was the best defence of the lonely castle from any attack on the part of the Schlangenwaldern, the Swabian League, or the next heir, Freiherr Kasimir von Adlerstein Wildschloss. The elder baroness had, at least, the merit

of a stout heart, and, even with her sadly-reduced garrison, feared none of them. She had been brought up in the faith that Adlerstein was impregnable, and so she still believed; and, if the disaster that had cut off her husband and son was to happen at all, she was glad that it had befallen before the homage had been paid. Probably the Schlangenwald Count knew how tough a morsel the castle was like to prove, and Wildschloss was serving at a distance, for nothing was heard of either during the short interval while the roads were still open. During this time an attempt had been made through Father Norbert to ascertain what had become of the corpses of the two barons and their followers, and it had appeared that the Count had carried them all off from the inn, no doubt to adorn his castle with their limbs, or to present them to the Emperor in evidence of his zeal for order. The old baron could not indeed have been buried in consecrated ground, nor have masses said for him; but for the weal of her son's soul Dame Kunigunde gave some of her few ornaments, and Christina added her gold earrings, and all her scanty purse, that both her husband and father might be joined in the prayers of the Church—trying with all her might to put confidence in Hugh Sorel's Loretto relic, and the Indulgence he had bought, and trusting with more consolatory thoughts to the ever stronger dawnings of good she had watched in her own Eberhard.

She had some consoling intercourse with the priest while all this was pending; but throughout the winter she was entirely cut off from every creature save the inmates of the castle, where, as far as the old lady was concerned, she only existed on sufferance, and all her meekness and gentleness could not win for her more than the barest toleration.

That Eberhard had for a few hours survived his father, and that thus the Freiherrinn Christina was as much the Dowager Baroness as Kunigunde herself, was often insisted on in the kitchen

by Ursel, Hatto, and the Schneiderlein, whom Christina had unconsciously rendered her most devoted servant, not only by her daily care of his wound, but by her kind courteous words, and by her giving him his proper name of Heinz, dropping the absurd *nom de guerre* of the Schneiderlein, or little tailor, which had been originally conferred on him in allusion to the valiant tailorling who boasted of having killed seven flies at a blow, and had been carried on chiefly because of the contradiction between such a title and his huge brawny strength and fierce courage. Poor Eberhard, with his undaunted bravery and free reckless goodnature, a ruffian far more by education than by nature, had been much loved by his followers. His widow would have reaped the benefit of that affection even if her exceeding sweetness had not gained it on her own account; and this giant was completely gained over to her, when, amid all her sorrow and feebleness, she never failed to minister to his sufferings to the utmost, while her questions about his original home, and revival of the name of his childhood, softened him, and awoke in him better feelings. He would have died to serve her, and she might have headed an opposition party in the castle, had she had not been quite indifferent to all save her grief; and, except by sitting above the salt at the empty table, she laid no claim to any honours or authority, and was more seldom than ever seen beyond what was now called her own room.

At last, when for the second time she was seeing the snow wreaths dwindle, and the drops shine forth in moisture again, while the mountain paths were set free by the might of the springtide sun, she spoke almost for the first time with authority, as she desired Heinz to saddle her mule, and escort her to join in the Easter mass at the Blessed Friedmund's Chapel. Ursel heaped up objections; but so urgent was Christina for confession and for mass, that the old woman had not the heart to stop her by a warning to the elder baroness, and took the alternative of accom-

panying her. It was a glorious sparkling Easter day, lovely blue sky above, herbage and flowers glistening below, snow dazzling in the hollows, peasants assembling in holiday garb, and all rejoicing. Even the lonely widow, in her heavy veil and black muffings took hope back to her heart, and smiled when at the church door a little child came timidly up to her with a madder-tinted Easter egg—a gift once again like the happy home customs of Ulm. She gave the child a kiss—she had nothing else to give, but the sweet face sent it away strangely glad.

The festival mass in all its exultation was not fully over, when anxious faces began to be seen at the door, and whisperings went round and many passed out. Nobody at Adlerstein was particular about silence in church, and, when the service was not in progress, voices were not even lowered, and, after many attempts on the part of the Schneiderlein to attract the attention of his mistress, his voice immediately succeeded the *Ita missa est*, "Gracious lady, we must be gone. Your mule is ready. There is a party at the Debateable Ford, whether Schlängenwald or Wildschloss we know not yet, but either way you must be the first thing placed in safety."

Christina turned deadly pale. She had long been ready to welcome death as a peaceful friend; but, sheltered as her girlhood had been in the quiet city, she had never been brought in contact with warfare, and her nervous, timid temperament made the thought most appalling and frightful to her, certain as she was that the old baroness would resist to the uttermost. Father Norbert saw her extreme terror, and, with the thought that he might comfort and support her, perhaps mediate between the contending parties, plead that it was holy tide, and proclaim the peace of the church, or at the worst protect the lady herself, he offered his company; but, though she thanked him, it was as if she scarcely understood his kindness, and a shudder passed over her whenever the serfs, hastily summoned to augment the garrison, came hurrying down the path, or

turning aside into the more rugged and shorter descents. It was strange, the good father thought, that so timorous and fragile a being should have her lot cast amid these rugged places and scenes of violence, with no one to give her the care and cherishing she so much required.

Even when she crept up the castle stairs, she was met with an angry rebuke, not so much for the peril she had incurred as for having taken away the Schneiderlein, by far the most availing among the scanty remnant of the retainers of Adlerstein. Attempting no answer, and not even daring to ask from what quarter came the alarm, Christina made her way out of the turmoil to that chamber of her own, the scene of so much fear and sorrow, and yet of some share of peace and happiness. But from the window, near the fast subsiding waters of the Debateable Ford, could plainly be seen the small troop of warriors, of whom Jobst the Kohler had brought immediate intelligence. The sun glistened on their armour, and a banner floated gaily on the wind; but they were a fearful sight to the inmates of the lonely castle.

A stout heart was, however, Kuni-gunde's best endowment; and, with the steadiness and precision of a general, her commands rang out, as she arranged and armed her garrison, perfectly resolved against any submission, and confident in the strength of her castle; nay, not without a hope of revenge either against Schlangenwald or Wildschloss, whom, as a degenerate Adlerstein, she hated only less than the slayer of her husband and son.

The afternoon of Easter day, however, passed away without any movement on the part of the enemy, and it was not till the following day that they could be seen struggling through the ford, and preparing to ascend the mountain. Attacks had sometimes been disconcerted by posting men in the most dangerous passes; but, in the lack of numbers, and of trustworthy commanders, the Freiherrinn had judged it wiser to trust entirely to her walls, and keep her whole force within them.

The new comers could hardly have had any hostile intentions, for, though well armed and accoutred, their numbers did not exceed twenty-five. The banner borne at their head was an azure one, with a white eagle, and their leader could be observed looking with amazement at the top of the watch-tower, where the same eagle had that morning been hoisted for the first time since the fall of the two Freiherrn.

So soon as the ascent had been made, the leader wound his horn, and, before the echoes had died away among the hills, Hatto, acting as seneschal, was demanding his purpose.

"I am Kasimir von Adlerstein Wildschloss," was the reply. "I have hitherto been hindered by stress of weather from coming to take possession of my inheritance. Admit me, that I may arrange with the widowed Frau Freiherrinn as to her dower and residence."

"The widowed Frau Freiherrinn, born of Adlerstein," returned Hatto, "thanks the Freiherr von Adlerstein Wildschloss; but she holds the castle as guardian to the present head of the family, the Freiherr von Adlerstein."

"It is false, old man," exclaimed Wildschloss; "the Freiherr had no other son."

"No," said Hatto, "but Freiherr Eberhard hath left us twin heirs, our young lords, for whom we hold this castle."

"This trifling will not serve!" sternly spoke the knight. "Eberhard von Adlerstein died unmarried."

"Not so," returned Hatto, "our gracious Frau Freiherrinn, the younger, was wedded to him at the last Friedmund wake, by the special blessing of our good patron, who would not see our house extinct."

"I must see thy lady, old man," said Sir Kasimir, impatiently, not in the least crediting the story, and believing his cousin Kunigunde quite capable of any measure that could preserve her the rule in Schloss Adlerstein, even to erecting some passing love affair of her son's into a marriage. And he hardly

did her injustice, for she had never made any inquiry beyond the castle into the validity of Christina's espousals, nor sought after the friar who had performed the ceremony. She consented to an interview with the claimant of the inheritance, and descended to the gateway for the purpose. The court was at its cleanest, the thawing snow having newly washed away its impurities, and her proud figure, under her black hood and veil, made an imposing appearance as she stood tall and defiant in the archway.

Sir Kasimir was a handsome man of about thirty, of partly Polish descent, and endowed with Slavonic grace and courtesy, and he had likewise been employed in negotiations with Burgundy, and had acquired much polish and knowledge of the world.

"Lady," he said, "I regret to disturb and intrude on a mourning family, but I am much amazed at the tidings I have heard; and I must pray of you to confirm them."

"I thought they would confound you," composedly replied Kunigunde.

"And pardon me, lady, but the Diet is very nice in requiring full proofs. I would be glad to learn what lady was chosen by my deceased cousin Eberhard."

"The lady is Christina, daughter of his esquire, Hugh Sorel, of an honourable family at Ulm."

"Ha! I know who and what Sorel was!" exclaimed Wildschloss. "Lady cousin, thou wouldst not stain the shield of Adlerstein with owning aught that cannot bear the examination of the Diet!"

"Sir Kasimir," said Kunigunde, proudly, "had I known the truth ere my son's death, I had strangled the girl with mine own hands! But I learnt it only by his dying confession; and, had she been a beggar's child, she was his wedded wife, and her babes are his lawful heirs."

"Knowest thou time—place—witnesses?" inquired Sir Kasimir.

"The time, the Friedmund Wake; the place, the Friedmund Chapel," replied the Baroness. "Come hither, Schneiderlein. Tell the knight thy young lord's confession."

He bore emphatic testimony to poor Eberhard's last words; but as to the point of who had performed the ceremony, he knew not—his mind had not retained the name.

"I must see the Frau herself," said Wildschloss, feeling certain that such a being as he expected in a daughter of the dissolute Lansknecht Sorel would soon, by dexterous questioning, be made to expose the futility of her pretensions so flagrantly that even Kunigunde could not attempt to maintain them.

For one moment Kunigunde hesitated, but suddenly a look of malignant satisfaction crossed her face. She spoke a few words to Squinting Mätz, and then replied that Sir Kasimir should be allowed to satisfy himself, but that she could admit no one else into the castle; hers was a widow's household, the twins were but a few hours old, and she could not open her gates to admit any person besides himself.

So resolved on judging for himself was Adlerstein Wildschloss that all this did not stagger him; for, even if he had believed more than he did of the old lady's story, there would have been no sense of intrusion or impropriety in such a visit to the mother. Indeed, had Christina been living in the civilized world, her chamber would have been hung with black cloth, black velvet would have enveloped her up to the eyes, and the blackest of cradles would have stood ready for her fatherless babe; two steps, in honour of her baronial rank, would have led to her bed, and a beaufet with the due baronial amount of gold and silver plate would have held the comfits and caudle to be dispensed to all visitors. As it was, the two steps built into the floor of the room, and the black hood that Ursel tied over her young mistress's head, were the only traces that such etiquette had ever been heard of.

But when Baron Kasimir had clanked up the turret stairs, each step bringing to her many a memory of him who should have been there, and when he had been led to the bedside, he was completely taken by surprise.

Instead of the great, flat-faced, coarse comeliness of a German wench, treated as a lady in order to deceive him, he saw a delicate, lily-like face, white as ivory, and the soft sweet brown eyes under their drooping lashes, so full of innocence and sad though thankful content, that he felt as if the inquiries he came to make were almost sacrilege.

He had seen enough of the world to know that no agent in a clumsy imposition would look like this pure white creature, with her arm encircling the two little swaddled babes, whose red faces and bald heads alone were allowed to appear above their mummy-like wrappings; and he could only make an obeisance lower and infinitely more respectful than that with which he had favoured the Baroness *née* von Adlerstein, with a few words of inquiry and apology.

But Christina had her sons' right to defend now, and she had far more spirit to do so than ever she had had in securing her own position, and a delicate rose tint came into her cheek as she said in her soft voice, "The Baroness tells me, you, noble sir, would learn who wedded me to my dear and blessed lord, Sir Eberhard. It was Friar Peter of the Franciscan brotherhood of Offingen, an agent for selling indulgences. Two of his lay brethren were present. My dear lord gave his own name and mine in full after the holy rite; the friar promising his testimony if it were needed. He is to be found or at least heard of at his own cloister; and the hermit at the chapel likewise beheld a part of the ceremony."

"Enough, enough, lady," replied Sir Kasimir; "forgive me for having forced the question upon you."

"Nay," replied Christina, with her blush deepening, "it is but just and due to us all;" and her soft eyes had a gleam of exultation, as she looked at the two little mummies that made up the *us*—"I would have all inquiries made in full."

"They shall be made, lady, as will be needful for the establishment of your son's right as a free baron of the

empire, but not with any doubt on my part, or desire to controvert that right. I am fully convinced, and only wish to serve you and my little cousins. Which of them is the head of our family?" he added, looking at the two absolutely undistinguishable little chrysalises, so exactly alike that Christina herself was obliged to look for the black ribbon, on which a medal had been hung, round the neck of the elder. Sir Kasimir put one knee to the ground as he kissed the red cheek of the infant and the white hand of the mother.

"Lady cousin," he said to Kunigunde, who had stood by all this time with an anxious, uneasy, scowling expression on her face, "I am satisfied. I own this babe as the true Freiherr von Adlerstein, and far be it from me to trouble his heritage. Rather point out the way in which I may serve you and him. Shall I represent all to the Emperor, and obtain his wardship, so as to be able to protect you from any attacks by the enemies of the house?"

"Thanks, sir," returned the elder lady, severely, seeing Christina's gratified, imploring face. "The right line of Adlerstein can take care of itself without greedy guardians appointed by usurpers. Our submission has never been made, and the Emperor cannot dispose of our wardship."

And Kunigunde looked defiant, regarding herself and her grandson as quite as good as the Emperor, and ready to blast her daughter-in-law with her eyes for murmuring gratefully and wistfully, "Thanks, noble sir, thanks."

"Let me at least win a friendly right in my young cousins," said Sir Kasimir, the more drawn by pitying admiration towards their mother, as he perceived more of the grandmother's haughty repulsiveness and want of comprehension of the dangers of her position. "They are not baptized? Let me become their godfather."

Christina's face was all joy and gratitude, and even the grandmother made no objection; in fact, it was the babes' only chance of a noble sponsor; and Father Norbert, who had already been

making ready for the baptism, was sent for from the hall. Kunigunde, meantime, moved about restlessly, went half way down the stairs, and held counsel with some one there; Ursel, likewise, bustled about, and Sir Kasimir remained seated on the chair that had been placed for him near Christina's bed.

She was able again to thank him, and add, "It may be that you will have more cause than the lady grandmother thinks to remember your offer of protection to my poor orphans. Their father and grandfather were, in very deed, on their way to make submission."

"It is well known to me," said Sir Kasimir. "Lady, I will do all in my power for you. The Emperor shall hear the state of things; and, while no violence is offered to travellers," he added, lowering his tone, "I doubt not he will wait for full submission till this young baron be of age to tender it."

"We are scarce in force to offer violence," said Christina, sighing. "I have no power to withstand the Lady Baroness. I am like a stranger here; but oh! sir, if the Emperor and Diet will be patient and forbearing with this desolate house, my babes, if they live, shall strive to requite their mercy by loyalty. And the blessing of the widow and fatherless will fall on you, most generous knight," she added, fervently, holding out her hand.

"I would I could do more for you," said the knight. "Ask, and all I can do is at your service."

"Ah, sir," cried Christina, her eyes brightening, "there is one most inestimable service you could render me—to let my uncle, Master Gottfried, the wood-carver of Ulm, know where I am, and of my state, and of my children."

Sir Kasimir repeated the name.

"Yes," she said. "There was my home, there was I brought up by my dear uncle and aunt, till my father bore me away to attend on the young lady here. It is eighteen months since they had any tidings from her who was as a daughter to them."

"I will see them myself!" said Kasimir; "I know the name. Carved

not Master Gottfried the stall work at Augsburg?"

"Yes, indeed! In chestnut leaves! And the misereres all with fairy tales!" exclaimed Christina. "O sir, thanks indeed! Bear to the dear, dear uncle and aunt their child's duteous greetings, and tell them she loves them with all her heart, and prays them to forgive her, and pray for her and her little ones!"

"And," she added, "my uncle may not have learnt how his brother, my father, died by his lord's side. Oh! pray him, if he ever loved his little Christina, to have masses sung for my father and my own dear lord."

As she promised, Ursel came to make the babes ready for their baptism, and Sir Kasimir moved away towards the window. Ursel was looking uneasy and dismayed, and as she bent over her mistress, she whispered, "Lady, the Schneiderlein sends you word that Mätz has called him to help in removing the props of the door you wot of when *he* yonder steps across it. He would know if it be your will?"

The oubliette! This was Frau Kunigunde's usage of the relative who was doing his best for the welfare of her grandsons! Christina's whole countenance looked so frozen with horror, that Ursel felt as if she had killed her on the spot; but the next moment a flash of relief came over the pale features, and the trembling lip commanded itself to say, "My best thanks to good Heinz! Say to him that I forbid it. If he loves the life of his master's children, he will abstain! Tell him so. My blessings on him if this knight leave the castle safe, Ursel;" and her terrified earnest eyes impelled Ursel to hasten to do her bidding, but whether it had been executed there was no knowing, for almost immediately the Freiherrinn and Father Norbert entered, and Ursel returned with them. Nay, the message given, who could tell if Heinz would be able to act upon it? In the ordinary condition of the castle, he was indeed its most efficient inmate; Mätz did not approach him in strength, Hans

was a cripple, Hatto would be on the right side; but Jobst the Kohler, and the other serfs who had been called in for the defence, were more likely to hold with the elder than the younger lady. And Frau Kunigunde herself, knowing well that the five and twenty men outside would be incompetent to avenge their master, confident in her narrow-minded, ignorant pride that no one could take Schloss Adlerstein, and incapable of understanding the changes in society that were rendering her isolated condition untenable, was certain to scout any representation of the dire consequences that the crime would entail. Kasimir had no near kindred, and private revenge was the only justice the Baroness believed in; she only saw in her crime the satisfaction of an old feud, and the union of the Wildschloss property with the parent stem.

Seldom could such a christening have taken place as that of which Christina's bed-room was the scene—the mother scarcely able even to think of the holy sacrament for the horror of knowing that the one sponsor was already exulting in the speedy destruction of the other; and, poor little feeble thing, rallying the last remnants of her severely-tried powers to prevent the crime at the most terrible of risks.

The elder babe received from his grandmother the hereditary name of Eberhard, but Sir Kasimir looked at the mother inquiringly, ere he gave the other to the priest. Christina had well-nigh said, "*Oublette*," but, recalling herself in time, she feebly uttered the name she had longed after from the moment she had known that two sons had been her Easter gift, "*Gottfried*," after her beloved uncle. But Kunigunde caught the sound, and exclaimed, "No son of Adlerstein shall bear a base craftsman's name. Call him *Rächer* (the avenger); and in the word there already rang a note of victory and revenge that made Christina's blood run cold. Sir Kasimir marked her trouble. "The lady mother loves not the sound," he said, kindly. "Lady, have you any other wish? Then will I call him *Friedmund*."

Christina had almost smiled. To her the omen was of the best. Baron *Friedmund* had been the last common ancestor of the two branches of the family, the patron saint was so called, his wake was her wedding day, the sound of the word imported peace, and the good Barons *Ebbo* and *Friedel* had ever been linked together lovingly by popular memory. And so the second little baron received the name of *Friedmund*, and then the Knight of *Wildschloss*, perceiving, with consideration rare in a warrior, that the mother looked worn out and feverish, at once prepared to kiss her hand and take leave.

"One more favour, Sir Knight," she said, lifting up her head, while a burning spot rose on either cheek, "I beg of you to take my two babes down—yes, both, both, in your own arms, and show them to your men, owing them as your kinsmen and godsons."

Sir Kasimir looked exceedingly amazed, as if he thought the lady's senses taking leave of her, and Dame Kunigunde broke out into declarations that it was absurd, and she did not know what she was talking of; but she repeated almost with passion, "Take them, take them, you know not how much depends on it." Ursel, with unusual readiness of wit, signed and whispered that the young mother must be humoured, for fear of consequences; till the knight in a good-natured, confused way, submitted to receive the two little bundles in his arms, while he gave place to Kunigunde, who hastily stepped before him in a manner that made Christina trust that her precaution would be effectual.

The room was reeling round with her. The agony of those few minutes was beyond all things unspeakable. What had seemed just before like a certain way of saving the guest without real danger to her children, now appeared instead the most certain destruction to all, and herself the unnatural mother who had doomed her new-born babes for a stranger's sake. She could not even pray; she would have shrieked to have them brought back, but her

voice was dead within her, her tongue clave to the roof of her mouth, ringings in her ears hindered her even from listening to the descending steps. She lay as one dead, when ten minutes afterwards the cry of one of her babes struck on her ear, and the next moment Ursel stood beside her, laying them down close to her, and saying exultingly, "Safe! safe out at the gate, and down the hill side, and my old lady ready to gnaw off her hands for spite!"

CHAPTER IX.

THE EAGLETS.

CHRISTINA'S mental and bodily constitution had much similarity—apparently most delicate, tender, and timid, yet capable of a vigour, health, and endurance that withstood shocks that might have been fatal to many apparently stronger persons. The events of that frightful Easter Monday morning did indeed almost kill her; but the effects, though severe, were not lasting; and by the time the last of Ermentrude's snow-wreath had vanished, she was sunning her babes at the window, happier than she had ever thought to be—above all, in the possession of both the children. A nurse had been captured for the little Baron from the village on the hill-side; but the woman had fretted, the child had pined, and had been given back to his mother to save his life: and ever since both had thriven perfectly under her sole care, so that there was very nearly joy in that room.

Outside it, there was more bitterness than ever. The grandmother had softened for a few moments at the birth of the children, with satisfaction at obtaining twice as much as she had hoped; but the frustration of her vengeance upon Kasimir of Adlerstein Wildschloss had renewed all her hatred, and she had no scruple in abusing "the burgher-woman" to the whole household for her artful desire to captivate another nobleman. She, no doubt, expected that de-

generate fool of a Wildschlosser to come wooing after her; "if he did he should meet his deserts." It was the favourite reproach whenever she chose to vent her fury on the mute, blushing, weeping young widow, whose glance at her babies was her only appeal against the cruel accusation.

On Midsummer eve, Heinz the Schneiderlein, who had all day been taking toll from the various attendants at the Friedmund Wake, came up and knocked at the door. He had a bundle over his shoulder and a bag in his hand, which last he offered to her.

"The toll! It is for the Lady Baroness."

"You are my Lady Baroness. I levy toll for this my young lord."

"Take it to her, good Heinz, she must have the charge, and needless strife I will not breed."

The angry notes of dame Kunigunde came up: "How now, knave Schneiderlein! Come down with the toll instantly. It shall not be tampered with! Down, I say, thou thief of a tailor."

"Go; prithee go, vex her not," entreated Christina.

"Coming, lady!" shouted Heinz, and, disregarding all further objurgations from beneath, he proceeded to deposit his bundle, and explain that it had been entrusted to him by a pedlar from Ulm, who would likewise take charge of anything she might have to send in return, and he then ran down just in time to prevent a domiciliary visit from the old lady.

From Ulm! The very sound was joy; and Christina with trembling hands unfastened the cords and stitches that secured the canvas covering, within which lay folds 'on folds of linen, and in the midst a rich silver goblet, long ago brought by her father from Italy, a few of her own possessions, and a letter from her uncle secured with black floss silk, with a black seal.

She kissed it with transport, but the contents were somewhat chilling by their grave formality. The opening address to the "honour-worthy Lady Baroness and love-worthy niece," con-

veyed to her a doubt on good Master Gottfried's part whether she were still truly worthy of love or honour. The slaughter at Jacob Müller's had been already known to him, and he expressed himself as relieved, but greatly amazed, at the information he had received from the Baron of Adlerstein Wildschloss, who had visited him at Ulm, after having verified what had been alleged at Schloss Adlerstein by application to the friar at Offingen.

Freiherr von Adlerstein Wildschloss had further requested him to make known that, feud-briefs having regularly passed between Schlangenwald and Adlerstein, and the two barons not having been within the peace of the empire, no justice could be exacted for their deaths; yet, in consideration of the tender age of the present heirs, the question of forfeiture or submission should be waived till they could act for themselves, and Schlangenwald should be withheld from injuring them so long as no molestation was offered to travellers. It was plain that Sir Kasimir had well and generously done his best to protect the helpless twins, and he sent respectful but cordial greetings to their mother. These, however, were far less heeded by her than the coldness of her uncle's letter. She had drifted beyond the reckoning of her kindred, and they were sending her her property and bridal linen as if they had done with her, and had lost their child in the robber-baron's wife. Yet at the end there was a touch of old times in offering a blessing, should she still value it, and the hopes that heaven and the saints would comfort her; "for surely, thou poor child, thou must have suffered much, and, if thou wilt still to write to thy city kin, thine aunt would rejoice to hear that thou and thy babes were in good health."

Precise grammarian and scribe as was uncle Gottfried, the lapse from the formal *Sie* to the familiar *Du* went to his niece's heart. Whenever her little ones left her any leisure, she spent this her first wedding day in writing so earnest and loving a letter as, in spite of medi-

eval formality, must assure the good burgomaster that, except in having suffered much and loved much, his little Christina was not changed since she had left him.

No answer could be looked for till another wake-day; but, when it came, it was full and loving, and therewith were sent a few more of her favourite books, a girdle, and a richly scented pair of gloves, together with two ivory boxes of comfits, and two little purple silk, gold-edged, straight, narrow garments, and tight round brimless lace caps for the two little barons. Nor did henceforth a wake-day pass by without bringing some such token, not only delightful as gratifying Christina's affection by the kindness that suggested them, but supplying absolute wants in the dire stress of poverty at Schloss Adlerstein.

Christina durst not tell her mother-in-law of the terms on which they were unmolested, trusting to the scanty retinue and her own influence with the Schneiderlein to hinder any serious violence. Indeed, while the Count of Schlangenwald was in the neighbourhood, his followers took care to secure all that could be captured at the Debateable Ford, and the broken forces of Adlerstein would have been insane had they attempted to contend with such superior numbers. That the castle remained unattacked was attributed by the elder Baroness to its own merits; nor did Christina deceive her. They had no intercourse with the outer world, except that once a pursuivant arrived with a formal intimation from their kinsman, the Baron of Adlerstein Wildschloss, of his marriage with the noble Fraulein, Countess Valeska von Trautbeck, and a present of a gay dagger for each of his godsons. Frau Kunigunde triumphed a good deal over the notion of Christina's supposed disappointment; but the tidings were most welcome to the younger lady, who trusted they would put an end to all future taunts about Wildschloss. Alas! the handle for abuse was too valuable to be relinquished.

The last silver cup the castle had pos-

sessed had to be given as a reward to the pursuivant, and mayhap Frau Kunigunde reckoned this as another offence of her daughter-in-law, since, had Sir Kasimir been safe in the oubliette, the twins might have shared his broad lands on the Danube instead of contributing to the fees of his pursuivant. The cup could indeed be ill spared. The cattle and swine, the dues of the serfs, and the yearly toll at the wake were the sole resources of the household; and, though there was no lack of meat, milk, and black bread, sufficient garments could scarce be come by, with all the spinning of the household, woven by the village webster, of whose time the baronial household, by prescriptive right, owned the lion's share.

These matters little troubled the two beings in whom Christina's heart was wrapped up. Though running about barefooted and bare-headed, they were healthy, handsome, straight-limbed, noble-looking creatures, so exactly alike, and so inseparable, that no one except herself could tell one from the other save by the medal of Our Lady worn by the elder, and the little cross carved by the mother for the younger; indeed, at one time, the urchins themselves would feel for cross or medal, ere naming themselves "Ebbo," or "Friedel." They were tall for their age, but with the slender make of their foreign ancestry; and, though their fair rosy complexions were brightened by mountain mists and winds, their rapidly darkening hair, and large liquid brown eyes, told of their Italian blood. Their grandmother looked on their colouring like a taint, and Christina herself had hoped to see their father's simple, kindly blue eyes revive in his boys; but she could hardly have desired anything different from the dancing, kindling, or earnest glances that used to flash from under their long black lashes when they were nestling in her lap, or playing by her knee, making music with their prattle, or listening to her answers with faces alive with intelligence. They scarcely left her time for sorrow or regret.

They were never quarrelsome. Either

from the influence of her gentleness, or from their absolute union, they could do and enjoy nothing apart, and would as soon have thought of their right and left hands falling out as of Ebbo and Friedel disputing. Ebbo, however, was always the right hand. *The Freiherr*, as he had been called from the first, had, from the time he could sit at the table at all, been put into the baronial chair with the eagle carved at the back; every member of the household, from his grandmother downwards, placed him foremost, and Friedel followed their example, at the less loss to himself, as his hand was always in Ebbo's, and all their doings were in common. Sometimes, however, the mother doubted whether there would have been this perfect absence of all contest had the medal of the first-born chanced to hang round Friedmund's neck instead of Eberhard's. At first they were entirely left to her. Their grandmother heeded them little as long as they were healthy, and evidently regarded them more as heirs of Adlerstein than as grandchildren; but, as they grew older, she showed anxiety lest their mother should interfere with the fierce lawless spirit proper to Adlerstein.

One winter day, when they were nearly six years old, Christina, spinning at her window, had been watching them snowballing in the castle court, smiling and applauding every large handful held up to her, every laughing combat, every well-aimed hit, as the hardy little fellows scattered the snow in showers round them, raising their merry fur-capped faces to the bright eyes that "rained influence and judged the prize."

By and by they stood still; Ebbo—she knew him by the tossed head and commanding air—was proposing what Friedel seemed to disapprove; but, after a short discussion, Ebbo flung away from him, and went towards a shed where was kept a wolf-cub, recently presented to the young barons by old Ulrich's son. The whelp was so young as to be quite harmless, but far from amiable; Friedel never willingly approached it, and the snarling and whining replies to all advances had

begun to weary and irritate Ebbo. He dragged it out by its chain, and, tethering it to a post, made it a mark for his snowballs, which, kneaded hard, and delivered with hearty good-will by his sturdy arms, made the poor little beast yelp with pain and terror, till the more tender-hearted Friedel threw himself on his brother to withhold him, while Mätz stood by laughing and applauding the baron. Seeing Ebbo shake Friedel off with unusual petulance, and pitying the tormented animal, Christina flung a cloak round her head and hastened downstairs, entering the court just as the terrified whelp had made a snap at the boy, which was returned by angry, vindictive pelting, not merely with snow, but with stones. Friedel sprang to her crying, and her call to Ebbo made him turn, though with fury in his face, shouting, "He would bite me! the evil beast!"

"Come with me, Ebbo," she said.

"He shall suffer for it, the spiteful ungrateful brute. Let me alone, mother!" cried Ebbo, stamping on the snow, but still from habit yielding to her hand on his shoulder.

"What now?" demanded the old baroness, appearing on the scene; "Who is thwarting the baron?"

"She; she will not let me deal with yonder savage whelp," cried the boy.

"She! Take thy way, child," said the old lady. "Visit him well for his malice. None shall withstand thee here. At thy peril!" she added, turning on Christina. "What, art not content to have brought base mechanical blood into a noble house? Wouldst make slaves and cowards of its sons?"

"I would teach them true courage, not cruelty," she tried to say.

"What should such as thou know of courage? Look here, girl: another word to daunt the spirit of my grandsons, and I'll have thee scourged down the mountain-side! On! At him, Ebbo! That's my gallant young knight! Out of the way, girl, with thy whining looks! What, Friedel, be a man and aid thy brother. Has she made thee a puling woman already?" and Kunigunde laid

an ungentle grasp upon Friedmund, who was clinging to his mother, hiding his face in her gown. He struggled against the clutch, and would not look up or be detached.

"Fie, poor little coward!" taunted the old lady; "never heed him, Ebbo, my brave baron!"

Cut to the heart, Christina took refuge in her room, and gathered her Friedel to her bosom, as he sobbed out, "Oh, mother, the poor little wolf! Oh, mother, are you weeping too? The grandmother should not so speak to the sweetest, dearest motherling," he added, throwing his arms round her neck.

"Alas, Friedel, that Ebbo should learn that it is brave to hurt the weak."

"It is not like Walther of Vögelwiede," said Friedel, whose mind had been much impressed by the Minnesinger's bequest to the birds.

"Nor like any true Christian knight. Alas, my poor boys, must you be taught foul cruelty, and I too weak and cowardly to save you?"

"That never will we," said Friedel, lifting his head from her shoulder. "Hark! what a howl was that!"

"Listen not, dear child, it does but pain thee."

"But Ebbo is not shouting. Oh, mother, he is vexed, he is hurt," cried Friedel, springing from her lap; but, ere either could reach the window, Ebbo had vanished from the scene. They only saw the young wolf stretched dead on the snow, and the same moment in burst Ebbo, and flung himself on the floor in a passion of weeping. Stimulated by the applause of his grandmother and of Mätz, he had furiously pelted the poor animal with all missiles that came to hand, till a blow, either from him or Mätz, had produced such a howl and struggle of agony, and then such terrible stillness, as had gone to the young baron's very heart, a heart as soft as that of his father had been by nature. Indeed, his sobs were so piteous that his mother was relieved to hear only, "The wolf! the poor wolf!" and to find that he himself was unhurt, and she was scarcely satisfied of this when dame Kunigunde

came up also alarmed, and thus turned his grief to wrath. "As if I would cry in that way for a bite!" he said. "Go, grandame; you made me do it, the poor beast!" with a fresh sob.

"Ulrich shall get thee another cub, my child."

"No, no; I never will have another cub! Why did you let me kill it?"

"For shame, Ebbo! Weep for a spiteful brute! That's no better than thy mother or Friedel."

"I love my mother! I love Friedel! They would have withheld me. Go, go; I hate you!"

"Peace, peace, Ebbo," exclaimed his mother, "you know not what you say. Ask your grandmother's pardon."

"Peace, thou fool!" screamed the old lady. "The baron speaks as he will in his own castle. He is not to be checked here, and thwarted there, and taught to mince his words like a cap-in-hand pedlar. Pardon! When did an Adlerstein seek pardon? Come with me, my baron; I have still some honey-cakes."

"Not I," replied Ebbo; "honey-cakes will not cure the wolf whelp. Go: I want my mother and Friedel."

Alone with them, his pride and passion were gone; but alas! what augury for the future of her boys was left with the mother!

To be continued.

MOGHA NEID.

A CELTIC FRAGMENT.

DOCTOR ANSTER.

Among the modes of interment mentioned by Keating in his "Three Sharp-pointed Shafts of Death," is the following:—"The dead were placed in a standing position, and circular cairns (heaps) of earth and stones were raised over them, and their arms were buried with them. It was in this fashion that very many of the Irish nobles were interred in the olden time; the interment of Mogha Neid by Dearg Damhsa the Druid may be instanced, as we read in the 'Battle of Magh Tualaing.'"—*Ossianic Society's Transactions*, vol. i. p. 65, 1853; and *Battle of Magh Leana* (Celtic Society, 1865), p. 21.

On the plain of Tulaigh, in his last battle-field,
King Mogha Neid's tomb did his warriors build.
Where over the chieftain they heaped the high cairn
Streams the heath's purple pall, wave the plumes of the fern—
But He hath his palace-hall still in the cave
Of the cairn, and his throne-room of state in the grave;
And there—hath he robed him again for the strife
Of heroes?—he stands in dread semblance of life.

In his right hand the broad-sword, before him the shield,
And the helmet still guarding his head,
Again the red lightnings of war will he wield,
Again lead the thousands he led.
The keene hath been chaunted, the sepulchre sealed,
But say not that Mogha is dead!

The gold torques rést upon his breast,
The javelins are at his side,
And the snow-white steed, of matchless speed,
Is there in his trappings of pride.
Oh that one ray, breaking in, of the day,
Could see what these dark chambers hide!

Beam of light, or breath of air
From our sky, came never there;
Never since the stars of night
Saw the sacrificial rite,
When beneath the golden knife
The proud war-horse poured his life;
And the Druid sang his spell,

"That the courser white to the land of light,
Of dauntless truth, of the dream of youth,
To the heaven where Hope betrayeth not,
Where the bud to blossom delayeth not,
Where the flower unfolded decayeth not,
Where the worm on the green leaf preyeth not,
Where the cold rain-cloud down-weigheth not,
Might bear King Mogha well."

Sword, shield, javelins, snow-white steed,
Trance-like all, in that marble hall,
All longing to be freed!

Sword, shield, javelins, battle-steed,
Wait the waking of Mogha Neid.

CRADDOCK NOWELL: A TALE OF THE NEW FOREST.

BY RICHARD DODDRIDGE BLACKMORE.

CHAPTER XII.

ALL the leaves of the New Forest, save those of the holly and mistletoe, some evergreen spines, and the blinder sort that know not a wink from a nod—all the leaves, I mean, that had sense of their position, and when to blush and when to retire, and how much was due to the roots that taught them—all these leaves were beginning to feel that their time in the world was over. The trees had begun to stand tier upon tier, in an amphitheatrical fashion, and to sympathise more with the sunset; while the sun every evening was kissing his hands, and pretending to think them younger. Some outspoken trees leaned forward, well in front of the forest-galleries, with amber sleeves, and loops of gold, and braids of mellow abandonment, like liberal Brazilian ladies bowing from the balconies. Others drew away behind them, with their mantles folded, leaning

back into unprobed depths of semi-transparent darkness, as the forest of the sky amasses, when the moon is rising. Some had cast off their children in parachutes, swirling as the linden berries do throughout September; some were holding their treasures grimly, and would, even when they were naked. Now the flush of the grand autumnal tide had not risen yet to its glory, but was freaking and glancing and morrissing round the bays and the juts of the foliage. Or it ruffled, among the ferny knaps, and along the winding alleys. The sycamores truly were reddening fast, and the chesnut palms growing bronzy; the limes were yellowing here and there, and the sere leaves of the woodbine fluttered the cob of clear red berries. But the great beechen hats which towered and darkened atop of the moorland hollows and across the track of the woodman—these, and the oaks along the rise, where the turtle-

dove was cooing, had only shown their sense of the age by an undertint of olive.

It was now the fifth day of October—a day to be remembered long by all the folk of Nowellhurst. Mr. Garnet stood at the end of his garden, where a narrow pinewood gate opened to one of the forest rides. Of course he was doing something, and doing it very forcibly. His life was a fire that burned very fast, having plenty of work to poke it. But the little job which he now had in hand was quite a relaxation: there was nothing Bull Garnet enjoyed so much as cutting down a tree. He never cared what time of year it was, whether the leaves were on or off, whether the sap were up or down, as we incorrectly express it. The sap of a tree is ever moving, like our own life-blood; only it feels the change of season, more than we who have no roots. Has a dormouse no circulation when he coils himself up in his elbowed hole? Is there no evaporation from the frozen waters? The two illustrations are wide apart, but the principle is the same. Nature admits no absolute stoppage, except as death, in her cradle of life; and then she sets to, and transmutes it. Why Bull Garnet so enjoyed the cutting down of a tree, none but those who themselves enjoy it may pretend to say. Of course we will not refer it to the reason assigned in the well-known epigram, which contains such a wholesale condemnation of this arboricidal age. In another century, London builders will perhaps discover, when there are no trees left, that a bit of tuck-pointing by the gate, and a dab of mud-plaster beside it, do not content the heart of man like the leaves, and the drooping shadowy rustle, which is the type of himself.

Bull Garnet stood there in the October morning, with the gate wide open, flung back by his strong hand upon its hinges, as if it had no right to them. The round bolt dropped from the quivering force, dropped through the chase of the loop, and bedded deep in the soft, wet ground.

With much satisfaction the gate brought up, and felt itself anchored safely; Bull Garnet gave the bolt a kick, which hurled all the rusty screws out. Then he scarcely stopped to curse the blacksmith; he wanted the time for the woodcutters. At a glint from the side of his vast round eyes—eyes that took in everything, and made all the workmen swear and believe that he could see round a corner—he descried that the axemen were working the tree askew to the strain of the ropes. The result must be that the comely young oak, just proud of its first big crop of acorns, would swerve on the bias of the wind, stagger heavily, and fall headlong upon the smart new fence. There was no time for words—in a moment he had kicked the men right and left, torn off his coat, and caught up an axe, and dealt three thundering strokes in the laggard twist of the breach. Away went the young oak, swaying wildly, trying once to recover itself, then crashing and creaking through the brushwood, with a swish from its boughs and leaves, and a groan from its snaggy splinters. A branch took one of the men in his face, and laid him flat in a tussock of grass.

"Serve you right, you lubber; I'm devilish glad," cried Bull Garnet; "and I hope you won't move for a week."

The next moment, he went up and raised him, felt that his limbs were sound, and gave him a dram of brandy.

"All right, my fine fellow. Next time you'll know something of the way to fell a tree. Go home now, and I'll send you a bottle of wine."

But the change of his mood, the sudden softening, the glister that broke through the flash of his eyes, was not caused this time by the inroad of rapid Christian feeling. It was the approach of his son that stroked the down of his heart the right way. Bull Garnet loved nothing else in this world, or in the world to come, with a hundredth part of the love wherewith he loved his only son. Lo, the word "love" thrice in a sentence—nevertheless let it stand so. For is there a word in our noble

tongue, or in any other language, to be compared for power and beauty with that little word "love!"

Bob came down the path of the kitchen garden at his utmost speed. He was like his father in one or two things, and most unlike in others. His nature was softer and better by far, though not so grand and striking—Bull Garnet in the young Adam again, ere ever the devil came. All this the father felt, but knew not: it never occurred to him to inquire why he adored his son.

The boy leaped the new X fence very cleverly, through the fork of the fingers, and stood before his father in a flame of indignation. Mr. Garnet, with that queer expression which the face of a middle-aged man wears when he recalls his boyhood, ere yet he begins to admire it, was looking at his own young life with a contemplative terror. He was saying to himself, "What cheek this boy has got!" and he was feeling all the while that he loved him the more for having it.

"Hurrah, Bob, my boy; you're come just in time."

Mr. Garnet tried very hard to look as if he expected approval. Well enough all the time he knew that he had no chance of getting it. For Bob loved nature in any form, especially as expressed in the noble eloquence of a tree. And now he saw why he had been sent to the village on a trifling errand that morning.

"Just in time for what, sir?" Bob's indignation waxed yet more. That his father should dare to chaff him!

"Just in time to tell us all about these wonderful red-combed fungi. What do you call them—some long name, as wonderful as themselves?"

Bob kicked them aside contemptuously. He could have told a long story about them, and things which men of thrice his age, who have neglected their mother, would be glad to listen to. Nature, desiring not revenge, has it in the credulous itch of the sons who have turned their backs on her.

"Oh father," said Bob, with the tears in his eyes; "father, you can't have
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known that three purple emperors came to this oak, and sat upon the top of it, every morning for nearly a week, in the middle of July. And it was the most handsomest thirty-year oak till you come right to Brockenhurst bridge."

"Most handsomest, Bob!" cried Mr. Garnet, glad to lay hold of anything; "Come along with me, my son; I must see to your education."

Near them stood a young spruce fir, not more than five feet high. It had thrown up a straight and tapering spire, scaled with tender green. Below were tassels, tufts, and pointlets, all in triple order, pluming over one another in a pile of beauty. The tips of all were touched with softer and more glaucous tone. But all this gentle tint and form was only as a framework now, a loom to bear the web of heaven. For there had been a white mist that morning,—autumn's breath made visible; and the tree with its net of spider's webs had caught the lucid moisture. Now, as the early sunlight opened through the layered vapours, that little spruce came boldly forth a dark bay of the forest, and met all the spears of the orient. Looped and traced with threads of gauze, the lacework of a fairy's thought, scarcely daring to breathe upon its veil of tremulous chastity, it kept the wings of light on the hover, afraid to weigh down the whiteness. A maiden with the love-dream nestling under the bridal faldetta, a child of genius breathing softly at his own fair visions, even an infant's angel whispering to the weeping mother—what image of humanity can be so bright and exquisite as a common tree's apparel?

"Father, can you make that?" Mr. Garnet checked his rapid stride; and for once he admired a tree.

"No, my son; only God can do such glorious work as that."

"But it don't take God to undo it. Smash!"

Bob dashed his fists through the whole of it, and all the draped embroidery, all the pearly filigree, all the festoons of silver, were but as a dream when a yawning man stretches his

seraggy arms forth. The little tree looked woe-begone, stale, and dragged with drunken tears.

"Why, Bob, I am ashamed of you."

"And so am I of you, father."

Before the bold speech was well out of his mouth, Bob took heartily to his heels; and for once in his life Mr. Garnet could not make up his mind what to do. After all he was not so very angry, for he thought that his son had been rather clever in his mode of enforcing the moral; and a man who loves ability, and loves his boy still more, regards with a liberal shrewdness the proof of the one in the other.

Alas, it is hard to put Mr. Garnet in a clear, bold stereoscope, without breach of the third commandment. Somehow or other, as fashion goes—and happily it is on the go always—a man, and threefold thrice a woman, may, at this especial period, in the persons of his or her characters, break the sixth commandment lightly, and the seventh with great applause. Indeed no tale is much approved without lese majesty of them both. Then for what subterranean reason, or by what diabolical instrumentality (that language is strictly parliamentary, because it is words and water) is a writer now debarred from reporting what his people said, unless they all talked tracts and milk, or rubrics and pommel-saddles? In a word—for sometimes any fellow must come to the point—Why do our judicious and highly-respected Sosii score out all our d—ns?

Is it not true that our generation swears almost as hard as any? And yet it will not allow a writer to hint the truth in the matter. Of course we should do it sparingly, and with due reluctance. But unless all tales are written for women, and are so to be accepted, it is a weak attempt at imposture on our sons and grandsons to suppress entirely in our pictures any presence not indecent, however unbecoming.

Mr. Garnet was a Christian of the most advanced intelligence, so far as our ideas at the present time extend. He felt the beauty and perfection of the type

which is set before us. He never sneered, as some of us do, at things which were too large for him, neither did he clip them to the shape of his own oesophagus. Only in practice, like the rest of us, he was sadly centrifugal.

Now with his nostrils widely open, and great eyes on the ground, he was pacing rapidly up and down his sheltered kitchen-garden. Every square was in perfect order, every tree in its proper compass, all the edging curt and keen. The ground was cropped with that trim luxuriance which we never see except under first-rate management. All the coleworts for the winter, all the well-earthed celery, all the buttoning Brussels sprouts, salsify just fit to dig, turnips lifting whitely forth (as some ladies love to show themselves), modest savoy just hearting in and saying "no" to the dew-beads, prickly spinach daily widening the clipped arrowhead—they all had room to eat and drink, and no man grudged his neighbour; yet Puck himself could not have skipped through with dry feet during a hoar-frost. As for weeds, Bull Garnet—well, I must not say what he *would* have done. Suddenly a small, spare man turned the corner upon him, where a hedge of horn-beam, trimmed and dressed as if with a pocket-comb, broke the south-western violence. Most men would have shown their hats above the narrow spine, but Rufus Hutton was very short, and seldom carried a chimney-pot.

"Sir, what can I do for you?" said Mr. Garnet, much surprised, but never taken aback.

"Excuse me, sir, but I called at your house, and came this way to find you. You know me well, by name, I believe; as I have the pleasure of knowing you. Rufus Hutton; ahem, sir! Delightful occupation! I too, am a gardener. 'Dumelow Seedling,' I flatter myself. Know them well by the eye, sir. But what a difference the soil makes! Ah, yes, let them hang till the frost comes. What a plague we have had with earwigs! Get into the seat of the fruit; now just let me show you. Ah, you beggars, there you are. Never take

them by the head, sir, or they'd nip my fingers. Take them under the abdomen, and they haven't room to twist upon you. There, now; what can he do?"

"Not even thank you, sir, for killing him. And now what can I do for you?"

"Mr. Garnet, I will come to the point. A man learns that in India. Too hot, sir, for much talking. Bless my heart, I have known the thermometer at 10 o'clock P.M. sir—not in the barracks, mind me, nor in a stifling nullah——"

"Excuse me, I have read of all that. I have an engagement, Dr. Hutton, at eight minutes past eleven."

"Bless my heart, and I have an appointment at 11.9 and five seconds. How singular a coincidence!"

Bull Garnet looked down at the little doctor, and thought him too small to be angry with. Moreover, he was a practical man, and scarcely knew what chaff meant. So he kept his temper wonderfully, while Rufus looked up at him gravely, with his little eyes shining like glow-worms between the brown stripes of his countenance.

"I have heard of you, Dr. Hutton, as a very skilful gardener. Perhaps you would like to look round my garden, while I go and despatch my business. If so, I will be with you again in exactly thirty-five minutes."

"Stop, stop, stop! you'll be sorry all your life, if you don't hear my news."

So Rufus Hutton thought. But Mr. Garnet was sorry through all the rest of his life that he ever stopped to hear it.

CHAPTER XIII.

BULL GARNET forgot his appointment for eight minutes after eleven; indeed it was almost twelve o'clock when he came out of the summer-house (made of scarlet runners) to which he had led Dr. Hutton, when he saw that his tale was of interest. As he came forth, and the noon-day sun fell upon his features; any one who knew him would have been surprised at their expression. A well-known artist, employed upon a fresco in

the neighbourhood, had once described Mr. Garnet's face in its ordinary aspect, as 'violence in repose.' Epigrammatic descriptions of the infinite human nature are like tweezers to catch a whale with. The man who unified so rashly all the Garnetian impress, had only met Mr. Garnet once—had never seen him after dinner, or playing with his children.

Now Rufus Hutton, however garrulous, was a kind and sensible man, and loth to make any mischief. He ran after Mr. Garnet, hotly. Bull Garnet had quite forgotten him, and would take no notice. The doctor made a short cut through a quarter of Brussels sprouts (which almost knocked off his wide-awake hat) and stood in the arch of trimmed yew-tree, opening at the western side upon the forest lane. Here he stretched his arms to either upright, and mightily barred all exit. He knew that the other would not go home, because he had told him so.

Presently Bull Garnet strode up: not with his usual swing, however; not with his wonted self-confidence. He seemed to walk off from a staggering blow, which had dulled his brain for the moment. He stopped politely before Mr. Hutton (who expected to be thrust aside), and asked as if with new interest, and as if he had not heard the tale out,—

"Are you quite sure, Dr. Hutton, that you described the dress correctly?"

"As sure as I am of the pattern of my own unmentionables. Miss Rose-dew wore, as I told you, a lavender serge, looped at the sides with purple—a pretty dress for Christmas, but it struck me as warm for Michaelmas. Perhaps it was meant for the Michaelmas daisies; or, perhaps, she suffers from rheumatism, or flying pains in the patella."

"And the cloak and hat, as you described them—are you sure about them?"

"My dear sir, I could swear to them both, if I saw them on a scarecrow. How can I speak of such a thing after that lovely creature? Such an exquisite fall of the shoulders—good wide shoulders too—and such a delicious waist! I

assure you, my dear sir, I have seen fine women in India."

"Dr. Hutton," said Mr. Garnet, sternly, "let me hear no more of that. You are a newly-married man, a man of my time of life. I will have no warm description of—of any young ladies."

Rufus Hutton was a peppery man, and not very easily cowed. Nevertheless, his mind was under the pressure of a stronger one. So he only relieved himself with a little brag.

"Why, Mr. Garnet, you cross-examine me as I did the natives when I acted as judge in Churramuttee, when the two chuprassies came before me, and the water-carrier. I tell you, sir, I see more in a glance than most men do in a long set stare, when they are called in to appraise a thing. I could tell every plait in your shirt-front, and the stuff and cut of your coat, before you could say 'good morning.' It was only last Thursday that Mrs. Hutton, who is a most remarkable woman, made an admirable observation about my rapid perception."

"I have not the smallest doubt of it. And I believe that you fully deserved it. You will therefore perceive at once that this matter must go no further. Did you see my—son at the house here?"

"No. Only the maidservant, who directed me where to find you."

"Then you did not go in at all, I suppose?"

"No; but I admired greatly your mode of training that beautiful tro-pæolum over the porch. I must go and look at it again, with your kind permission. I never neglect the chance of a wrinkle such as that."

"Another time, Dr. Hutton, I shall hope to show it to you; though you must have seen it all at a glance, for it is simpler than my shirt-fronts. But my business takes me now to the Hall, and I shall be glad of your company."

"Hospitable fellow, with a vengeance!" thought little Rufus. "And I heard he had some wonderful sherry, and it's past my time for a snack. Serves me right for meddling with other people's business."

But while he stood hesitating, and casting fond glances towards the cottage, Mr. Garnet, without any more ado, passed his powerful long arm through the little wing of Rufus, and hurried him down the dingle.

"Excuse me, sir, but I have never much time to waste. This, as you know, is a most busy day, and all the preparations are under my sole charge. I laugh at the fuss, as a matter of course. But that question is not for me. Craddock Nowell is a noble fellow, and I have the highest respect for him."

"Well, I rather prefer young Clayton. Having brought them both into the world, I ought to understand them. But I hope he won't make a fool of himself in this matter we have been talking of."

Mr. Garnet jerked his companion's arm, and his face went pale as Portland stone.

"Make a d—d rogue more likely. And he won't be the first of his family."

"Yes, as you say," replied the doctor to all he could catch of the muttered words, which flew over the crown of his hat, "beyond all doubt the first family in this part of the kingdom, and so they must have their jubilee. But I trust you will use with the utmost caution what I thought it best to confide to you, under the bond of secrecy. Of course, I could not think of telling papa, either of lady or gentleman; and knowing how you stand with the family, you seemed to me the proper person to meet this little difficulty."

"Beyond a doubt, I am."

"Pooh, sir, a boy and a girl. I wonder you think so much about it. Men never know their own minds in the matter until they arrive at our age. And as for the chits on the other side—whew, they blow right and left, as the feathers on their hats do."

"That is not the case with *my* family. We make up our minds, and stick to them."

"Then your family is the exception, which only proves my rule; and I am

glad that it is not concerned in the present question."

When they came to that part of the lawn in front of the ancient hall where the fireworks' stage had been reared on a gently-rising mound, Cradock Nowell met them, with a book in his hand. To-morrow he would be twenty-one; and a more honest, open-hearted fellow, or a better built one, never arrived at man's estate, whether for wealth or poverty. He had not begun to think very deeply; indeed, who could expect it, where trouble had never entered? It is pain that deepens the channel of thought, and sorrow that sweeps the bar away. Cradock as yet was nothing more than a clever, fine young man, an elegant and accurate scholar, following thought more than leading it. Nevertheless he had the material of a grand unselfish character—of a nature which, when perfected, could feel its imperfections. Sorrow and trial were needed for him; and God knows he soon got enough of them.

He shoved away his Tauchnitz Herodotus in his shooting-coat pocket. Neither of the men he met was a scholar; neither would feel any interest in it. Being driven forth by his father's grumbling at the little pleasure he showed in the fuss that was making about him, he had brought his genial, true cosmopolite to show him a thing which his heart would have loved. Cradock had doubled down the leaf whereon was described the building of the boat-bridge over the Hellespont. Neither had he forgotten the interment of the Scythian kings. It was not that he purposed to instruct the carpenters thence, or to shed any light on their doings; but that he hoped to learn from them some words to jot down on the margin. He had discovered already, being helped thereto by the tongue of Ytene, that hundreds of forcible Saxon words still lurk in the crafts to which the beaten race betook itself—words which are wanted sadly, and pieced out very unpleasantly by roundabout foreign fanglements.

Even the gratitude now due to the

goodwill of all the neighbourhood had failed to reconcile his mind to the turgid part before him. At Oxford he had been dubbed already "Caradoc the Philosopher;" and the more he learned, the less he thought of his own importance. He had never regarded the poor around him as dogs made for him to whistle to; he even knew that he owed them some duties, and wondered how to discharge them. Though bred of high Tory lineage, and corded into it by the twists of habit and education, he never could hang by neck and gullet; he never could show basement only, as a well-roped onion does. Encased as he was by strict surroundings, he never could grow quite straight and even, without a seed inside him, as a prize cucumber does in the cylinder of an old chimney-glass.

Some of this dereliction sprang, no doubt, from his granulation, and some from the free trade of his mind with the great heart called "John Rosedew."

Now he came up, and smiled, like a boy of fourteen, in Mr. Garnet's face; for he liked Bull Garnet's larger qualities, and had no fear of his smaller ones. Mr. Garnet never liked; he always loved or hated. He loved Cradock Nowell heartily, and heartily hated Clayton.

"Behind my time, you see, Cradock. I am glad you are doing my duty.—Ha, there! *I see you, my man.*"

The man was skulking his work, in rigging out with coloured lamps an old oak fifty yards off. That ancient oak, the pride of the chace, was to represent, to-morrow night, a rainbow reflecting "Cradock Nowell." Young Crad, who regarded it all as ill-taste, if it were not positive sin, had lifted his voice especially against that oak's bedizement. "It will laugh at us from every acorn," he had said to his father. But Sir Cradock was now a man of sixty; and threescore resents being budded. The incision results in gum only.

At the sound of that tremendous voice the man ran recklessly out on the branch, the creaking of which had alarmed him. Snap went the branch

at a cankered part, and the poor fellow dropped from a height of nearly forty feet. But the crashing wood caught in the bough beneath, which was sound and strong, and there hung the man, uninjured as yet, clinging only by one arm, and struggling to throw his feet up. In a moment Cradock had seized a ladder, reared, and fixed, and mounted it, and helped the poor fellow to slide off upon it, and stayed him there gasping and quivering. Bull Garnet set foot on the lowest rung, and Rufus Hutton added his weight, which was not very considerable. A dozen workmen came running up, and the man, whose nerves had quite failed him, was carefully eased to the ground.

"Mr. Garnet," said Cradock, with flashing eyes, "would you have walked on that branch yourself?"

"To be sure I would, after I had looked at it."

"But you gave this poor man no time to look. Is it brave to make another do what you yourself would fear?"

"Give me your hand, my boy. I was wrong, and you are right. I wish every man to hear me. Jem, come to my house this evening. You owe your life to Mr. Cradock."

Nature itself is better than the knowledge of human nature. Mr. Garnet, by generosity quicker than quickest perception, had turned to his credit an incident which would have disgraced a tyrant. A powerful man's confession of wrong always increases his power. While the men were falling to work again, every one under the steward's eyes, Sir Cradock Nowell and Clayton his son came cantering up from the stables. The dry leaves crackled or skirred away crisply from their horses' feet, for the day was fine and breezy; the nags were arching their necks and pricking their ears with enjoyment; but neither of the riders seemed to be in high spirits. The workmen touched their hats to them in a manner very different from that with which they received Mr. Garnet or Cradock Nowell. There was more of distant respect in it,

and less of real interest. Sir Cradock now was a perfect specimen of the well-bred Englishman at threescore years of age. Part of his life had been touched by sorrow, but in the main he had prospered. A man of ability and high culture, who has not suffered deeply, is apt, after passing middle age, to substitute tact for feeling, and common sense for sympathy. Mellow and blest is the age of the man who soberly can do otherwise.

Sir Cradock Nowell knew his age, and dressed himself accordingly. Neither stiffness nor laxity, neither sporting air nor austerity, could be perceived in his garb or manner. He respected himself and all whom he met, until he had cause to the contrary. But his heart, instead of expanding, had narrowed in the loneliness of his life; and he really loved only one in the world—the son who rode beside him. He had loved John Rose-dew well and truly for many an honest year; of late, admiration was uppermost, and love grown a thing to be thought about. The cause of the change was his own behaviour, and John's thorough hate of injustice. That old friend of the family could not keep silence always at the preference of Clayton, and the disparagement of Cradock. The father himself could not have told whence arose this preference. Year by year it had been growing, for a long time unsuspected; suspected then and fought with, then smothered at once and justified; allowed at last to spread and thrive on the right of its own existence. And yet any one, to look at Sir Cradock, would have thought him justice personified. And so he was as Chairman of the Quarter Sessions. Clear intelligence, quick analysis, keen perception of motive in others, combined with power to dispense (when nature so does) with reason, and used with high sense of honour—all these things made him an oracle to every one but himself. Although he had never been in the army, he looked like a veteran soldier; and his seat on horseback was stiff and firm, rather than easy and graceful. Tall, spare figure, and grey moustache,

Roman nose, and clear, bright eyes, thin lips, and broad white forehead—the expression of the whole bespoke an active, resolute, upright man, not easily pleased or displeased.

As every one was to keep holiday, the farmers had challenged the Ringwood club to play them a game of cricket, and few having seen a bat till now, some practice seemed indispensable. Accordingly, while Bull Garnet was busy among the working men, the farmers, being up for play, were at it in hard earnest, labouring with much applause and merriment, threshing or churning, mowing or ploughing, and some making kicks at the ball. Rufus Hutton looked on in a spirited manner, and Cradock was bowling with all his might at the legs of a petty tyrant, when his father and brother rode up between the marquees and awnings. The tyrannical farmer received a smart crack on the shin, and thought (though he feared to say) “d—n.”

“Hurrah, Crad! more jerk to your elbow!” cried Clayton, who also disliked the man; “Blackers, you mustn’t break the ball, it’s against the laws of cricket.”

Grinning sympathy and bad wit deepened the bruise of the tibia, till Farmer Blackers forgot all prudence in the deep jar of the marrow.

“Boul awai, meester, and be honged to you. I carries one again *you*, mind.”

To the great surprise of all present there, Sir Cradock did not look at the speaker, but turned on his son with anger.

“Sir, you ought to know better. Your sense of justice will lead you, I hope, to apologise to that man.”

He did not wait to see the effect of this public reproof, which was heard by a hundred people, but struck his mare hastily on the shoulder, called Clayton, and rode away. Cradock, who now had the ball in his hands, threw it a hundred feet high.

“Catch it who will,” he said; “I shall bowl no more to-day. Farmer Blackers, I apologise to you; I did not know you were so tender.”

Feeling far more tender himself (for all that was the youth’s bravado) he went away, doubting right and wrong, to his own little room on the ground floor. There he would smoke his pipe, and meditate, and condemn himself, if the verdict were true. That young fellow’s sense of justice was larger, softer, more deeply fibred, than any Sir Cradock Nowell’s.

CHAPTER XIV.

MEN of high culture and sensitive justice, who have much to do with ill-taught workmen, lie under a terrible disadvantage. They fear to presume upon the mere accident of their own position, they dread to extract more dues from another than they in his place would render, they shrink from saying what may recall the difference betwixt them, they cannot bear to be stiff and dogmatic, yet they know that any light word may be taken in heavy earnest. True sympathy is the only thing to bring master and man together; and sympathy is a subtle vein, direct when nature hits it, but crooked and ungrammatical to the syntax of education. Cradock Nowell often touched it, without knowing how; and hence his popularity among the “lower classes.” Clayton hit upon it only in the softer sex. Bull Garnet knew how to move it deeply, and owed his power to that knowledge, even more than to his energy.

Cradock was pondering these things in the pipe of contemplation, when a pair of keen eyes twinkled in at the window, and a shrewd, shrill voice made entry.

“Pray let me in, Mr. Cradock Nowell; I want to inquire about the grapes.”

“What a wonderful man that is!” said Cradock to himself, as he came from his corner reluctantly, to open the French window; “there is nothing he doesn’t inquire about. Erotic philosopher! He has only been here some three or four days, and he knows all our polity better than we do! I wish

his wife would come; though I believe he is an honest fellow."

Unconscious of any satirical antithesis, he opened the window, and admitted the polypragmonic doctor; and, knowing that homœopathic treatment is the wisest for garrulous subjects, he began upon him at once. Nor omitted a spice of domesticity, which he thought would be sovereign.

"Now, Dr. Hutton, it is too bad of you to wander about like a bachelor. How long before we have the pleasure of seeing Mrs. Hutton?"

"My dear boy, you know the reason; I hope you know the reason. Ladies are not at all times so locomotive as we are." Here he tried hard not to give a wink, because Cradock was so much younger; nevertheless, he did wink, being too much delighted to help it, having never yet owned a young Hutton. "But your father has promised most kindly to send a carriage to-morrow to Geopharmacy Lodge—the name of our little place, sir."

At the thought of his home, the little doctor pulled up both his shirt-collars, and looked round the room disparagingly.

"Oh, I am very glad to hear it. Meanwhile, you would like to see our grapes. Let me show you the way to the vinery; though I cannot take you without misgivings. Your gardening fame has frightened us. Our old man, Snip, is quite afraid of your new lights and experience."

"Sensible lad," muttered Rufus Hutton, who was pleasantly conceited—"uncommonly sensible lad! I am not at all sure that he isn't a finer fellow than Clayton. But I must take my opportunity now, while he has his stock off. There is something wrong: I am sure of it."

"Excuse me a moment," said Cradock; "I am sorry to keep you waiting, but I must just put on my neckerchief, if I can only find it. How very odd! I could have declared I put it on that table."

"What's that I see on the floor there, by the corner of the book-case?" Rufus

pointed his cane at the tie, which lay where himself had thrown it.

"Oh, thank you; I must be getting blind, for I am sure I looked there just now."

While the young man stooped forward, the little doctor, who had posted himself for the purpose, secured a quick glimpse at the back of his neck, where the curling hair fell sideways. That glance increased his surprise, and confirmed his strange suspicions. The surprise and suspicion had broken upon him, as he stood by the farmer's wicket, and Cradock sprang up to the bowling crease; now, in his excitement and curiosity, he forgot all scruples. It was strange that he had felt any, for he was not very sensitive; but Cradock, with all his good nature, had a certain unconscious dignity, from which Dr. Hutton retreated.

"The grapes I came to inquire about," said Rufus, with much solemnity, "are not those in the vinery, which I have seen often enough, but those on your neck, Mr. Nowell."

Cradock looked rather amazed, but more at the inquirer's manner than at his seeming impertinence.

"I really cannot see how the 'grapes,' as some people call the blue lines on my neck, can interest you, sir, or are important enough to be spoken of."

"Then I do, Cradock Nowell. Do you refuse to let me see them?"

"Certainly not; though I should refuse it to almost any one else. Not that I am sensitive about such a trifle. You, as a medical man, and an old friend of my father, are welcome to your autopsy. Is not that what you call it, sir?"

Nevertheless, from the tone of his voice, Rufus Hutton knew that he liked it not—for it was a familiarity, and seemed to the youth a childish one.

"Sit down, young man, sit down," said the doctor, very pompously, and waiving further discussion. "I am not—I mean to say you are taller than when I first—ah, yes, manipulated you."

As the doctor warmed to his subject, he grew more and more professional,

and perhaps less gentlemanly, until his good feelings came into play, for his heart, after all, was right. All the terms which he used shall not be repeated, because of their being so medical. Only this, that he said at last, after a long inspection—

"Sir, this confirms to a nicety my metrostigmatic theory."

"Dr. Hutton, I know not what you mean, neither do I wish to know."

Craddock put on his neckerchief anyhow, and walked to his chair by the mantelpiece, although no fire was burning. The medical man said nothing, but gravely looked out of the window. Presently the young gentleman felt that he was not acting hospitably.

"Excuse me, sir, if I have seemed rude; but you do not know how these things—I mean, when I think of my mother. Let me ring for some sherry and sandwiches; you have had no lunch."

"Ring for some brandy, my boy; and give me a cheroot. Fine property! Look at the sweep of the land—and to thing of losing it all!"

Instead of ringing, Craddock went and fetched the cognac himself, and took down a glass from a cupboard.

"Two glasses, my dear boy, two."

"No, sir; I never touch it."

"Then take it now, for the first time. Here, let me feel your pulse."

"Once for all, I beg you to tell me what is all this mystery? Do you think I am a child?"

"Fill your pipe again, while I light a cigar."

Craddock did as he was told, although with trembling hands. Rufus Hutton went for a wine-glass, filled it with brandy, and pushed it across, then gulped down half a tumblerful; but Craddock did not taste his.

"Now, my boy, can you bear some very bad news indeed?"

"Anything better than this suspense. I have heard some bad news lately, which has seasoned me for anything."

He referred to Amy Rosedew.

"It is this. You are not your father's heir; you are only the younger son."

"Is that all?"

"All! Isn't that enough? Good God! What more would you have?—you don't deserve brandy."

"My father will be glad, and so will Clayton, and—perhaps one other. But I don't mean to say that I am."

"I should rather fancy not. But you take it uncommonly easily."

Dr. Hutton gazed at the poor young fellow in surprise and admiration, trying vainly to make him out. Then he reached over to Craddock's elbow, took his glass of cognac, and swallowed it.

"This has upset me, my boy, more than you. How miserable I felt about it! But perhaps you place no faith in the assertion I have made?"

"Indeed, it has quite amazed me; and I have had no time to think of it. My head seems spinning round. Please to say no more just for a minute or two, unless you find it uncomfortable."

He leaned back in his chair, and tried to think, but could not.

Rufus Hutton said nothing. In spite of all his experience, the scene was very strange to him; and he watched it out with interest, which deepened into strong feeling.

"Now, Dr. Hutton," said the youth, trying to look as he thought he ought, though he could not keep the tears back, "I beg you to think of me no more. Let us have the strictest justice. I have not known you so long—so long as you have known me—but I feel that you would not say what you have said, without the strongest evidence."

"Confound me for a meddlesome fool! My dear boy, no one has heard us. Let us sink the matter entirely. Least said, soonest mended."

"What do you mean? Do you think for a moment that I would be a black-guard?"

"Hush!—don't get so excited. Why you look as fierce as Bull Garnet. All I mean is—you know the old saying—'Quieta non movere.'"

"The motto of fools and dastards. 'Have it out,' is an Englishman's rule. No sneaking tricks for me, sir. Oh, what a fool I am! I beg your

pardon with all my heart; you will make allowances for me. Instead of being rude, I ought to be grateful for kindness which even involves your honour."

And he held out his hand to the doctor.

"Crad, my dear boy," exclaimed Mr. Hutton, with a big tear twinkling in each little eye, "the finest thing I ever did was showing you to the daylight. If I rob you of what has appeared your birthright, curse all memorandum-books, and even my metrostigmatic treatise, which I fully meant to immortalize me."

"And so I hope it may do. I am not so calm as I ought to be. Somehow a fellow can't be, when he is taken off the hooks so. I know you will allow for this; I beg you to allow for nothing else, except a gentleman's delicacy. Give me your reasons, or not, as you like. The matter will be for my father."

Cradock looked proud and beautiful. But the depth of his eyes was troubled. A thousand thoughts were moving there, like the springs that feed a lake.

"Hah, ho, very hard work!" said Rufus Hutton, puffing; "I vote that we adjourn. I do love the open air so, ever since I took to gardening."

Rufus Hutton hated "sentiment," but he could not always get rid of it.

CHAPTER XV.

On the morning of that same day, our Amy at her father's side, in the pretty porch of the Rectory, uttered the following wisdom: "Darling Papples, Papelikidion—is there any other diminutive, half good enough for you, or stupid enough for me?—my own father (that's best of all), you must not ride Coræbus to-day."

"Amy amata, dilecta a me, aim of my life, amicuula, in the name of sweet sense, why not?"

"Because, pa, he has had ten great long carrots, and my best hat full of new oats; and I know he will throw you off."

"Scrupulum injecisti. I shouldn't

like to come off to day. And it rained the night before last." So said the rector, proudly contemplating a pair of new kersimeres, which Channing the clerk had made upon trial. "Nevertheless, I think that I have read enough on the subject to hold on by his mane, if he does not kick unreasonably. And if he gives me time to soothe him—that horse is fond of Greek—and after all the ground is soft."

"No, dad, I don't think it is prudent. And you won't have me there, you know."

"My own pet, that is too true. And with all your knowledge of riding! Why, my own seems quite theoretical by the side of yours. And yet I have kept my seat under very trying circumstances. You remember the time when Coræbus met the trahea?"

"Yes, pa; but he hadn't had any oats; and I was there to advise you."

"True, my child, quite true. But I threw my equilibrium just as a hunter does. And I think I could do it again. I bore in mind what Xenophon says—"

"Pa, here he is! And he does look so fat, I know he will be restive."

"Prepare your Aunt Doxy's mind, my dear, not to scold more than she can help, in case of the worst—I mean if the legs of my trousers want rubbing. How rash of me, to be sure, to have put them on to day! Prius dementat. I trust sincerely—and old Channing is so proud of them, and he says the cut is so fashionable. Nevertheless, I heard our Clayton, as he went down the gravel-walk, treating, with what he himself would have called 'colores orationis,' upon Uncle John's new bags; *θύλακες*, I suppose he meant, as opposed to *ἀναξυρίδες*. I was glad that the subject possessed so lively an interest for him; notwithstanding which, I was very glad Mr. Channing did not hear him."

"The impudence! Well, I am astonished. And to see the things he brought back from Oxford—quince-coloured, with a stripe that wide, like one of my fancy gourds. I'll be sure to have it out with him. No, I can't

though ; I forgot." And Amy looked down with a rosy smile, remembering the delicacy of the subject. "But I am quite sure of one thing, pa: Mr. Cradock would never have done it.—Ræbus, don't kick up the gravel. Do you suppose we can roll every day? Oh, you are so fat, you darling."

"When the sides are deep," said the rector, quoting from Xenophon, "and somewhat protuberant at the stomach, the horse is generally more easy to ride. What a comfort, Amy! Stronger, moreover, and more capable of enjoying food."

"He has enjoyed a rare lot this morning. At least I hope you have, you sweetest. Why, pa, I declare you are whistling!"

"It also behoves a horseman to know that it is a time-honoured precept to soothe the steed by whistling, and rouse him by a sharp sound made between the tongue and the palate."

"Oh, father, don't do that. Promise me now, dear, won't you?"

"I will promise you, my child, because I don't know how to do it. I tried very hard last Wednesday, and only produced a guttural. But I think I shall understand it, after six or seven visiting days. At least, if the air is sharp."

"No, pa, I hope you won't. It would be so reckless of you; and I know you will get a sore throat."

"Sweet of my world, cor cordum, you have wrapped me with three involucre tighter than any hazel-nut. They will all go into my pocket the moment I am round the corner."

"No, daddy, you won't be so cruel. And after the rime this morning! Ræbus will tell if you do. Won't you now, my pretty?"

Coræbus was a handsome pony, but not a handsome doer. He could go at a rare pace when he liked, but he did not often like it. His wind was short, and so was his temper, and he looked at things unpleasantly. Perhaps he had been disappointed in love in the tenderness of his youth. Nevertheless he had many good points, and next to him-

self loved Amy. He would roll his black eyes, put his nose to her lips, and almost leave oats to look at her. His colour varied sensitively according to the season. In the height of summer, a dappled bay; towards the autumnal equinox, a tendency to nuttiness; then a husky bristle of deepest brown flaked with hairs of ginger; after the clips a fine mouse-colour, with a spirited sense of nakedness, fierce whiskers, and a love of buck jumps. Then ere the blessed Christmas-tide, nature began to blanket him with a nap the colour of black frost; and so through the grizzle of spring he came round to his proper bay once more. Amy declared she could tell every month by the special hue of Coræbus; but, albeit she was the most truthful of girls, her heart was many degrees too warm for her lips to be always at dew-point.

Both in the stable and out of it, that pony had a bluff way with his heels, which none but himself thought humorous. He never meant any harm however—it was only his mode of expressing himself; and he liked to make a point when he felt his new shoes tingling. But as for kicking his Amy, he was not quite so low as that. He would not even jump about, when she was on his back, more than was just the proper thing to display her skill and figure. "Oh, you sad Coræby," always brought him to sadness; and he expected a pat from her little gloved hand, and cocked his tail with dignity the moment he received it. Nevertheless, for her father, the rector of the parish, he entertained, when the oats were plentiful, nonconformist sentiments, verging almost upon scepticism. He liked him indeed, as the whole world must; he even admired his learning, and turned up his eyes at the Greek; but he was not impressed, as he should have been, by the sacerdotal office. Fatal defect of all, he knew that the rector could not ride. John Rosedew was a reasoning man, and uncommonly strong in the legs, but a great deal too philosophical to fit himself over a horse well. He had written a treatise upon

the Pelethronium Lapiths (which he could never be brought to read before a learned society), he knew all about the Olympics and Pythics, and Xenophon gave him a text-book; but, for all that, he never put his feet the right way into the stirrups.

"Look at him now," said John, as the boy led the pony up and down, while Amy was knotting the mufflers so that they never might come undone again; "how beautifully Xenophon describes him! 'When the horse is excited to assume that artificial air which he adopts when he is proud, he then delights in riding, becomes magnificent, terrific, and attracts attention!' And again, 'persons beholding such a horse pronounce him generous, free in his motions, fit for military exercise, high-mettled, haughty, and both pleasant and terrible to look on.' Pleasant, I suppose, for other people, and terrible for the rider. But why our author insists so much upon the horse being taught to 'rear gracefully,' I am not horseman enough as yet to understand. It has always appeared to me that Coræbus rears too much already. And then the direction—'but if after riding, and copious perspiration, and when he has reared gracefully, he be relieved immediately both of the rider and reins, there is little doubt that he will spontaneously advance to rear when necessary.' What does that mean, I ask you? I never find it necessary, except, indeed, when the little girls jump up and pull my coat-tails, in their inquisition for apples, and then I am always afraid that they may suffer some detriment. But let us not overtask his patience; here he comes again. Jem, my boy, lead him hither."

"Any jam in your pocket, father?"

"No, my child, not any. Your excellent Aunt Eudoxia has it all under lock and key. Now I will mount according to Xenophon, though I do not find that he anywhere prescribes a Windsor chair. 'When he has well prepared himself for the ascent, let him support his body with his left hand, and stretching forth his right hand let him leap on horseback, and when he

mounts thus he will not present an uncomely spectacle to those behind.' There, I am up, most accurately; excellent horse, and great writer! And now for the next direction; 'We do not approve of the same bearing a man has in a carriage, but that an upright posture be observed, with the legs apart.'"

"How could they be otherwise, pa, when the horse is between them?"

"Your criticisms are rash, my child. Jem, how dare you laugh, sir? I will buy a pair of spurs, I declare, the next time I go to Ringwood. Good-bye, darling; Aunt Doxy will take you up to the park, when the sun comes out, to see all the wonderful doings. I shall be home in time to dress for the dinner at the Hall."

Sweet Amy kissed her hand, and curtsied—as she loved to do to her father; and, after two or three wayward sallies (repressed by Jem with the gardening broom), Coræbus pricked his little ears, and shook himself into a fair jog-trot. So with his elbows well stuck out, and shaking merrily to and fro, his right hand ready to grasp the pommel in case of consternation, and one leg projected beyond the other, after the manner of a fowl's side-bone, away rode John Rosedew in excellent spirits, to begin his Wednesday parochial tour.

Being duly virtualled, and thoroughly found, for a voyage of long duration and considerable hazard, the good ship "John Rosedew" set sail every Wednesday for commerce with the neighbourhood. This expedition was partly social, partly ministerial, in a great measure eleemosynary, and entirely loving and amicable. There was no bombardment of dissenters, no firing of red-hot shot at Papists, no up with the helm and run him down, if any man launched on the mare magnum, or any frail vessel missed stays. And yet there was no compromise, no grand circle sailing, no luffing to a trade-wind; straight was the course, and the chart most clear, and the good ship bound, with favour of God, for a haven beyond the horizon. Barnacles and vile torpe-

does, algae and desmidious trailers:—I doubt if there be more sins in our hearts to stop us from loving each other than parasites and leeching weeds to clog a stout ship's bottom. Nevertheless she bears them on, beautifies and cleanses them, until they come to temperate waters, where the harm has failed them. So a good man carries with him those who carp and fasten on him; content to take their little stings, if the utterance purify them.

The parish of Nowelhurst straggles away far into the depths of the forest. To the southward indeed it has moorland and heather, with ridges, and spinnets, and views of the sea, and fir-trees naked and worn to the deal by the chafing of the salt winds. But all away to the west, north, and east, the dark woods hold dominion, and you seem to step from the parish churchyard into the grave of ages. The village and the village warren, the chace, and the Hall above them, are scooped from out the forest shadow, in the shape of a hunting boot. Lay the boot on its side with the heel to the east, and the top towards the north, and we get pretty near the topography. The village scattered along the warren forms the foot and instep, the chace descending at right angles is the leg and ancle, the top will serve to represent the house with its lawns and gardens, the back seam may run as the little river which flows under Nowelhurst bridge. The shank of the spur is the bridge and road, the rowel the church and rectory. Away to the west beyond the toe, some quarter of a mile on the Ringwood road, stands the smithy kept by the well-known Roger Sweetland, who can outswear any man in the parish, and fears no one except Bull Garnet. Our sketchy boot will leave unshown the whereabouts of the Garnet cottage, unless we suppose the huntsman to insert just his toe in the stirrup. Then the top of the iron rung will mark the house of the steward, a furlong or so north-west of the village, with its back to the lane which leads from the smithy to the Hall. And this lane is the short cut from Nowelhurst

Hall to Ringwood. It saves three quarters of a mile, and risks a little more than three quarters of the neck. Large and important as the house is, it has no high road to Ringwood, and gets away with some difficulty even towards Lyndhurst or Lymington. Bull Garnet was always down upon the barbarity of the approaches, but Sir Cradock never felt sore on the subject, save perhaps for a week at Christmas-tide. He had never been given to broad indiscriminate hospitality, but loved his books and his easy chair, and his friend of ancient standing.

The sun came out and touched the trees with every kind of gilding, as John Rosedew having done the village, and learned every gammer's alloverishness, and every gaffer's rheumatics, drew the snaffle upon Corcebus longside of Job Smith's pigsty, and plunged southward into the country. He saw how every tree was leaning forth its green with yellowness; even proud of the novelty, like a child who has lost his grandmother. And though he could not see very far, he observed a little thing which he had never noticed before. It was that while the other trees took their autumn evenly, the elm was brushed with a flaw of gold while the rest of the tree was verdure. A single branch would stand forth from the others, mellow against their freshness, like a harvest-sheaf set up perhaps on the foreground of a grass-plot. The rector thought immediately of the golden spray of Æneas, and how the Brazilian manga glistens in the tropic moonlight. Then soothing his pony with novel sounds, emulous of equestrianism, he struck into a moorland track leading to distant cottages. Thence he would bear to the eastward, arrive at his hostel by one o'clock, visit the woodmen, and home through the forest, with the evening shadows falling.

CHAPTER XVI.

BESIDE the embowered stream that forms the eastern verge of the chace, young Cradock Nowell sat and gazed, every

now and then, into the water. Through a break in the trees beyond it, he could see one chimney-top and a streak of the thatch of the Rectory. In vain he hoped that Dr. Hutton would leave him to himself; for he did not wish to go into the proofs, but to meditate on the consequences. Some bitterness, no doubt, there was in the corner of his heart, when he thought of all that Clayton now had to offer Amy Rosedew. He had lately been told, as a mighty secret, something which grieved and angered him; and the more, that he must not speak of it, as his straightforward nature urged him. The secret was that innocent Amy met his brother Clayton, more than once, in the dusk of the forest, and met him by appointment. It grieved poor Cradock, because he loved Amy with all his unchangeable heart; it angered him, because he thought it very mean of Clayton to take advantage of one so young and ignorant of the world. But never until the present moment, as he looked at the homely thatch in the distance, and the thin smoke curling over it, had it occurred to his honest mind, that his brother might not be like himself—that Clayton might mean ill by the maiden.

And now for the moment it seemed more likely, as he glanced back at the lordly house, commanding the country for miles around, and all that country its fief and its thrall, and now the whole destined for Clayton. He thought of the meanness about the Ireland, and two or three other little things, proofs of a little nature. Then he gazed at the Rectory thatch again, and the smoke from the kitchen chimney, and seemed to see pure playful Amy making something nice for her father.

"Good God! I would shoot him if he did; or strike him dead into this water."

In the hot haste of youth he had spoken aloud, with his fist gathered up, and his eyes flashing fire. Rufus Hutton saw and heard him, and thought of it many times after that day.

"Oh, you are thinking of Caldo, because he snapped at me. There are

no signs of hydrophobia. You must not think of shooting him."

"I was not thinking of Caldo. I hope I did not mean it. God knows, I am very wicked."

"So we are all, my boy. I should like to see a fellow that wasn't. I'd pay 50*l*. for his body, and dissect him into an angel."

Cradock Nowell, strange it is, also called this speech to mind, in the dark times that clouded over him.

"Now let me show you my tracings, Cradock. Three times I have pulled them out, and you won't condescend to glance at them. You have made up your mind to abdicate upon my *ipse dixi*. Now look at the bend sinister, that is yours; the bend dexter is for the elder brother."

"Dr. Hutton, it may be, and is, I believe, false shame on my part; but I wish to hear nothing about it. Perhaps, if my mother were living, I might not have been so particular. But giving as she did her life for mine, I cannot regard it medically. The question is now for my father. I will not enter into it."

"Oh the subjectiveness of the age!" said Rufus Hutton, rising, then walking to and fro on the bank, as he held discourse with himself; "here is a youth who ought to be proud, although at the cost of his inheritance, of illustrating, in the most remarkable manner, indeed I may say of originating, my metro-stigmatic theory. He carries upon the cervical column a most exquisite bunch of grapes, because before the horticultural show at Romsey the gardener would not allow Lady Nowell to touch his choice Black Hamburgs. His brother carries the identical impress, only with the direction inverted—dexter in fact, and dexter was the mark of the elder son. This I can prove by the tracing made at the time, not with any view to future identification, but from the interest I felt, at an early stage of my experience, in a question then under controversy. If I prove this, what happens? Why, that he loses everything—the importance, the house, the lands, the title; and becomes the laugh-

ing-stock of the county as the sham Sir Cradock. What ought he to do at once, then? Why, perhaps to toss me into that hole, where I should never get out again. By Gad, I am rash to trust myself with him, and no other soul in the secret!" Here Dr. Hutton shuddered to think how little water it would take to drown him, and the river so dark and so taciturn! "At any rate he ought to fall upon me with forceps, and probe, and scalpel, and tear my evidence to atoms. For, after all, what is it, without corroboration? But instead of that, he only says, 'Dr. Hutton, no more of this, if you please, no more of this! The question is now for my father.' And he must know well enough to which side his father will lean in the inquiry. Confound the boy! If he had only coaxed me with those great eyes, I would have kept it all snug till Doomsday. Oh what will my Rosa say to me? She has always loved this boy, and admired him so immensely."

Perhaps it was his pretty young wife's high approval of Cradock which first had made the testy Rufus a partisan of Clayton. The cause of his having settled at "Geopharmacy Lodge," was that upon his return from India he fell in love with a Hampshire maiden, whom he met "above bar" at Southampton. How he contrived to get introduced to her, he alone can tell; but he was a most persevering fellow, and little hampered with diffidence. She proved to be the eldest daughter of Sir Cradock's largest tenant, a man of good standing and education, who lived near Fordingbridge. As Rufus had brought home tidy pickings from his appointment in India, the only thing he had to do was to secure the lady's heart. And this he was not long about, for many ladies like high colour even more than hairiness. First she laughed at his dancing ways, incessant mobility, and sharp eyes; but very soon she began to like him, and now she thought him a wonderful man. This opinion (with proper change of gender) was heartily reciprocated, and the result was that a happier couple never yet made fools of themselves, in the judgment of

the world; never yet enjoyed themselves, in the sterling wisdom of home. They suited each other admirably in their very differences; they laughed at each other and themselves, and any one else who laughed at them.

"Well, I shall be off," said Dr. Hutton at last, in feigned disgust; "you will stare at the water all day, Mr. Cradock, and take no notice of me."

"I beg your pardon, I forgot myself; I did not mean to be rude, I assure you."

"I know you did not. I know you would never be rude to any one. Good-bye, I have business on hand."

"You will be back, Dr. Hutton, when my father returns from his ride? It is very foolish of me, but I cannot bear this suspense."

"Trust me. I will see to it. But he will not be back, they tell me, till nearly four o'clock."

"Oh, what a time to wait! Don't send for me if you can help it. But if he wants me I will come."

"Good-bye, my lad. Keep your pecker up. There are hundreds of men in the world with harder lines than yours."

"I should rather think so. I only wish there were not."

Cradock attempted a lively smile, and executed a pleasant one, as Rufus Hutton shook his hand, and set off upon his business. And his business was to ride at once as far as the "Jolly Foresters," that lonely inn on the Beaulieu-road, at the eastern end of the parish, whereat John Rosedew baited Coræbus at the turn of the pastoral tour. The little doctor knew well enough, though he seldom passed that way, how the smart Miss Penny of former days, Mrs. O'Gaghan's assistant, was now the important Mrs. George Cripps, hostess of the "Jolly Foresters," where the four roads met.

Meanwhile the scaffolds went on merrily under Mr. Garnet's care, and so did the awnings, marquees, &c., and the terraces for the ladies. The lamps in the old oak being fixed, the boughs were manned, like a frigate's yards, with dexterous fellows hoisting flags, devices,

and transparencies, all prepared to express in fire the mighty name of Cradock. All the men must finish that night, lest any one lose his legitimate chance of being ancestrally drunk on the morrow. Cradock Nowell, wandering about, could not bear to go near them. Those two hours seemed longer to him than any year of his previous life. He went and told Caldo all about it; and that helped him on a little.

Caldo was a noble setter, pure of breed, and high of soul, and heavily feathered on legs and tail. His colour was such a lily white that you grieved for him on a wet fallow; and the bright red spots he was endowed with were like the cheeks of Helen. Delicate carmine, enriched with scarlet, mapped his back with islands; and the pink of his cheeks, where the whiskers grew, made all the young ladies kiss him. His nostrils were black as a double-lined tunnel leading into a pencil-mine; and his gums were starred with violet, and his teeth as white as new mushrooms. In all the county of Hants, there was no dog to compare with him; for he came of a glorious strain, made perfect at Kingston in Berkshire. Lift but a finger, and down he went, in the height of his hottest excitement; wave the finger and off he dashed, his great eyes looking back for repression. For style of ranging all dogs were rats to him, anywhere in the New Forest; so freely he went, so buoyant, so careful, and yet all the while so hilarious. Only one fault he had, and I never knew dog without one; he was jealous to the back-bone.

Cradock was dreadfully proud of him. Anything else he had in the world he would have given to Clayton, but he could not quite give Caldo; even though Clayton had begged, instead of backing his Wena against him. Wena was a very nice bitch, anxious to please, and elegant; but of a different order entirely from the high-minded Caldo. Dogs differ as widely as we do. Who shall blame either of us?

Cradock now leaned over Caldo, with the hot tears in his eyes, and gently titillating the sensitive part of his ears,

and looking straight into his heart, begged to inform him of the trouble they were both involved in. "Have they taken the shooting from us?" was Caldo's first inquiry; and his eyes felt rather sore in his head that he should have to ask the question. "No, my boy, they haven't. But we must not go shooting any more, until the whole matter is settled." "I hate putting off things till to-morrow," Caldo replied impatiently; "the cock-pheasants come almost up to my kennel. What the deuce is to come of it?" "Caldo, please to be frigid. You shall come to my room by and by. I shall be able then to smoke a pipe, and we will talk about it together. You know that I have never cared about the title and all that stuff."

"I know that well enough," said Caldo; "nevertheless, I do. It gives me a status as a dog, which I thoroughly appreciate. Am I to come down from goodly paunches to liver and lights and horses' heads and hounds' food? I don't think I could stand it. But I would live on a crust a day, if you would only come and live with me." And he nuzzled up to his master, in a way that would make your tears come.

Cradock was sent for suddenly. Old Hogstaff trotted across the yard (wherein he seldom ventured) to say that Sir Cradock Nowell wished to see his son. Cradock following hastily, with all his heart in his mouth, wondered at the penny-wort, the wall-rue, and the snapdragons, which he had never seen before. Hogstaff tottered along before him, picking uneasily over the stones, bobbing his chin, and muttering.

Sir Cradock sat in the long heavy room known as the "justice-hall," where he and his brother magistrates held oyer of many a culprit. The great oak table was dabbed with ink, and the gray walls with mop-shaped blotches, where sullen prisoners had thrown their heads back and refused to answer. At the lower end was Rufus Hutton, jerky, dogmatical, keenly important; while the old man sat at the head of the table, with his back to the pointed window, and looked (perhaps from local usage) more like a

magistrate than a father. Straight up the long room Cradock walked, as calmly as if he were going to see where his quoit was stuck; then he made salutation to his father as his custom was, for many bygone fashions were retained in the ancient family. Sir Cradock was proud of his son's self-command and dignified manly carriage, and if Dr. Hutton had not been there, he would have arisen to comfort him. As it was, he only said, with a faint and doubtful smile,

"So, sir, I find that, after all, you are but an impostor."

Young Cradock was a proud man—man from that day forth, I shall call him "lad" no longer—ay, a prouder man, pile upon pile, than the father who once had spoiled him. But his pride was of the right sort—self-respect, not self-esteem. So he did not appeal, by word or look, to the sympathy lurking, and no doubt working, in the pith of his father's heart, but answered calmly and coldly, though his soul was hot with sorrow—

"Sir, I believe it is so." His eyes were on his father's. He longed to look him down, and felt the power to do it; but dropped them as should a good son. Although the white-haired man was glad at the promotion of his favourite, his heart was yearning towards the child more worthy to succeed him. But his notions of filial duty—which himself had been called upon to practise chiefly in memory, having lost his father when fifteen years old—were of the stern, cold order now, the buckle and buckram style; though much relaxed at intervals in Master Clayton's favour. Finding no compunction, no humility in his son's look, for a mistake which was wholly of others, and receiving no expression of grief at the loss of heirship, Sir Cradock hardened back again into his proper dignity, and resumed his air of inquiry. "I wish John Rosedew were here," he thought, and then it repented him of the wish, for he knew how stubborn the parson was, and how he would have Craddy the foremost.

Rufus Hutton, all this time, was in the agony of holding his tongue. He

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tried to think of his Rosa, and so to abstract himself airily from the present scene. He had ridden over to see her yesterday, and now dwelt upon their doings. Rosa was to come to-morrow, and he would go to fetch his wife in a carriage that would amaze her. Then he met Cradock Nowell's eyes, and wondered what he was thinking of.

"Now, Sir Cradock Nowell, this won't do at all. How long are we to play fast and loose with a finer fellow than either of us?" Oh, you hot-headed Rufus, what mischief you did then! "Although I have not the honour, sir, of being in the commission of peace for this little county, I have taken magisterial duty in a district rather larger than Ireland thrown into Great Britain. And I can grow, per acre, thrice the amount of corn that any of your farmers can." His colour deepened with self-assertion, like the central quills of a dahlia.

"We must have you to teach us, Dr. Hutton. It is a thing to be thought about. But at present you are kindly interested in—in giving your evidence."

Even then, if Dr. Hutton, with all his practised acumen, had mixed one grain of the knowledge of men, he might have done what he liked with Sir Cradock, and re-established the dynasty; unless, indeed, young Cradock were bent upon going through with everything. But the only mode Rufus Hutton knew of meeting the world was antagonism.

"Yes, sir, you may think nothing of it. But I have hunted a thing for three hundred leagues, and got at it through the biggest liars that ever stole a white man's breeches."

"Thank you, Dr. Hutton," said Cradock, diverting the contest; "*ῥαποδύτης* is the word you mean. And I fear it applies to me also."

"Perhaps, young man," cried Rufus Hutton, "you know more Hindustani than I do. 'Translate—,' and he poured out a sentence which I dare not try to write down. 'But, my good fellow, you forget it is we who are stealing yours.'"

"I think," said Sir Cradock, slowly, and seriously displeased—Good heavens! to joke about the succession to the

Nowelhurst title and lands!—"I think, sir, this can hardly be looked upon as evidence. I always confine the issue, sir. As Chairman of the Quarter Sessions, I always confine the issue."

"And so, Sir Cradock, do I, both as judge, and in other ways." Rufus laughed at his own bad joke, and expected the others to laugh with him. It made things worse than ever. Sir Cradock was afraid to speak, lest he might say anything unseemly to a visitor. The young man saw his opportunity, and took advantage of it.

"Father, I beg you to let me go. You would not wish me, I am sure, to be here; only you think it my right to be. If you please, I will waive that right; I can wholly trust your decision."

He bowed to his father with cold respect, being hurt at his rapid conviction, to Rufus Hutton with some contempt and a smile at the situation. Then he marched down the long room placidly, and whistled when he was out of it. The next moment he bolted away to his bedroom, and wept there very heavily.

"Glorious fellow!" cried Dr. Hutton. "But we don't at all appreciate him. Requires a man of mind to do that. And now for Mrs. O'Gaghan!" Leaving Sir Cradock this speech to digest, he arose and rang the bell sharply. He felt himself fully invested now with supreme judicial authority, and he longed to be at the Irishwoman, who had called him a "red gossoon."

To be continued.

"CON ESPRESSIONE."

MELODIOUS lady, still be singing!
 With notes impassioned ringing
 Wild changes on the deep according tones
 The tranced spirit owns,—
 Unheard harmonics, fraught with rare delight!
 Sing on to-night!
 If e'er the time should come when thou
 Dost feel those moods thou feignest now,
 Wilt thou sing on?
 Ah, trust me, lady, never try
 The art and the reality
 Blent in that overwhelming unison!
 Nay, cease even now!
 For even now methinks I see,
 Within thy song, too much of *thee*!
 O woman of the mantling brow,
 Cease even now!
 The piercing diction
 Of all thine eloquent fiction
 Let Echo rock to death,
 With every breath
 Of that so little nourishing applause
 The artist from the undiscerning draws;
 Ay, and the dear thanks of the finer few
 Who base the beautiful upon the true!
 Wilt thou put on, thou lady gay,
 Like any other festival-array,
 The living treasures of the soul itself?—
 Wilt thou, for praise or pelf,
 Withdraw them from their inner shade,
 And flaunt withal in broad factitious glare?—
 Beware
 Lest even so they fade!

ON CÆSARISM.

BY JOSEPH MAZZINI¹

VIEWED as a history, the recently published work bearing the name of Louis Napoleon is unworthy of our spending either time or words upon it. The summary of the history of Rome anterior to Cæsar contains neither fact nor research that may not be met with in any good abridgment of Roman History; while the most important results of German criticism are neglected, the labours of English authors ignored, ancient writers frequently misunderstood, and the extracts given from their works incorrectly translated.

But the Preface contains a theory—the true purpose of the book—which the “Life of Cæsar” is shaped and fashioned to support; a theory, the tendency of which is systematically to falsify history, to cancel its teachings, and to corrupt the inexperienced mind by depriving it of all moral doctrine and direction in its judgment of past events.

This theory, the same set forth in many historical works during the last quarter of a century, is derived from the philosophy of Hegel, the philosophy taught at the present day—such is the tenderness of our rulers for the education of rising Italy—in the University of Naples, and which instils into the youthful mind the adoration of Force, represented by the *fait accompli*. Against this theory, it is well that some one should protest in the name of Human Conscience and of offended morality.

¹ Comments on the French Emperor's recent work, from different points of view, have already appeared in our pages. This new commentary, by Mr. Mazzini, is, of course, to be taken as peculiarly his own. But, as there can be few persons in Europe whose opinion of the French Emperor, and of the doctrine of his book, is better entitled to hearing and consideration, we have great pleasure in adding this paper to the two that have preceded it on the same subject—differing though it does from both.—EDITOR.

I.

The theory is as follows:

*When Providence raises up individuals like Charlemagne, Cæsar, Napoleon, it is for the purpose of indicating to the peoples the path they are to follow; of putting the seal of their genius upon a new era, and completing the work of centuries in a few years. Happy the peoples who recognise and follow them. Woe to those who misunderstand or resist them! They, like the Hebrews, crucify their Messiah.*²

The practical application of this theory to the lives of great potentates consists in judging their actions, not from the height of a moral doctrine or rule, but by special rules applicable only to these few; in attributing to their every act some solemn ideal aim,³ unsuspected by the mass; in claiming as a special illumination in them that which is but the reflex of that sum of truth which was in fact a previous collective acquisition, and in pointing to the visible progress of the succeeding period as a direct consequence of their work. This is the method that has led to what is called the *rehabilitation*, in France of such men as Louis XIV., in England of Henry VIII., and in Germany of Nero and Cleopatra.

Both the theory and its application tend to produce the most disastrous consequences. If the actions of men of genius are withdrawn from all moral criterion or rule, a first success is sufficient to render it the duty of the

² “Life of Cæsar,” Preface.

³ With regard to the compact between Crassus, Pompey, and Cæsar, the writer of the “Life of Cæsar” declares: “Historians generally have attributed this agreement to no other cause than personal interest. Undoubtedly Pompey and Crassus were not insensible to the advantages of a compact which favoured their love of wealth and power; but we are bound to attribute a higher aim to Cæsar, and to suppose him influenced by true patriotism.”

peoples to follow them. Genius becomes a tyranny. Even though its actions should be unintelligible, though they should put down the free conscience of the community, and substitute individual for collective inspiration, every protest is culpable or foolish. What do we know of the mission confided to genius by God? What of the characteristics of that *new era* it is destined to initiate? It belongs to genius to guide; it is for us to follow.

A people in whom such a doctrine as this should take root for ten years would become incapable of freedom, would acquire the habit of awaiting every initiative from its ruler, of entrusting every progress to its Caesars, and, generalizing by degrees, would learn to see the Caesar of each social sphere in its minister, general, and prefect.

The doctrine is false; false morally and historically.

II.

There exists but one certain *criterium* of truth for us—the moral law; one sole basis upon which to found our judgment of the acts of men—the distinction between moral good and moral evil, between devotion to the first and the egotism of the second.

All other *criteria* or rules of judgment that have hitherto been set up are either—like the *senses*—merely the means of providing materials for the supreme *criterium* or rule; or—like reason—mere instruments given to man wherewith to verify its application; and they are all doomed to lead us into error unless used in subordination to the Supreme Law.

Science,¹ apart from morals, is not, nor can ever be, the supreme *criterium*. It verifies that *criterium* in the various branches of intellectual activity, and facilitates its practical application, or points out the necessity of its fuller development, but it may not be substituted for it. It is the property only of a few, and the supreme *criterium* must be available to and embrace all men, and constitute their equality. The

moral law alone fulfils this condition; and, embodying and comprehending in itself the aim we are bound to reach, it represents that amount of the law of life known to and possessed by the epoch. It is therefore at once the highest and the most universal *criterium*.

Now, at the point our epoch has reached, morality, the moral law, may be summed up in one word, the religious significance of which is, as yet, unrecognised by the great number—Progress: the progress of all through each. None can work out his own individual progress or salvation, save by labouring in his own sphere, and according to his own capacity, to aid the progress or salvation of others. All that furthers this aim is good; all that opposes or leads astray from it is evil; the choice between the two constitutes human responsibility, the essential condition of which is liberty.

Any progress not freely achieved is but apparent—the form without the soul; it is doomed to perish.

From the authority of this *criterium*, none, whether great or little, are exempt. This, I repeat, is the religious basis of human equality. Any individual, or category of individuals, who should succeed in emancipating themselves from its authority would lay the foundation of a system of caste, and lead us back to the Brahminical dogma.

Upon this earthly path, which, each and all, we have to tread, I admit of leaders and followers; but under the double condition that he who leads leads towards progress, and he who follows follows freely.

I accept the doctrine that preaches sacrifice for the good of others—individual sacrifice for the collective good, the sacrifice of a generation for the generations to come. But that sacrifice, in order to be truly such, and sacred enough to deserve to achieve its aim, must be a sacrifice freely accepted, a sacrifice not to the will of others, but to the consciousness of a duty which would no longer exist if you cancel the moral *criterium*; a sacrifice not to the agent, but to the programme, the aim.

¹ Scienza, Scientia.

On these conditions alone is sacrifice a source of life for our fellow-men, and of a higher life, here or elsewhere, for him who performs it. The slave, the man who bows down before the nod of a man, simply because he recognises in him the symbol of power, is incapable of a religious act like that of sacrifice; with him the death of the soul has preceded the death of the body; the material of sacrifice no longer exists within him.

They who have read any of my writings will certainly not accuse me of irreverence towards genius, nor of that anarchical disposition of mind which delays so many great enterprises at the present day, and induces every insignificant individuality to hold himself aloof from every organization, hierarchy, or discipline. I venerate authority, and feel all the sanctity of obedience. But authority springs from God, and lives in His Law, the Truth. Whosoever a man says to me, "*Follow me; authority lives in me;*" it is both my duty and my right to examine whether his life represents and fulfils the moral law, virtue, and the power of sacrifice; then to inquire whereabouts he proposes to guide me; and, finally, if the sum of force he is able to direct towards that aim be greater than that of others. Then only—the three terms of the problem being affirmatively solved—will I follow him in joyful and reverent faith, without seeking to penetrate every detail of his conduct, exacting explanations of every movement, or tormenting him with factious opposition, or unworthy suspicion.

But the theory of which I have spoken suppresses the two first terms of the problem, and assumes that authority may be constituted by the third alone. Even as savages worship the thunderbolt, it would have us prostrate ourselves before Force, in whatever aspect or direction it manifest itself. Attila destroys the conscience of the human race.

Genius is but a force, an instrument. It may be directed either to good or evil; it may either serve the progress of all, or lose itself in egotism. Genius

is not authority; it is a means of authority. Authority lies in virtue, illumined by genius. Genius increases the duties and responsibilities of man, for duty is ever in proportion to the power residing in the individual or collective being. But genius cannot in itself constitute any character of sovereignty. All sovereignty is in the aim.

They who depart from the guidance of these rules of judgment are doomed to misunderstand the history of men and things.

III.

It is not true that genius is always, by its very nature, the initiation of a new era. Genius either initiates or concludes an era.

It happens occasionally, towards the conclusion of an epoch, when the idea which was the soul of that epoch is, in the intellectual sphere at least, exhausted—when the human mind, urged on by the inexorable law of progress, is beginning to wander in hopeful search of a fresh source of life—that some powerful genius oversteps at one bound the confines marked out by the tradition of the epoch, and advances upon the unknown territory of the future. His soul is concentrated in a vast aspiration; his brow illumined by the rays of dawn. Sanctified by unconscious power and by love, he grasps by intuition the synthesis of the future, and makes known its fundamental conception or idea, an idea of which, perhaps, the ten, twelve, or fourteen succeeding centuries may be a commentary.

Occasionally, in a similar period, between the going down of one epoch and the dawn of its successor, a man of equal power—but especially displayed in energy of action and conscious capacity of rule—arises to concentrate and sum up in himself the intellectual labour of the past, and translate it into action; to spread its principles into other lands than that wherein it found its most visible expression and triumph. He unconsciously prepares the way for the future synthesis, but neither reveals nor recognises it.

The first—as I said—initiates : he is a prophet.

The second sums up and diffuses the summary of the thought of the epoch. He does not add to it. So little is there of initiative power in him that he generally carries with him to the tomb the initiative of the people from whom he derived his name and power of action. With Alexander the mission of Greece in the world perished for an indefinite period ; with Cæsar began the long death-agony of Rome ; with Napoleon died the *initiative* of France in Europe.

Religious genius belongs to the first category ; the genius of almost all great conquerors to the second. The first realizes, generally speaking, all the conditions of authority described above—a programme ; a life in harmony with the idea ; and the sign of moral power in the fascination it exercises over the minds of men.

The second—the only form of genius contemplated by the system I attack under the name of *Cæsarism*—substitutes for these conditions of authority an energetic tyrannical affirmation of its own individuality. To those who ask, "*Wherefore should I have faith in thee ?*" it answers, "*Because I have faith in myself.*"

Men of this second class of genius may achieve great things, but they do not initiate an epoch. An initiative is the apostolate—armed or pacific—of a *new* idea. Had they such, they would reveal it as a pledge for the belief they ask of us.

Now, we may serve an idea, but we cannot, without violation of our mission and duty here, serve an individual. We may follow him so long as an idea we have meditated and freely accepted is inscribed upon his banner ; but, where no such banner, no such idea, exists as security to us for his intentions, it is our duty profoundly to scrutinize every act of the man who summons us to follow him—our duty to preserve our liberty intact both as the pledge and the means of exercising that scrutiny—our duty to protest both by word and sword against his every attempt to rob us of it.

I believe in God and adore His Law.
I abhor idolatry.

IV.

A constant and complete confusion of two things essentially distinct is the soul of *Cæsarism* : a confusion of the agent with the remote and unforeseen results of his work—between the instrument and the law which governs its action : a confusion between the work of man and of God.

The world of history, as it slowly unfolds, reveals the action of two elements : the work of individuals, and the providential design. The first is defined by the word liberty ; the second by the word progress. Time and space are ours ; we may retard or accelerate progress ; we cannot prevent it.

Progress is the Law of God, to be fulfilled howsoever we may act. But that fulfilment does not abolish nor diminish our responsibility for our actions. The crimes or errors of one generation are a lesson to the generation that succeeds ; but the generation that has erred or sinned deserves blame or reprobation, and expiates its crimes or errors here or elsewhere.

The invasion of the Latin world by Northern races destroyed Roman civilization, and brought massacre and devastation upon Italy, producing a state of semi-barbarism where late flourished civil liberty, industry, and the arts. After the lapse of a few centuries, the Latino-Germanic world arose in the place of the Latin world. Civilization had regained in extension what it had lost in intensity ; the barbarians returned to their forests affected and influenced by the civilization against which they had waged mortal war ; a vast territory was laid open to the action of the new synthesis ; Roman civilization was superseded by Christian civilization. Yet are we therefore to regard Alaric and Attila as the apostles of civilization ? Was it the duty of the sons of Rome to range themselves beneath the banner of their invaders ?

The men who waded through rivers of blood to lay the foundations of their

monarchies in the second part of the middle ages, unconsciously prepared the way for, and fixed the boundaries of, those *nationalities* which, at the present day, by awakening the peoples to collective self-consciousness, are in their turn preparing the way for the overthrow of the Monarchical and triumph of the Republican dogma. Ought we, on this account, to venerate the cruelties and perjuries of Louis XI. and such as he?

The most insolent tyrannies infallibly lead, after ten, twenty, thirty, or more years, to a greater development of liberty; the action of the human mind is by the nature of things proportioned to the pressure exercised upon it. Shall we therefore raise altars to tyrants?

An ancient heresy venerated Judas, the betrayer of Christ. The members of the sect argued that without Judas there would probably have been no martyrdom, and therefore no redemption.

Caesarism is the application of this theory to history. No; we may not confound the acts of the free responsible creature with the results of the Providential Laws. Infamy to Judas; glory to God, who does not allow the deeds of any Judas to change the destinies of humanity. This double cry of our hearts is one of the vital conditions which will prevent too long delay in the fulfilment of those destinies. The religion of protest is security for the religion of victory. Suppose the doctrines of Caesarism universally to prevail; suppose that submission to the powerful fact, the *fait accompli*, were to become the doctrine of a whole people during an entire epoch, how many more centuries must then elapse, how many more martyrs must suffer, ere the broken tradition of progress through liberty could be relinked and carried on? The insurrectionary cry of Spartacus, though inefficacious in its day, is a part of that sacred tradition, as is the reprobation freely uttered by us upon conquering genius, when, in the pride of its strength, it crushes beneath its arbitrary will the free action of the people to whom it should have been not master, but guide. Cancel that reprobation, cancel Spar-

tacus, cancel all who have protested like him in the name of violated right, and genius will learn to despise you. In the face of a humanity composed of slaves, genius will infallibly become a tyrant.

Those writers who teach us at the present day that every fact has its *raison d'être*, and is therefore to be accepted by history as *legitimate*, forget the law of life—of humanity. Evil exists on earth, but it exists to be combated; in order that we, by a determined struggle and resistance against it, may deserve the power to destroy it, and advance towards good. Without the existence of evil our life would have neither progress, aim, nor sanctification; we are bound not to *accept* evil, but to cry anathema upon it, and ceaselessly to struggle against it. The *raison d'être* of evil lies in that holy warfare which its existence imposes as a duty upon humanity. The pretended philosophical formula is therefore immoral and absurd. The true pledge of future progress is the negation, not the acceptance, of Caesarism—inevitable, it may be, at certain periods, but never legitimate. To accept it as such would be to decree its perpetuity, to abolish human liberty and spontaneity, the sources of progress.

V.

Rome was expiring when Cæsar arose. The corruption of manners; the adoration of material interests substituted for the Idea that had created the greatness of Rome; the tyranny of the Equestrian order, and of the farmers of public revenue; territorial possession based on usury and confiscation; the absorption of small proprietorships into large, and the reduction of these into pasture-land, whereby the slave-class took the place of the free cultivators of the soil; the aristocracy of wealth unaccompanied with activity of industry, and therefore without the means of renewing that wealth; the existence of a mass of freed slaves in Rome, servile of soul and careless of the future of the country; the poverty of the masses, and the consequent sale of votes; the poverty of the legions, and the consequent sale of the

armed force to any ambitious man able to purchase it—all the causes of the dissolution of the State are well known to me. But, because Rome was doomed to perish, am I bound to hold up him who hastened her death as an example to the future? Because society, even at the present day, elevates the scaffold into an altar of expiation for the guilty, am I bound to bow down before the executioner, and teach my fellow-men that an act of justice is performed whensoever he appears?

No. The words of Ferrucci,—“*Thou art come to slay the dead*”—involuntarily rise to my lips as a formula of supreme contempt and reprobation for him who usurps the part of God, and ferociously strangles the dying.

Rome was expiring, Liberty was expiring; but was it not the duty of the most powerful son of Rome to strive to save her? I know not if it may be given to genius to vanquish death, and call back life already sinking into the tomb; but I do know that the endeavour is holy, and that every holy endeavour bears fruit. Cæsar, who had power enough to impose his own tyranny upon the people, might have used that power in the attempt to inspire both senate and people with a noble pride in their ancient mission; in draughting among the legions the multitude of slaves who corrupted Rome; in resolutely combating the aristocracy of the few landed proprietors; in raising the banner of the social question—the sole important question of the period; in initiating a change in the distribution of property; and, without violent interruption of the Republican tradition, supported by the suffrages of the people, in restoring possession of the land to the sons of the ancient small cultivators and proprietors.

He might—probably he would—have failed in the attempt. But who can estimate the advantage to the future of the solemn spectacle of a terrible struggle sustained by genius in defence of the liberties of his country against death itself?

Cæsar was incapable of this. He saw his country expiring, and thought only

of the moment of seizing the inheritance. And, the moment in which he allowed the idea he might have sustained to be submerged beneath the egotism of dominion, and forgot his country in himself, was he disinherited of all initiative.

Fascinated by the strange power of the warrior and conqueror, we have all of us—adversaries and admirers—regarded him as a man who achieved a vast and decisive revolution. The truth is, that he hastened the last hour of Roman liberty—no more.

The social question, which was, as I have said, the only important question of the period, was left unsolved; the struggle between the rich and poor was not concluded. Writers have called Cæsar the man of Democracy, because he leaned for support upon the Plebeians against the Patricians who stood in his way; but what real progress did he obtain for that people who hailed him “Father” and “Liberator?” What change, other than political, did he produce in Rome? The constitution of property remained the same; the consequences of war, of proscriptions, and of the *largesse* bestowed upon the legions, substituted a certain number of new proprietors for the old, but without any alteration of principle, without any system of choice, without the introduction of any new legality; and after him, as before him, every civil struggle led inevitably to the same results. Large landed proprietorships—the mortal disease of Italy—remained unchanged; slave labour, substituted for free labour, remained; an idle, hungry, plebeian class, clamorous for public alms, remained. Cæsar intoxicated them with the spectacle of triumphs, naval fights, gladiatorial exhibitions, but did not relieve the misery of their condition. All the causes condemning Rome to dissolution remained unchanged.

Cæsar did fulfil a mission, but it was an unconscious one, and therefore he was utterly without merit in its accomplishment. It was the same that was fulfilled at a later period by the conquering barbarians.

The first epoch of the life of Rome—

that in which unity of civilization was imposed upon the peoples by force of arms—was in course of conclusion. Caesar concluded it by his Gallo-Germanic wars, and his invasion of Britain.

A second epoch was approaching—that in which unity and civilization were given through faith, through the moral organization of Christianity under the rule of the Popes. The dissolution of the Roman Empire and of Roman dominion was required in order to allow the peoples to acquire the self-consciousness necessary to the evolution of that epoch. By degrading the Patricians, and introducing the Gallic centurions into the Senate, Caesar was instrumental in furthering the Providential design. But is not liberty the true life, the *conscience* of nations?

Allowing for the diversity of the times and of the peoples, Alexander, Caesar, and Napoleon may be said to have had the same mission. They did not, I repeat, *initiate*—they concluded an era. They summed up in themselves—and their greatness is to a large extent owing to this—the genius of the epoch to which they belonged. They introduced no new element into the civilization they represented; but, when its own progressive power was exhausted, they were impelled by Providence to diffuse it around; Alexander in Asia, Caesar in the Gallo-Germanic world, Napoleon in Europe. After this, corrupted by egotism and the servile adoration of the multitudes, they degraded even that mission to the narrow sphere of self, and perished: Alexander, probably by poison, in Babylon, midway in his career; Caesar, by the dagger of the conspirator; Napoleon, at St. Helena.

At the present day, corrupted by our materialistic adoration of Force, we forget the Greek Idea, the Roman Idea, and the Idea of the French Revolution, which were the sources of these conquerors' power, and concentrate our admiration upon the individuals. "For many centuries," says the writer of the *Life of Caesar*, "it was enough for the world to know that such had been the will of Caesar, in order to obey."

This is not true. The *prestige* before which Alaric turned pale, and Attila drew back—which caused the barbarians to respect the bishops, and the Middle Ages to hail the Empire as sacred—was not the *prestige* of Caesar, but of Rome. The world forefelt the eternal life and eternal unifying mission of the SACRED CITY.

VI.

At any rate, these personifications of a whole people in an individual, these living summaries of an entire epoch, are things of the past. The future will, from the very nature of things, proceed by a different course. Genius will continue, as before, to reflect the thought of one epoch, or initiate that of another, but in the sphere of ideas alone. In the sphere of fact, of action, all great manifestations and incarnations of thought will be collective.

If the youth of Italy, emancipating themselves from the influence of recent French and German theories, will study history synthetically, I am very sure they will find therein confirmation of the ideas I sketched forth in a little work¹ thirty years ago, though without having time to give them their full development, and which, summarily, are as follows:—

The first epoch—represented by the Oriental world, founding its life principally, almost exclusively, upon the Idea God—a gigantic pantheistic conception, of which the timid, hesitating, quasi-jesuitical Pantheism of the modern French and German schools is but a feeble reflection—ruled in absolute dominion, crushing alike the individual, human liberty, and progress. Society was petrified by the fatalism of caste. The sole progress shadowed forth or hoped for by the individual was the annihilation of the *Ego*.

A second epoch—represented by the Polytheistic and Christian worlds—added to the term God the term Individual. As the individual possesses a dual life, subjective and objective, internal and external, personal and relative,

¹ "Foi et Avenir."

so that second epoch was subdivided into two grand periods. The Greco-Roman period elaborated the subjective internal life of the individual, and achieved—it matters little that it was limited to one sole class of citizens—the Idea Liberty. The Christian period defined the external, objective life of the individual, and achieved the Idea Equality.

This second epoch was concluded by the French Revolution, which summed up and gave to the world, in its Declaration of Rights, the political formula of the life of the individual. And, as the law of logic requires that the nature of the instrument should be proportioned and adapted to the aim to be achieved, the different periods of the epoch of human emancipation were personified and summed up by the powerful individualities by which they were concluded: the Greek period by Alexander, the Roman by Cæsar, the French Revolution by Napoleon.

At the present day—it is enough to affirm it, for the signs thereof are already too abundant to be denied by any who earnestly study the times—a third epoch is dawning upon us, the epoch of Collective Life, of Association. The highest interpreters of this epoch will be Collective Beings, Peoples, whom the consciousness of the new aim has constituted Nations.

If this historic synthesis—God ; God and the Individual ; God, the Individual, and Humanity—be true, as I believe, Cæsarism is a doctrine not only condemned by the Moral Law, but inapplicable to our epoch.

Cæsarism, Monarchy, and Papacy are all of them manifestations—varying according to their sphere of action—of

one sole principle: the religious principle which declares that *the salvation of all is to be wrought out by one alone.*

From the first utterance of the holy word Progress, from the time we began to comprehend the *collective* life of Humanity, from the time when the doctrine was revealed to us that *none can be saved otherwise than by labouring with all for the salvation of all*—those three formulæ of the former principle were condemned. The Pagans of our epoch may do what they will to uphold their life is elsewhere. Even as those corpses which stood erect and perfect so long as they were shut in by lava on every side, and crumbled into dust so soon as they were reached by light and air, they will fall for ever at the first breath of a people arising, not in the name of mere negations, but guided by an Idea of Free Faith vaster and more sublime than that which gave life to those forms in ages past.

At the present day Cæsarism and Papacy quarrel between themselves like accomplices shut up in the same prison; but they recognise a common origin and interest, and, in the face of any serious peril, they will renew the compact of Charles V. and Clement VII. But, as surely as there is truth in philosophy, power in liberty, and holiness in our religion of Progress, they will perish—and that ere long—in the same battle.

I have spoken of Cæsarism, not of the writer of the "Life of Cæsar." Let him do what he will, he is extraneous to the question treated of in these pages. Even if the doctrines of Cæsarism were accepted, they could avail *him* nothing.

CAWNPORE¹

How fast events drift down the torrent of Time! To us, who had come to be as it were our present selves when the Indian Mutiny took place, it seems as if it had happened but yesterday. It is only when we are struck by finding the little children who were then pitied as orphans grown into men beginning life on their own account, or when we hear of the generals who commanded in the field as aged veterans enjoying their hardly earned honours, that we realize that what seems so fresh is a thing of history.

There we were, in the midst of our usual occupations, a few of us more anxious than usual for kindred far away. But the first dismay and alarm of the mutiny had subsided, relief was on the way, and we trusted to British courage to hold out till it should arrive. The world was in the full enjoyment of the Manchester Exhibition, and chiefly occupied with discussing the new lights that systematic arrangement had cast upon ideas of the history of art, or bewailing the inconveniences of crowded trains, overfull stations, and lodgings obtained by a happy accident. Then came the exclamations of newspaper readers in the trains, revealing to their companions a sense that something more than usually frightful had taken place. Then there was an eager asking of questions and borrowing of papers. Gentlemen satisfied their first curiosity, and advised their lady-friends to abstain from reading, in the hope that what was so horrible might yet turn out untrue.

Alas! though some of the more savage details were happily contradicted, the main fact became day after day more appallingly certain; and, as letters and fragments of evidence came forth one after the other, the impression became the more sickening and oppressive as

it was borne in on us that these were sufferers of ways and habits similar to ourselves, lately reading the same books, and with the same pleasures and interests as ourselves. We had read coolly enough of many a historical massacre; but once for all those fragments of Cawnpore records brought home to us the deadly agonies of many a nameless sufferer, whom we have passed lightly by in the historian's vague idiom, "They all were put to the sword." What that smooth monosyllabic sentence conveys we know better now than ever we did before.

And now, just when the catastrophe has passed into history, when the wound has ceased to be new, and yet the evidence is still accessible in its freshness, Mr. Trevelyan has given us the story of Cawnpore, gathering up and connecting those scattered notices which make contemporary history reach us in so confused and entangled a manner, drawing out the thread into a clear narrative, and, above all, telling the history with head, heart, and soul—a head to read its meaning, a heart to feel its piteous woefulness, and a soul to perceive that which exalts and makes its woefulness endurable. Sometimes the allusions may seem somewhat forced, and give an air of affectation and fine writing, but we believe that in many cases this recurrence to impressive phrases and scenes already engraven on the narrator's mind is one of the forms of reserve which strong feeling is prone to adopt, and which another kind of mind finds distasteful.

We already know how strong has been the "Competition Wallah's" uniform testimony against the hateful—we had well-nigh said brutal—vulgarism, that treats all natives as "niggers." In these days, when scarcely a family fails to have a son in one or other of the colonies in some capacity, civil or mili-

¹ Cawnpore. By G. O. Trevelyan. Macmillan and Co.

tary, we surely have warnings enough to combat as much as possible this unhappy form of slang, and, without falling into unrealities of sentiment, to endeavour to bring back that tone—which for want of a better term we call chivalrous, though the ages of chivalry were mostly devoid of it—that regards especial forbearance and consideration as due to the inferior and helpless.

That scorn meets with a more bitter requital than ill-usage might almost be said to be the moral of this book. To pamper a wild animal without gaining its affections is only to prepare it for destructiveness. And the earlier chapters of this lamentable tale are the description of how the creature was gratified with whatever could feed its pride and love of ease, but all flung to it with averted head and disdainful eye. Severity is a safer course than indulgence without kindness. These are things of system for which individuals can scarcely be censured, though individuals have grievously suffered for them. Yet we would retract our saying that individuals can scarcely be censured; for surely, whatever the hardening effect of example, habitual scorn and rudeness are no slight offence; and happily many a noble exception has upheld that the true gentleman is unfailing in courtesy even to the most mean and annoying of dependents.

From the causes of irritation we pass to the first flashes of the tempest, and to that much abused confidence which at one moment angers us as infatuation or almost judicial blindness, at another is touching by its warm affectionate reliance on the treacherous friends and fellow-soldiers whose hostility was discredited even when their muskets were loaded and their swords drawn. Among those who were most full of this fatal trust was Sir Hugh Wheeler, who “worshipped” his sepoys, spoke their language like “one of themselves, and indeed had” testified for his predilection for the “natives of Hindustan by the strongest” proof which it is in the power of man “to give.” When the danger began to become so apparent that even he could

no longer close his eyes to it, his first step was to telegraph to Lucknow; his second to “invoke the assistance of a more dubious ally,” that adopted son of the old Mahratta, Bajee Rao, whose adoption Government had refused to ratify—thus creating a grievance, the extent of which to a Hindoo mind we in Europe can scarcely estimate. Seereek Dhoondho Punth, better known as the Nana, was a fair specimen of the polish of which an untamed tiger may be capable. Intimate with all the officers of the cantonment, furnishing his palace at Bithoor with as much European splendour as he could achieve, yet all the time with deadly hate to England in his heart, he had obtained such trust from the General that his protection was requested. He “took up his quarters” in the midst of the houses occupied by “the civilians and their families; the” “Treasury, which contained upwards of” “100,000*l.*, was put under the custody” “of his body-guard; and it was even” “proposed that the ladies and children” “should be placed in sanctuary in” “Bithoor Palace.” Still some questioned the safety of trusting the fold to the keeping of the wolf, and in a dilatory manner a species of defence was prepared. By an unhappy blunder, the magazine, with its river-protected side, was neglected; and “a mud wall four feet high” “was thrown up round the buildings” “which composed the old dragoon hospital, and ten guns of various calibre” “were placed in position round the in-” “trenchment.”

“‘What do you call that place you are making out there?’ asked Azimoolah, the Nana’s confidant, of an English lieutenant.

“‘I am sure I don’t know.’

“‘Call it the Fort of Despair!’ said the Hindoo.

“‘No, no,’ answered the undaunted Englishman; ‘we will call it the Fort of Victory.’”

Alas! if brave hearts could have been rampart sufficient, it *had* been the Fort of Victory. Nay, so it was in the truest sense, for never was it the Fort of Despair. There were spirits there who

were never without hope—either here or beyond.

In this intrenchment the white women and children spent every night, while day by day passed in expectation of the outbreak of the sepoys, which was sure to come, sooner or later. Even then, Sir Hugh Wheeler, full of a true unselfish spirit of chivalry, sent back to Sir Henry Lawrence a reinforcement that had been despatched to him from Lucknow, and, knowing how ill it could have been spared, added thereto two officers and fifty men out of his own small force. Well was it for them to be sent to do good service at Lucknow, instead of adding to the mass of anguish at Cawnpore.

The long expected mutiny took place, and far more harmlessly than any one had dared to expect. The four sepoy regiments rose, but their native officers were for the most part loyal, and a considerable number even of the privates were proof against their comrades' example. The English officers were unscathed; and the insurgents were actually setting off for Delhi, the centre to which all the mutineers had flowed that they might see their native sovereign once more reigning in triumph. Unhappily, however, they had requested the Nana to make common cause with them, and it occurred to his counsellor, the ex-footman Azimoolah, and others of his advisers, that he would be a mere nobody at the Court of Delhi, while, as master of Cawnpore and its district, he might make his own terms with the reinstated monarch. He saw the advantages of the scheme; prevailed upon the mutineers to return for the purpose of destroying all the English in the cantonment before marching upon Delhi, bribing them with the promise of unlimited pillage, and a gold anklet to each Sepoy.

The tidings of the return of the foe drove all the English within their intrenchment. It consisted of a rectangular parallelogram, surrounded by a mud wall four feet high, three feet thick at the base, and two at the crest, with apertures for the guns. Within stood two single-storied barracks surrounded

with verandahs, both built of thin brick-work, the larger thatched, the lesser roofed with concrete, with cooking-sheds and servants' huts near. Such was the defence behind which were placed no less than 1,000 persons. Four hundred and sixty-five were Englishmen, both military and civilians; about two hundred and eighty were grown women; and there were at least as many young children—mostly scarce above infancy. Happy the mothers whose children were in England!

Around was "a force which would have done credit to any Mahratta chief in the palmiest days of that redoubted race. There was an entire regiment of excellent cavalry, well mounted and equipped. There was a detachment of gunners and drivers from the Oude artillery, who had been despatched as a loan from Lucknow to Cawnpore, just in time to enable them to take part in the revolt. There were the Nana's own myrmidons, who made up by attachment to his cause what they wanted in military skill. Lastly, there were three fine battalions of Bengal sepoys, led by experienced sepoy officers, armed with English muskets, and trained by English discipline." The effective general was Soubahdar Teeka Sing, a Hindoo colonel—for be it observed, for the benefit of the generation unfamiliar with the organization of the old East Indian army, every white officer of a sepoy regiment had his native duplicate, so that, when all the whites were removed, the framework remained complete and effective. Teeka Sing at once seized the magazine, so unfortunately neglected, and sent off the guns drawn by Government bullocks to the attack of the intrenchment. The first shot was fired on the 6th of June, 1857.

We have minute evidence of the state of affairs during the siege, both within and without: on the one hand, from Captain Thomson, one of the four English survivors, and from the half-castes and natives who remained faithful; and, on the other, from other natives in the city and environs, among whom the most remarkable is Nanukchund, a

native lawyer, who had been employed in a suit against the Nana, and therefore concealed himself in a village near at hand, but all the time kept a daily journal of passing events and reports.

Yet why should we trace step by step that most heartrending tragedy, from the moment when the first ball broke the leg of a native footman, till the last slaughtered innocent was tumbled into the "ladies' well," on the 16th of July, after forty days of untold anguish? All that we would here do would be to touch on those more striking points that make the narrative bearable, and as exalted as it is sorrowful. When balls were passing through those frail brick walls as though they were cardboard, when the thatched barrack-roof had been burnt, and the vertical rays of an Indian sun in the month of June were pouring down heat as fatal as the shower of lead, Sir Hugh Wheeler, under the weight of his seventy-five years, soon proved able indeed to endure, but unequal to the exposure and fatigue of the conduct of the struggle; and, as Mr. Trevelyan says (referring to him whose natural endowments made him the leader of the 10,000 Greeks), "the Clearchus of Cawnpore was Captain Moore, an officer in charge of the invalids of the 32d Foot. He was a tall, fair, blue-eyed man, glowing with animation and easy Irish intrepidity. Wheresoever there was most pressing risk, and wheresoever there was direst wretchedness, his pleasant presence was seldom long wanting. Under the rampart; at the batteries; in some out-picket, where men were dropping like pheasants under a fearful cross-fire; in some corner of the hospital, to a brave heart more fearful still, where lay the mangled forms of those young and delicate beings whom war should always spare: ever and everywhere was heard his sprightly voice speaking words of encouragement, of exhortation, of sympathy, and even of courteous gallantry. Wherever Moore had passed, he left men something more courageous, and women something less unhappy."

The Fort St. Elmo of Cawnpore was an unfinished line of barracks, each measuring about 200 feet in length, but only three of which had reached the height of forty feet. One of these, called No. 4, was held by a party of civil engineers, who for three days so entirely baffled all the efforts of the enemy that the place was not again attacked. No. 2, held by only sixteen men, was the scene of so desperate a struggle that one surgeon was continually employed there, and with his hands full. It was commanded by Lieutenant Mowbray Thomson, who has lived to tell how, at the report of each casualty, a fresh reinforcement arrived, sometimes a civilian, sometimes a soldier. On the 23d of June, when the sounds made it evident that some fresh assault was being prepared to celebrate the centenary of the battle of Plassey, Thomson sent to head-quarters for a reinforcement. Moore made answer "that he could spare nobody except himself and Lieutenant Delafosse. In the course of a few minutes the pair arrived, and at once sallied forth armed, one with a sword, and the other with an empty musket. Moore shouted out, 'Number One to the front!' and the enemy, taking it for granted that the well-known word of command would bring upon them a full company of Sahibs with fixed bayonets and cocked revolvers, broke cover and ran like rabbits. But towards morning they returned in force, and attacked with such determined ferocity that there remained no dead Hindoos outside the doorway than there were living Europeans within." A general assault of the whole intrenchment by the whole rebel force took place at the same time. It was a short, sharp combat, and ended in a complete repulse. In the evening the sepoys drew near, made obeisance, and requested leave to bury their dead—a thorough acknowledgment of defeat.

Five days before, on the 18th, a letter had been conveyed out of the intrenchment by a native messenger, still full of resolution and spirit, such a letter as it

became a British officer like Moore to date on the 18th of June :—"We, of course, are prepared to hold out to the last. It is needless to mention the names of those who have been killed or died. We trust in God ; and, if our exertions here assist your safety, it will be a consolation to know that our friends appreciate our devotion. Any news of relief will cheer us."

And these words—how fearfully touching in their simplicity!—were written when, besides the other unspeakable horrors of the siege, famine and thirst were fast prevailing. Imperfectly victualled at first, the garrison were nearly at the end of their stores, and there was but a single well, the favourite mark of the enemy, who always directed their fire on any figure they saw advancing with bucket or pitcher. The machinery for drawing water was shot away, and the buckets had to be drawn up hand over hand from a depth of more than sixty feet ! The Hindoo water-carriers were early slain, and Englishmen took their place ; John Mackillop, of the Civil Service, with a joke about his not being a fighting-man, but his willingness to be useful, begged to be appointed captain of the well, and, strange to say, he fulfilled his office for a full week ere he was shot down, and with his last words entreated that a lady to whom he had promised a drink might not be disappointed.

Those who were old enough to understand that a draught involved a more frightful cost than did Alexander's "thirsted in silence ;" but there were little children to moan for drink, or vainly to suck canvas bags or straps of leather !

"There was yet another well, which yielded nothing then, which will yield nothing till the sea too gives up her dead." It was outside the entrenchment ; and, at dead of night, thither were borne those who had breathed their last in the course of the last twenty-four hours—the chaplain, Mr. Moneriff, standing by, and repeating some brief words of the Church's last rites. There in three weeks he saw laid 250 men,

women, and babes. He could hold no public service, but "he made it his concern that no one should die, or suffer, without the consolations of Christianity. And, whenever he could be spared from the hospital, this shepherd of a pest-stricken flock, he would go the round of the batteries, and read a few prayers and Psalms to the fighting folk. With heads bent, and hands folded over the muzzles of their rifles, soothed some by genuine piety, some by the associations of glad some Christmas mornings, and drowsy Sunday afternoons, spent in the aisle of their village church, they listened calmly to the familiar words, those melancholy and resolute men."

The Nana decided on treachery. A captive woman was sent to the intrenchment with an offer of terms, and a promise that, on laying down their arms, the garrison should receive a safe passage to Allahabad. General Wheeler would have endured to the last extremity ; but food was all but gone, and a day or two more would bring the rains, which would flood away the last remains of the defences. Captains Moore and Whiting persuaded him that in capitulation lay the only hope for the helpless ones of their number ; and on the 25th of June the firing ceased, and conferences began. It was arranged that our forces should march out under arms, carriages be provided for the wounded, the women, and children, and boats, sufficiently provisioned, to be ready at the landing-place to convey the whole garrison to Allahabad.

The landing-place was a mile from the intrenchment, the opening of a ravine—in winter the course of a little stream, in summer like a sandy lane. It was the spot that the Nana and his Mahratta courtier, Tantia Topce, had selected for an act of treachery so shocking, even to Hindoo morality, that the sepoy cavalry refused to participate in it till the Nana himself assured them that, on the faith of a Royal Brahmin, it was lawful to forswear himself for such an occasion.

Vehicles and beasts of burthen were

prepared outside the intrenchment. There Sir Hugh Wheeler, whose son had already been killed while lying wounded on a sofa, placed his wife and daughters on an elephant, and himself entered a palanquin which he was never again to leave, save for his death-blow. The doomed garrison quitted that scene of matchless endurance. First marched the men of the 32d, with their brave captain at their head—the bravest of the brave. Then came the motley band of conveyances with the helpless and disabled; after them, such as could still bear arms and march; and, last of all, Major Vibart of the Second Cavalry. Colonel Ewart and his wife were among the last to start; the bearers of the bed on which he lay went slowly, fell behind the rest, and both were cut down in the streets almost at the same moment. Their child had already perished in the siege, while already their letters—some of the lofliest and sweetest of all that mournful correspondence that filled our papers—were on their way to England. They scarcely preceded their brave fellow-sufferers by many minutes. There only remained the brief interval during which the women and wounded were placed in the boats, ere the concealed artillery and riflemen opened upon the Englishmen in the ravine.

“Sorrow it were and shame to tell
The butcher-work that then befell.”

Two half-caste Christian women saw it all: saw the death of General Wheeler, and of good Mr. Moncrieff with his Prayer-book in his hand: saw the boats with their straw awnings in flames, and the ladies and children dragged out of them—many to die at once; but the rest, 125 helpless widows and orphans, rescued for the moment, and driven up to the pavilion of the Nana, who caused them to be placed in a building near at hand, which, having once belonged to a Portuguese mission, was properly named Salvador house, but was corrupted into Savada. It was in this miserable walk that the youngest daughter of Sir Hugh Wheeler and his lady (herself a native of India) were

carried away by a trooper, who, fearing to be deprived of her, spread that monstrous report that so much excited English imaginations, of her having killed all his family, and then leaped down a well. Poor thing! she seems to have assumed a Mahometan name, and to have remained with her captor till her death; and Mr. Trevelyan takes the opportunity of relieving our minds of many of the atrocities that burthened our memories, a large proportion of which he tells us we may trust were nothing but ghastly dreams. This poor girl, scarcely an Englishwoman, was the only one known to have been made a member of the harem.

The widows of Nana Sahib's adopted father were strong in the cause of humanity, at least as far as regarded their own sex. They had, by threatening to commit suicide unless their entreaty was granted, saved for a time the life of one poor young Englishwoman, the widow of a toll-keeper, and by the same threat they endeavoured to secure the lives of the desolate captives in the Savada, who had been placed under the charge of a tall, resolute-looking, low-caste woman, called in derision the Begum. Their numbers were augmented after a short interval by the ladies of Futtehghur, a fort higher up the Ganges, whose fugitives coming down the river were intercepted at two different times. The first were all shot down together; the second were slaughtered, all save the women and four men, who were sent to swell the mass of suffering in the Savada.

A native doctor has left a record of the deaths that took place between the 7th and 15th of July. Eighteen women, one Hindoo nurse, and seven children died of cholera and dysentery; and “*eck beebie ap se,*” “one baby of itself.” Happy baby!

Rescue was approaching—alas! no rescue to them. Havelock and Neill were hurrying on their men as rapidly as men could be hurried, with burning hearts. They had but to meet the Sepoys to gain two of the eight victories that shone round the last days of Havelock,

after his life-long prayer that he might command at a successful battle. Their advance sealed the doom of their countrywomen, whom they came to deliver. The Nana was told that no fresh battle would be risked for mere corpses, and that such a mass of living witnesses would be perilous. He easily consented to gratify his hatred, and hastened proceedings lest the royal stepmothers should find means of stirring up opinion against him. Indeed they had already half-starved themselves, as a pledge of their sincere intention to sacrifice themselves to save the lives of the Englishwomen. Nor would the sepoys consent to be the murderers; but five men were found—two Hindoo peasants, two Mahomedan butchers, and only one soldier—who, in the darkening twilight of the 15th of July, half did the fearful work of carnage. They returned in the morning of the 16th, and before noon not a living European remained in Cawnpore. All were thrown into a dry well outside the Savada; and, ere his flight from Bithoor, the Nana drained the last drop of bloodshed by the murder of the young woman whom the royal widows had hoped to preserve.

Another sharp, short fight, and the rescuers had come. Alas! to find only the floor swimming in blood, the corpse-choked wells, and the piteous fragmentary memorials that strewed the rooms. Only four of the entire English garrison of that fatal intrenchment still breathed this air, and they were far away from Cawnpore.

One boat, during the slaughter at the embarkation on June 27th, had succeeded in pushing off. It contained the very flower of all the defence—Moore, with his arm in a sling; Thomson, of Battery No. 2; Delafosse, who had lain on his back under a burning gun-carriage, extinguishing the flames in a storm of heavy artillery; and other heroes, whose exploits must be read in Mr. Trevelyan's own pages. Besides their original freight, they had taken on board those from a sinking boat, and were deeply overlaid. A shot broke the rudder; the native boatman

had removed their oars; and planks, torn from the bulwarks, served to paddle down "at the rate of half a mile an hour under a shower of canister and shells from either bank." While pushing the boat off a sandbank, regardless of an ill-set collar-bone, Moore's brave heart was pierced by a bullet, and he had the privilege of dying still full of hope and exertion; and many another, who had made a memorable name, sank into the waters. We must not track each step of that fearful voyage, shot at day and night, till, on the third morning, the vessel grounded, and Thomson, Delafosse, and eleven soldiers landed to clear away the enemy, and obtain a little respite during which the boat might be pushed off again. They drove the enemy before them; but others closed in behind, poured down on the boat, and turned it back to Cawnpore. When it came to the landing-place, orders came down that the ladies should be separated from the men, and the massacre begin again. Not a wife would leave her husband; each clung to him. Captain Sepings read a few prayers aloud, and all shook hands. Then the Sepoys fired!

Meantime the fourteen struggled on among the enemy and took shelter in a small temple, which they held out against the multitude for many hours, till gunpowder was brought to dislodge them, and they rushed forth. Six, who could not swim, sprang among the howling natives to sell their lives as dearly as they could. The others dashed into the river, and dived and swam by turns, while bullets danced round them like hail. Three perished; four kept on their way till "one by one the hunters desisted from the chase . . .

"The four Englishmen were sitting up to their necks in water, two good leagues below the point where they had first plunged, when the sound of approaching voices again sent them diving after the manner of otters, surprised by the throng of hounds and spearmen. As they rose to the upper air they were greeted with a shout of 'Sahib! Sahib! why keep away? We are friends.'" And friends

they were, retainers of Dirigbijah Sing, a loyal gentleman of Oude. They even offered to throw their weapons into the river to satisfy the distrustful Englishmen. And yet, such are Hindoos, they could not refrain from pillaging one of the poor soldiers of a cap-pouchful of rupees which he had tied under his knee—the only thing there was to take; for, among the four, there remained “only one flannel shirt, one strip of linen cloth, and five severe wounds. Exposure to the heat had puffed the skin of their shoulders with huge blisters as if their clothes had been burnt off their backs by fire.” And, when helped ashore, they lay without speech or motion, utterly exhausted. An elephant had been sent to convey the two officers; but the soldiers, Murphy and Sullivan, being in worse plight from wounds, the beast was resigned to their use; while Thomson and Delafosse bestrode one pony, one in the shirt, the other in a borrowed rug. They were received by torch-light in great state by the old Rajah; and for three weeks remained in his fort, too entirely spent to do ought but slumber, wake, eat, and doze again. By and by the neighbourhood of the rebels made their shelter insecure; and, parting with the good old man with warm gratitude, they crossed the river, and were sent on in a bullock-cart towards Allahabad. After about an hour, the alarm was given that guns were ahead; but, creeping stealthily along the road, the fugitives found themselves in face of an English sentry, and the English troops welcomed the sole survivors of the deadly intrenchment.

Poor Sullivan lived only a fortnight after his arrival in the camp; Delafosse survived to distinguish himself again in the Hindoo Koosh, and Thomson to narrate the history of Cawnpore. Murphy, after returning home with his own regiment, volunteered again for India, and is the present custodian of the gardens that now cover the site of the “House of the Massacre.” “Here he may be seen in the balmy forenoons of the

“cold weather, sauntering about in a pith helmet and linen jacket; a decent little Irishman, very ready to give a feeling and intelligent account of what took place under his immediate observation.”

We have closed the terrible story with the one gleam of light that shines through the gloom. We will not pain ourselves and our readers with the story of the vengeance—a dark page in our annals—when, as Mr. Trevelyan says in one of the most fearful sentences in his book, we proved that our talk about the sacredness of human life and Christian duty “meant that we were to forgive most of those who had never injured us, plunder none but such as were worth robbing, and seldom hang an innocent Hindoo if we could catch a guilty one—that the great principles of mercy and justice and charity must cease to be eternally true, until the injured pride of a great nation had been satisfied, its wrath glutted, and its sway restored.” The men who actually went from their bravely-fought field to wander sobbing through the pools of blood, picking up piteous memorials, and seeking in vain for a living being, might be excused their madness; but with shame and grief we look back to the careless and half jocose manner in which for a space it became the habit to speak of the deaths of the unhappy men who perished under our revenge with little inquiry into their share in the guilt.

We have not viewed the book in its political aspect: we have looked at it simply as a narrative of the sufferings endured at Cawnpore, and of that deep, resolute, unselfish heroism which upheld each victim till he or she had ripened to receive the palm of rejoicing for those who come out of great tribulation. We should like to see it in the hands of all our youth; for assuredly, if it infuses aught of the same temper of patience, and courage undaunted even to the most fearful extremity, the blood of Cawnpore will not have flowed in vain.

DEAD MEN WHOM I HAVE KNOWN ; OR, RECOLLECTIONS OF THREE CITIES.

BY THE EDITOR.

LONDON FROM THE TOP OF ST. PAUL'S. PART I.

ONCE or twice I have been at the top of St. Paul's, to have a view from that height of the great city of which, for some eighteen years now, I have been an inhabitant. The last time was only a few days ago. After walking about among the statues in the Cathedral below, and thinking I had never seen the interior of any great and sacred building in such a disgraceful condition of untidiness, I paid the half-crown which they have still the bad taste to charge for the liberty of farther ascent and inspection. They exact extras, indeed, for the crypt and the clock ; but the half-crown franks you all the way up the dark and dirty staircases from gallery to gallery, to the highest one at the apex of the dome, or, for that matter, to the ball itself. It is from the highest gallery, nearly four hundred feet up in the air, that you have the best view of London lying beneath you, and all round you to the horizon. Merely as a sight, unless it be for the first time, it is hardly worth half-a-crown. There is vastness, extent, confusion ; but, with the exception of the river, hardly a single feature that the eye rests on or follows on account of its beauty. From the river, with its bridges, and the steamboats moving up and down in it, the eye passes to the nearer streets beneath, specked with omnibuses, cabs, and foot-passengers. Ranging thence, in any direction, over steeples, house-roofs, and chimney-stacks, jumbled denser and denser in seeming as the distance increases, it is beaten back always by the haze, unless where, from the state of the wind, a low range of dark hilly ground, or a tract of vacant-looking flat, is descried, and you know that there-

abouts London straggles to an end, and solves its outskirts in the open country. All this, however, you could have imagined pretty much as it is, without the trouble of going up to see it. In order, therefore, to get the full worth of your half-crown at the top of St. Paul's, you must carry up some *à priori* idea of London with you, which you may mix with the vast vision of underlying and away-stretching leagues of brick and mortar, varied with steeples and pinnacles, and divided by the shining river. This is what I did myself. I carried up an *à priori* idea of London with me, and I did not come down till I had worked the actual vision and the idea into complete union. How long it took me is nobody's business. The reader may suppose, if he chooses, that I am writing this article at the top of St. Paul's—that, by special permission from the Dean and Chapter, or by dexterously hiding myself among the interior timber-work at clearing-time every day, I have been several days and nights already a denizen of the dome, communing at leisure with the *genius loci*, seeing the stars of these fine summer-nights overroll me and the sleeping city, snatching such sleep for myself as the bells and other circumstances permit, and every morning and all day long going round and round the gallery with an opera-glass, or leaning against the parapet dreamily in company with such fresh half-crowners as chance brings up. Strange accounts I could give of these up-comers to the top of St. Paul's. That most of them scribble or scrape their names up here is natural enough. They will never again be so near Heaven, and, poor creatures, they know it ! But

they actually smoke cigars and short pipes up here, the sacrilegious villains, and light their matches for the purpose by rubbing them anywhere. If St. Paul's is burnt down after this warning, it will not be my fault.

Well, but what is that *à priori* idea of London which I carried with me to the top of St. Paul's? A simple idea enough, and yet one which grasps the entire sight, and all that the sight suggests. In these British islands there was, from the first, a spot whither, by necessity, or through the inevitable compulsion of events, all the interests of the islands, all the currents of activity within them, were to converge, so that at last that spot and no other should be the centre, the focus, of all ongoings within the islands, and of all ongoings in the rest of the earth depending on the islands, and from that spot and no other should the network of organization be seen radiating which holds together all that is British in the world. Conceive this, and you have the right *à priori* idea of London in your mind.

It is up here, at the top of St. Paul's, along with me, that I suppose you provided with this idea. But, as it may be well that you should keep the idea for a while as much as possible in its pure *à priori* state, let me beg that for a few moments you will forget where you are, and that, sailing off in your idea from the dome here, as in a balloon or flying phantasm, you will voyage with it imaginatively over the entire surface of the three islands, trying to make it descend and fit itself to the earth, wherever here or there you see a likely locality. Misled by the notion that the likeliest locality must be somewhere about the geographical centre of the larger island, you try perhaps, first of all, to descend with your *à priori* London, or preconceived British metropolis, in Warwickshire, Derbyshire, or some of the north-midland counties. In vain! You and your idea rebound. You may there realize a Birmingham, or a Derby, or what not else, but not a London. Or, thinking to balance between the two islands, you may seek their common

centre of gravity on the West-English coast, somewhere about Liverpool or Lancaster. Or, with a somewhat unfair eye of favour to Ireland, you look down wistfully on the intermediate Isle of Man. Equally in vain! London will not be anchored anywhere in that region. Or, guessing better, you may look down at all the rivers that have convenient mouths and reaches towards the sea; and, having already disposed of the Mersey, you may try the Liffey, or the Lee, or the Tay, or the Clyde, or the Forth, or the Severn, or the Trent. None will suit till you come to the Thames. There, at last, you have it! But whereabouts on the Thames? Weary yourself no longer. Re-alight with your idea on the top of St. Paul's, and behold it empirically verified. There and nowhere else was to be the site of the predestined London.

We see it all now. But who at one time could have predicted it? Not physical causes alone—such as the convenience of a great river-reach, sufficient nearness to the continent, and yet shelter from direct attacks thence—have brought about the result. The will, the strife, the miscellaneous struggling and blundering of men themselves, generation after generation, have been at work to this end. It may be said that, for many a century, the very history of these islands consisted in an internal tumbling about and groping to and fro, in order to find out where the political centre of gravity was to be, and in a gradual dawning of the certainty, not without continued reluctance all through the north and the west, that it was to be where it now is, in the snug south-east of England, within easy attraction of the continent. If you take time as well as space into your musings at the top of St. Paul's, this is what must occur to you. Let time, then, be taken into our musings at present. At four hundred feet up in the air, one may indulge in a bird's-eye view of things historically as well as scenically.

Infant London! What was it? Who can tell? The river, the river—we can

at least begin with *that* ! Yes, ages on ages ago, ere Cæsar had heard of Britain, or Britain of Cæsar, the Thames, the same shining river which we see from this height, was flowing as now in calm beauty from its upper streams, broadening eastward through inland woods, denser and shaggier than any we now see, on to this very spot, then also greener and more savage than now, and away beyond it, for the same last forty miles of its course seaward as a tidal estuary, with low lands, pastoral or wooded, on either bank. And what sort of natives were there to see and possess the scene ? Wretches, according to Lord Macaulay's theory, little better than Caribs or Australian aborigines ! Not so, we take the liberty of thinking ; but, at least from the earliest times of which Cæsar or other ancient historians give us any glimpses, a much more hopeful breed. All over the larger island, and doubtless in the lesser too, there were, as we all know, tribes of the race now called the Celtic—mainly of the Cymric branch of the Celtic, but of the Gaelic branch in the north-west and in Ireland—with who knows how much of Belgic or Teutonic infusion on the coasts east and south-east ? And a very respectable population they seem to have made, if we consider the time and the distance from the Mediterranean. They were stained or tattooed blue, to be sure, most of them, about the face and arms ; but they had good heads of hair, upper lips well mustachioed, and dresses of skins or leather, or even woollen in the more advanced districts. They were not without corn-growing and other agriculture, where the land suited, though in the interior cattle-breeding and hunting sufficed them, and they lived on flesh and milk. They were continually fighting, of course, tribe against tribe, to adjust their differences or please their chiefs. Yet they had some trade among themselves and with the continent, and a metallic currency to aid in it. Nay, there was a certain amount of spiritual cohesion among them, over a large part of the main island at least, by means of a common system of Druidism, thrilling

through the contiguous tribes, and binding them together by beliefs, ceremonies, and aggregate assemblies, as well as by the collegiate education (so we must call it) of their select youth for years together in some complex, mysterious, and possibly not despicable, lore. All this we know on as good authority as exists for anything of so old a date ; and it has always appeared to me the sheerest ineptitude, in the face of such information, to ignore, as most of our recent historians have done, the pre-Roman period of British history, or the conclusion that, despite all the intervening invasions and revolutions that have changed the state of our islands, there may be in our national and intellectual life at present influences the springs of which are to be sought in the far-off Druidic mists.

But the question is about infant London. Was there a germ of London in those old times, when the Druids of South-Britain walked in the woods and fields by the Thames, lecturing and inspiring their blue congregations ? If you want an unhesitating answer, look into the old legendary chronicles, and you will get it to your heart's content. A germ of London ! What are you talking about ? Do you not know the history of your country ? When, some 1100 years B.C., the Trojan Brutus conquered and recolonized Albion, then going to rack and ruin under its degenerate race of pristine giants, and founded the new nation of Britain, which he called by his name, was not one of his first acts the building of the city of Troja Nova, New Troy, or Trinobantum ? That was exactly 354 years before the founding of Rome by Romulus and Remus, more by token that "Heli was then High Priest in Judæa." And did not New Troy or Trinobantum serve as effectively the capital of Britain during the reigns of Brutus's long line of successors—Ebranc, Hudibras, Bladud, Lear, Gorboduc, and the rest of them—on to the time of the jolly King Lud, who re-edified it, and walled it round, so that thenceforward it was called Caer-Lud or Lud's-town, and one of its gates Ludgate ? Seeing that it was in the

eighth year of the reign of this Lud's brother and successor, Cassibelan, that Julius Cæsar invaded Britain, London, you see, must then have been in prime condition. Which may be the reason why Cæsar, advancing inland in his second expedition, gave it the go-by, and, crossing the Thames farther to the west, pursued Cassibelan rather into his stronghold about St. Alban's. But why did not Cassibelan retreat upon London, and stand a siege there, behind Ludgate and the rest of the new fortifications? The fact is that, though he was general-in-chief of all the patriotic Britons, there was a considerable party among the Britons who by no means approved of his policy, but were for cultivating the Roman alliance. Among these were the Trinobantes, or Essex and Middlesex people, including the Londoners. While Cæsar was advancing inland, the Trinobantes had opened negotiations with him, offering their allegiance, and petitioning for the return among them of a certain Mandubratius, a noble young Londoner, having claims to the sovereignty (as well he might, if he was, as some say, Lud's eldest son, otherwise known as Androgeus), but who had been dispossessed by Cassibelan some time before, and had taken refuge with Cæsar in Gaul. The Trinobantes, having thus made peace with Cæsar, were followed by the Iceni, or Norfolk and Suffolk people, the Segontiaci, or Hampshire people, the Ancalites, or Wiltshire people, the Bibroci, or people of Berks and thereabouts, and the Cassi, or people of Herts. Against such odds of his own countrymen what could Cassibelan do? He held out as long as possible, but at last had to submit; and, when Cæsar returned to Gaul, Cassibelan was left alive indeed, and with some sort of general power in Britain, but with orders not to molest the Trinobantes or their chief Mandubratius.

So it is that the old chroniclers fabricate for us an aboriginal London, and its history of more than a thousand years, exquisitely mixing the British legends of Geoffrey of Monmouth with the narrative in Cæsar's Comment-

aries. Here, from the top of St. Paul's, if we have faith enough, we look down on the site of Brutus's New Troy or Trinobantum, three centuries and a half older than Rome. Down there, close at hand, is Ludgate, where King Lud lies buried; hither, to the joy of the Trinobantes, came back the young exile Mandubratius; and here he was left to govern the Essex and Middlesex people as he could, and collect tribute from them for Cæsar, while Cassibelan was ruminating his disasters, in incurable melancholy, somewhere in the woods higher up the river.

Alas! to the old legendary chroniclers succeeded the conscientious antiquaries, like Stow and others. Forgoing the legends, they had to construct their original of London more strictly out of Cæsar's Commentaries alone, by the light of probabilities and general principles. If we follow *them*, as I fear we must, we get a dimmer beginning of our half-crown's worth. Cassibelan, Mandubratius, and the Trinobantes are, indeed, still indestructible names in the story; and we still see that hereabouts on the Thames there must have been some not unimportant whirl or eddy of those transactions, consequent on Cæsar's invasion, which brought the British Islands within the ken of Rome. Nay, the antiquaries are still good enough to leave us a Trinobantum, or chief city of the Trinobantes, which we may call London, if we like. But hear Stow on this subject. "Divers learned men," he says, "do not think *civitas Trinobantum* to be well and truly translated the city of the Trinobantes, but it should rather be the state, commonalty, or seigniory of the Trinobantes; for that Cæsar in his Commentaries useth the word *civitas* only for a people living under one and the self-same prince and law: but certain it is that the cities of the Britons were in those days neither artificially builded with houses, nor strongly walled with stone, but were only thick and cumbersome woods plashed within and trenched about; and the like in effect do other the Roman and Greek authors directly

"affirm—to wit, that, before the arrival of the Romans, the Britons had no towns, but called that a town which had a thick entangled wood defended, as I said, with a ditch and bank, the like whereof the Irishmen, our next neighbours, do at this day call *fastness*." Well, let it be so. We need not be deprived of a pre-Roman London for all that. Looking down from the top of St. Paul's, we do not indeed see, as the city in which Mandubratius was left by Cæsar's connivance, the nice walled town of the mythical Lud, but, instead of it, let us say, a tangled wood to the river's edge, ditched and palisaded, with intricate paths through it, and open spaces in the midst, where the blue folks had their dwellings, and from which the smoke of their fires curled up over the trees. I rather fancy, for my part, that there was considerably more semblance of a town than this. But, even in such a town, Mandubratius, visiting it occasionally, when he was not off somewhere else among his Trinobantes, may have lived more comfortably than he deserved—his royal hut or headquarters down there, I suppose, in the picked part of the wood which is now the site of Messrs. Dakin's tea-warehouse. But the poor man did not last long. It was remembered to his discredit, even by the Trinobantes themselves, that he had helped to bring in the Romans. So, ere long, he disappears or is got rid of, and, Cassibelan being no longer in the land of the living, Tenantius, the younger son of Lud, and a true chip of the old block, becomes king of the Trinobantes and of all Cassibelan's territory besides. His son and successor was no other than the famous Cunobelin (Shakespeare's Cymbeline), coins of whom, of very creditable workmanship, are extant. His capital or chief residence was Camalodunum, i.e. either Colchester or Maldon in Essex; but, for hints that he did not forget Trinobant or Lud's-town, see Shakespeare's history of him. In any case, there is no doubt that in his reign the preponderance of influence and of enterprise was distinctly gathered into the south-east part of Britain, round

about London, on both sides of the Thames. Thither came the merchants from Gaul, and perhaps the sneaking envoys from Rome itself; and if, in the northern and western parts, the more distant tribes were still living higgledy-piggledy and blue in the woods, the Druids among them at least would know of the superior state of things under Cunobelin in the south-east, and would spread the rumour everywhere of him and his coins and his trafficking with ships. Here is Shakespeare's summary of his reign from the mouth of the banished Briton, Posthumus, at Rome, talking with the Roman Philario:—

"You shall hear
The legions now in Gallia sooner landed
In our not-fearing Britain than have tidings
Of any penny tribute paid. Our countrymen
Are men more ordered than when Julius Cæsar
Smiled at their lack of skill, but found their
courage
Worthy his frowning at: their discipline,
Now mingled with their courage, will make
known
To their approvers they are people such
That mend upon the world."

Ay, but the Romans, after all, were to have the mending of them! For nearly four hundred years the Romans were our masters—first breaking us, or most of us, into submission, and then ruling and civilizing us. And what of London under the Romans? One might ask first the larger question, What of Britannia generally under the Romans? It is another perversity of our historians, less excusable than their neglect of our Celtic or pre-Roman *origines*, that they hardly trouble themselves with this question at all, but treat the whole Roman conquest and occupation of Britain as a something written on a slate with great pains, and then suddenly sponged out. As if, forsooth, a people like the Romans, who trod so hard, and left their marks so deep, wherever they went, *could* have held our island for four centuries without consequences that must be felt to this day through the toughest intervening buffer of Saxonism!

But we do have some glimpses, with special flashes of London and its neigh-

bourhood in the midst of them. Was it not still among the Trinobantes, or Essex and Middlesex people, that the Roman short swords flashed and found the sternest opposition? Was it not Camalodunum, the capital of the Trinobantes, away there in Essex, that the Emperor Claudius stormed in pomp, and that became the first important colony of the Romans in Britain?

"Lo the colony; there they rioted in the city of Cunobeline!

There they drank in cups of emerald, there at tables of ebony lay,

Rolling on their purple couches in their tender effeminacy."

Not, however, till they had included in their dominions all the territory of the Trinobantes, and also all the territories of the other tribes of southern and south-eastern Britain—the Icenii, of Norfolk and Suffolk; the Coritani, of Lincolnshire; the Catieuchlani, of Herts and Bucks; the Regni, of Surrey and Sussex; the Durobriges of Dorset; the Dumnonii of Devon; &c. And, in all that first-conquered domain of the Romans in Britain, which were the spots of greatest mark after Camalodunum itself? Verulamium, near where St. Alban's now is, for one; and Londinium, or Augusta, on the Thames, for another. Yes, from Tacitus himself we first hear the actual name "London." And how does he describe it, speaking of it as it was within twenty years after the beginning of the Roman rule in Britain? "*Copia negotiatorum et commeatu maximè celebris*," are his words: "a city in the highest degree famous for its abundance of traders and provisions." What could be more characteristic? What difficulty is there in seeing, with the aid of this phrase from Tacitus, London as it had been improved by Roman stimulation out of its British beginnings? Down there on the river, what ships of foreign-looking men, mingled with rafts and skiffs of natives; from the north and west there, what bringing in of cattle, and fodder, and vegetables; at our backs, the lands of the Regni and Cantii, extending to the Channel; due north, a little to the left, the road to Verulamium;

and to the right, Shoreditch-ways, where the Great Eastern terminus now is, the white road winding off that leads to Camalodunum.

Aha! as we gaze, what is that? A cry, a wild cry, swelling from Camalodunum far to the west, including London in its way, and returning wilder and louder along the Thames through London to Camalodunum and the eastern sea. It is the voice of Boadicea, the queen of the Icenii, charioting hither and thither with her outraged daughters, and rousing the Britons to revenge.

"Hear, Icenian, Catieuchlanian; hear, Coritanian, Trinobant!

Must their ever-ravaging eagle's beak and talons annihilate us?

Tear the noble heart of Britain, leave it gorily quivering?

Bark an answer, Britain's raven! bark and blacken innumerable!

Blacken round the Roman carrion, make the carcase a skeleton . . .

Lo, their colony half-defended! Lo, their colony Camulodune!

There the horde of Roman robbers mock at a barbarous adversary.

There the hive of Roman liars worship a gluttonous Emperor-idiot.

Such is Rome, and this her deity: hear it, spirit of Cassivelaun!"

And lo! at the cry, all the tribes roused Druids and Druidesses shrieking in their midst, and the Romans everywhere running for their lives, and men, women, and infants among them hacked to pieces!

"Ran the land with Roman slaughter, multitudinous agonies.

Perished many a maid and matron, many a valourous legionary.

Fell the colony, city, and citadel, London, Verulam, Camulodune."

Seventy thousand of them in all, it is calculated; many of them murdered down there in what are now the labyrinths of the London streets. The Roman power in Britain was all but annihilated. But Suetonius, the Roman general, had hastened back from the extreme west, where he had been taking the holy Anglesey of the Druids. All was retrieved by him in one great battle with Boadicea and her hordes. You can see the spot where it was fought. It was over there in St. Pancras, Penton-

ville, and Islington,—the very centre of it at the point now familiar to you as Battle Bridge or King's Cross. Over the fields there, now covered with shops and houses, the fugitive Britons were hewn down in heaps among their waggons; and, hurled away somewhither in the rush of ruin, Boadicea died her death of despair. Self-poisoned, as they say, her corpse lay, on heath or in hovel, somewhere perhaps within our present horizon of those northern Highgate heights—the corpse of a woman of masculine stature, grim-visaged, with hair of a bright yellow, shaken loose to the waist over a buttoned robe or cloak of thick stuff, under which was a particoloured inner garment, crossed by a breast-chain of gold.

The British tribe-system giving way before Roman organization and commerce, and Druidism and Roman Paganism itself paling equally before some glimmer of Christianity, Britain, as far as the firths of Forth and Clyde, became a diocese or vice-prefecture of one of the four prefectures of the later Roman empire. In this diocese there were, in Constantine's time, four provinces, to which a fifth was ultimately added. Southernmost, including all from the channel to the Thames and the lower Severn, was *Britannia Prima*; westernmost, including the present Wales, and something more, was *Britannia Secunda*; the Midlands, and the eastern districts from the Thames north to the Mersey and the Humber, constituted the large province of *Flavia Cæsariensis*; to the north of this, and reaching to the wall of Hadrian and Severus, between the Tyne and the Solway, was *Maxima Cæsariensis*; and, northernmost of all, to Agricola's weaker wall between the firths of Forth and Clyde, was the province of *Valentia*. One consequence of this extension of the Roman power was that it was rather in the north of the island than in the south that the Romans found it necessary to have their military and political headquarters. Hence, so far as the Romans had a capital in Britain, it was Eboracum, or York, in the province of *Maxima Cæsariensis*. But almost co-

equal with York, and the only other town in Britain having the full privileges of a Roman *municipium*, was Verulamium, in *Flavia Cæsariensis*; in which province also were no fewer than six of the nine Roman *coloniae*, ranking next in civic dignity—to wit, Londinium, Camalodunum, Deva (Chester), Glevum (Gloucester), Lindum (Lincoln), and Camboricum (Cambridge). The other three *coloniae* were Rhtupis (Richtborough), Aquæ Solis (Bath), and Isca (Exeter), all in *Britannia Prima*.

Roman London, therefore, if inferior to Roman York and Roman Verulam, was only just inferior. It was still a great mart on the Thames, and one of the nine Roman *coloniae* in Britain. And what was a Roman *colonia*? Dig anywhere on the site of one of them, or indeed on the site of any Roman station or town, whether a *colonia* or not, and you will find part of the answer. Dig anywhere down there, fifteen or sixteen feet deep, in the present soil of London, where it has not been dug already. What will you find? Heaps of oyster-shells, to a certainty, if you hit the right spots, for the passion of the Romans for oysters was prodigious wherever they went, and they had found out the goodness of the British east-coast "natives." But not oyster-heaps only; but, if you search well and no one has preceded you, pavements, and mosaics, and remains of baths and villas, and ruins of a temple or a theatre, and perhaps arms, and coins, and bronze godkins, and weapons, and armour. Send a Layard to dig on the site of a Nineveh? Why, dig anywhere over the whole earth, wherever there is a notable site, and you will be repaid archaeologically. For my part, I wonder at present how much of the Roman still lies unrecovered beneath these streets, under the gas-pipes, and the water-pipes, and all the ken of King Thwaites and the Commissioners of Sewers. But huddle the whole collection of relics together, and you will still have to use your imagination and your knowledge of history in order to make a sufficient meaning out of them. Who ate the oysters? who paced over the

pavements? who bathed in the baths? who laughed in the theatres? who clinked the coins? who worshipped the godkins? who wore the weapons and did execution with them on occasion? Romans we call them; but they, or their progenitors, were from all parts of Europe almost, and from some parts beyond. See them lounging down there about the public-houses — Italians, Gauls, Spaniards, Thracians, Dacians, Libyans even, but, above all, Saxons. They all speak a kind of Latin, it is to be hoped, for they have been a good while in the Roman service, and many of them are here to end their days at last as colonists and pensioners. See, at least, that man whom, as he passes down there in the direction of Paternoster Row, with the scroll in his hand, they all salute. By his gait, he is a genuine Italian, or, at all events, an educated Latin-speaking official. What is the scroll he carries? It may be Ulpian or Papinian, for is he not high in office, and does not a lawyer need his law-books? Or what if it be a copy of Martial, or Juvenal, or Petronius Arbiter, which he is taking home to read? At this distance, I cannot tell; but, as sure as if the scrolls had been dropped from the hands of the readers, and were dug up now with the oyster-shells, such readings there *were* in Roman London, and in every other Roman colony or town in Britain.

Exeunt the Romans, according to the traditional, but perhaps somewhat erroneous, stage-direction; and *enter* Hengist and Horsa. They seem rather incoherent at present; and, as the cast will not be complete until shoals of their kinsmen, now at sea, have arrived, it will be best for us to step inside the dome for a century or two, and come out again when things are farther advanced.

Well, we are out again! By my watch, it is about half-past the beginning of the seventh century. Whew! what a change they have made by this time on the face of the British map! You would hardly know it again. Ireland, away there, indeed, remains pretty much *in statu quo*, unless you choose to take note that it has had a fine develop-

ment of its own independent of the hurly-burly in the bigger island since the Romans left it—has become, in fact, “the Isle of Saints,” thanks to St. Patrick. But, in the bigger island, what have we now, instead of the former Roman diocese or vice-prefecture with its five provinces, including all the map, save that bit of it, to the north of Agricola’s Wall, which had been left wild for the Picts and Scots? That extreme northern bit you see, is still unreclaimed, and in possession of its Picts and Scots, who are doing nobody knows exactly what in it, except in so far as we have glimpses of missionaries from Ireland and Iona making their way amongst them. But the rest—that which was the Roman vice-prefecture? First look to the extreme west—to those mountainous regions of the western coast which were formerly included, at least nominally, in the two provinces of *Britannia Secunda* and *Valentia*. Into these mountainous regions, they would have us believe, the Saxon and Anglie invaders have by this time driven all the remains of the old Romano-Cymric or Romanized-British population of the island—cooping them up there in a broken fringe of three or four Cymric kingdoms called Cornwall, Wales, Cumbria, and Strathclyd. Such territories or kingdoms do exist; there is not a doubt about it; and they have been too little attended to. For here again we have fault to find with the common run of our historians. Not only are they most non-perceptive fellows, to whom even a flash of lightning in a mine would reveal nothing; but all British historiography of late has been systematically infected, vitiated, and kept stationary by a prevalent cant of ultra-Saxonism—a kind of toadyism to the memory of Hengist and Horsa. Now, without disparagement to the Saxon element in our national constitution, and without denying that it is the main element, it may just be hinted that the excessive toadyism to it of late has impeded investigation and kept a great deal that is curious, and even vitally interesting, out of sight. If the Angles

and Saxons drove the native Britons westward into Cornwall, Wales, Cumbria, and Strathclyd, there was a reaction from those western regions which bequeathed subtle influences and traditions, and almost overmastering literary influences and traditions, into the subsequent career of England. But it is all nonsense about the driving of the whole native population into the mountainous West. Such things don't happen. Possibly because there was a large prior diffusion of the Saxon, or some Teutonic, race in the east of England, Hengist, Horsa, and Co. did become proprietors of all the old Roman diocese except the aforesaid Cornwall, Wales, Cumbria, and Strathclyd—on which also they reserved a power of encroachment. But, on one condition or another, considerable patches of the old British tenantry must have remained where they were and made their peace with the invaders. Language is the most unstable thing about a nation in an early stage of its history; and which of two competing languages shall die out before the other depends on many causes besides the proportional numbers of those originally speaking them. Remembering this, and reinvestigating the facts, our historians will ere long come to a better understanding of the whole phenomenon of the Anglo-Saxon Heptarchy. But, taking the present version of the phenomenon as substantially true, what is that vision of the England of the seventh century which we now have (the laws of line and optics in abeyance) from the top of St. Paul's? An England of seven sturdy, valiant, big-boned, solid-going, if rather thick-blooded and beef-witted, kingdoms.

Let us go round the dome and have a view of them. Standing here, and facing the river, we behold, across it, on the left hand, occupying all the south-eastern corner of England between the river and the sea, the *Kingdom of Kent* (chief town, Canterbury), still called the county of Kent. Due south from us, over Surrey and Sussex, away to the Channel, is the *Kingdom of the South Saxons* (chief town, Chichester).

To the right of this, again, is *Wessex*, or *Kingdom of the West Saxons* (chief town, Winchester), including all the rest of the country between the Thames and the Channel as far as the Cornish frontier. Then we ourselves, on the dome here, on this side of the river, are in the *Kingdom of the East Saxons* (chief towns, Colchester and London), including Essex, Middlesex, and their adjacencies—for a fuller view of the extent of which kingdom we had better walk round leftwise and face to the north. So facing, we see also, to the right there beyond Essex, the seaward *Kingdom of East Anglia* (chief town, Norwich), including Suffolk, Norfolk, Cambridgeshire, and adjacent parts. Far beyond this, due north, is *Northumbria* (chief town, York), including Yorkshire, Durham, and all above the Humber as far as it can westward among the Cumbrians, and northwards to the Pictish boundary of the Firth of Forth. Finally, nearly filling up the intervening midlands to the left, north of the Thames and east of the Severn, is the large *Kingdom of Mercia*, encroaching on the Marches of the Welsh.

This is a rather wide survey to be taking from the top of St. Paul's. London, I thought, was our subject! Well, who denies it? But who can make anything of London in a fog? And the fact is that London, for a century or two about this time, *is* under the yellowest fog that ever hung over it. Whatever Hengist, Horsa, and Co. did, it cannot be said that they improved the immediate prospects of London, or its apparent chances of becoming the capital of England. For what was London now? Only the capital (and perhaps sharing that honour with Colchester) of one of the kingdoms of the Heptarchy—and that kingdom about the smallest of the seven, and certainly the least heard of, either for good or bad! "Of all the kingdoms of the Heptarchy," says Rapin, "there is none whose history is so imperfect as that of the kingdom of Essex." And I can confirm M. Rapin in this. Not only during the whole period usually assigned to the existence

of the Heptarchy (beginning, say 600 and ending 830) do you find all: hat is important in the way of political action, whether civil or ecclesiastical, going on anywhere rather than in Essex—in Kent, in Mercia, but, above all, in Northumbria; but, having taken the pains to make out a list of all the Anglo-Saxon names of any intellectual or literary eminence during this whole period, I am sorry to report (and I hope the Essex and Middlesex people will not be offended by my doing so) that I do not find the name of a single Essex or Middlesex man in it. But I will give the particulars. My list includes 25 Anglo-Saxon names in all; and the following are the proportions among the seven kingdoms:—Northumbria, 14, or more than half; Wessex, 3; Mercia, 3; Kent, 3; East Anglia, 1; Sussex, 1; Essex, 0. Northumbria, by this list, beats all the rest hollow, and poor Essex is nowhere. Reason enough in this, surely, why I should have cajoled you into looking all over England for a paragraph or two, rather than down immediately under the dome.

But, if you *will* insist on knowing something of what is going on about the river-banks in the fog, let this suffice you: First, there came King Erchenwin, from the firm of Hengist and Horsa in Kent; and *he* set up in Essex for himself, and held his own against everybody else—sometimes over in Colchester, but more frequently, I fancy, down here in London. Then there was Sleda, and he is dead-a; then Sebert, who was the first King of Essex that tried to be a Christian; then Saxred, Seward, and Sigebert, three obstinate Pagans, all of whom sat and drank on one throne together, and, for aught I know, were the original Three Kings of Brentford; then Sigebert the Little, of whom little is known; then Sigebert the Good, who was the first Essex king that tried to be a Christian and succeeded; then Swithelm; then Sebba and Siger, the second a backsliding tiger; then Sebba by himself; then Sighard and Senofrid; then Offa, the inventor of "offal"; then Seolred; and then Swithred. The most notable

thing about these Essex kings is that the names of all of them but two began with S. There is probably some inference to be drawn from the fact; but what it is I do not know. Nor am I positively sure that it was London that they all chiefly honoured with their residence; though, as we do not hear much now of Verulamium and Camulodunum in competition with London, as they had been in the Roman times, it is probable that the trading facilities of London had begun to tell in its favour with their East-Saxon majesties. At all events, from about 604 the whirl of things in the East-Saxon parts seems to have been busiest round London, where the Romans had left convenient bits of a city-wall visible among the Saxon houses and wharves. Or, if there was any town to which the Essex and Middlesex people looked with greater respect than to London, it was Canterbury, over there among their Kentish cousins. For thither, in the reign of the Kentish king Ethelbert—a man to whom none of all the Essex kings was fit to hold a candle—had come the Roman missionary, Augustine, and his train of monks; and from Canterbury, so made holy, there had begun to radiate northwards and westwards the Christian teaching of Augustine's Latin emissaries. Lo! one of these it was, by name Mellitus, that first, in the year above mentioned, came with relics, and cups, and vestments, and stood there down among the wharves, trying to get the East-Saxons to listen to him, and let themselves be baptized. Sebert, their king, did all he could in the matter, to oblige his uncle Ethelbert; and there was built for Mellitus, as the first bishop of the East Saxons, a church called St. Paul's Church, on the very site of that bigger St. Paul's at the top of which we are now standing—not to speak of another church in honour of St. Peter, away there a mile to the west, and which was the original Westminster. But all would not do. The Essex and Middlesex people were unusually hard to convert. They relapsed into Paganism, and drove out Mellitus; and it devolved on a

Scotchman, or Northumbrian, named Cedd, who came after him—the Bishop Tait of his day—to break them thoroughly in (653). By that time, save in Sussex, which was even more backward than Essex in the matter of religion, and in Mercia, which remained in a half-and-half state, owing to the difficulty of Church-extension in so large a kingdom, Paganism was distinctly on the wane all over the Heptarchy, and in some parts gone. A century more, and it is gone (except what remained in the Anglo-Saxon bone, and that was not a little) in every part of the Heptarchy. As the sun shines down on broad England, lo ! a land of churches, and, glittering conspicuous among these churches, seventeen cathedrals, the seats of seventeen bishoprics—four of them in Northumbria (one the archbishopric of York), five in Mercia, two in East-Anglia, two in Kent (one the archbishopric of Canterbury), two in Wessex, one among the South Saxons, and one (our London) among the East Saxons. Thanks for this, however, not solely to Augustine and his successors in Canterbury, and to all that co-operated with them from Rome. For, earlier than Augustine, there had been Celtic missionaries from the north and west, making their way among the Northumbrians and the Mercians ; and since the time of Augustine there had been two Christianities, or at least two Christian theologies and disciplines, struggling for the possession of England—the Roman or Catholic theology and discipline from the South, and the older Celtic theology and discipline from the North-west. And, meeting in the middle, they had come into conflict ; and the Roman, as being more congenial to Anglo-Saxon tastes, or more vigorously backed, had beaten ; and the Celtic, having done its work chiefly in Northumbria, had lingeringly retired.

Up here, so high in the air, you will not, I suppose, object to hearing a bit of truth, even should it be unpalatable to you as a South-of-England man. I have never mentioned it to anybody else, but you may take my word for it. It is

that, among all the kingdoms of the Heptarchy, it would have been safest, down to the middle of the eighth century, to bet on Northumbria. You see in what a fog things have been down here immediately beneath us, among the East Saxons. The haze has been pretty thick also, as you may have marked, over the South Saxons ; and what sunshine there has been south of the Thames at all has been chiefly over Kent, and latterly over Wessex. But, away there in the far North, how Northumbria has been shining ! Whether because the Northumbrians had a start given them by the possession of that part of England where Roman civilization had been ripest round the capital Eboracum, or whether the cause was in the Northumbrian brain itself, certain it is that for a time Northumbria had the lead in the Heptarchy. More than half of all the Englishmen of the Heptarchy period, remembered now as of any intellectual or literary eminence, were, as I have told you, Northumbrians by birth—including Cædmon, and Benedict Biscop, and Wilfred, and Bede the Venerable (the very best of them all), and Egbert, and Alcuin. The likelihood in those days was, I can tell you, that the capital of England would be nowhere hereabouts, on the Thames, or in the South at all, but away in Yorkshire.

But, oh, we are short-sighted mortals ! There were causes at work that were to provincialize Northumbria, and drag the capital of England farther south. For one thing, the capital of England could not now, as in the Roman times, be conveniently so far away in the North. It must be nearer to the Continent. Old Father Thames also, flowing quietly, had known all the while, glancing at the banks on both sides of him, that in the end, even without extra-insular aid, all England would come to him. Then there was a southward-dragging force in the ecclesiastical supremacy of Canterbury, asserting itself more and more up through the midlands, against the rivalry of York. And Mercia, north of the Thames, and Wessex, south of the Thames, had both been bestirring

themselves, and, with the help of able kings, taking the shine politically out of Northumbria. And so, though Northumbria remained one of the three kingdoms—Northumbria, Mercia, and Wessex—into which the Heptarchy was reduced by the natural eating-up of the smaller kingdoms by the larger, the contest at last lay between Northern or Anglie England, as represented in Mercia, and Southern or Saxon England, as represented in Wessex. On which of these two would you bet? If you were a Lancashire man, or a Birmingham man, or if you foresaw that there was one day to be a Mercian called William Shakespeare, you would perhaps bet on Mercia. But I would advise you to bet on Wessex—Wessex which, though it has not as yet produced a Cædmon, a Bede, or an Alcuin, has produced, perhaps, the three next best of that kind, in Aldhelm, Boniface, and Willibald, and has, moreover, had kings that have not been letting the grass grow under their feet. And Wessex wins; so, at least, they tell you. It was about the year 830, they tell you, that Egbert, "King of the West Saxons," the father of Alfred the Great, became, in some virtual manner, king of all England. He was actually king of all the Southern, or Saxon kingdoms—Wessex, Sussex, Essex, and Kent; but they say he was modest enough still to leave tributary kings in the three Northern, or Anglie kingdoms—Mercia, East Anglia, and Northumbria. The fact is, nobody exactly knows. Only this we know—that, somewhere about this date, England began to feel itself *one* under a West-Saxon dynasty; that, about the same time, Scotland began to set up for itself as a Scoto-Pietish unity, under a Scottish or Gaelic dynasty, helping itself to what it could of the northern fringes of Northumbria, and benefiting itself mightily thereby; and that Ireland, all the while, was still in existence, but whether as one, or four, or forty, it hardly knew itself, nor can Tom Moore tell you.

Winchester was the capital of old Wessex. Well, when the Wessex kings

had promoted themselves to be virtual kings of all England, did they abide in Winchester, or had they an eye to London? That they had an eye to London is likely enough; but they had a peck of troubles still between them, poor fellows, and the possession of London, or, indeed, of anything else steady in England. For what cloud is that which we see, about the year 839, rolling Londonwards over the fair fields of Kent, through Canterbury, through Rochester, nearer, ever nearer, and turning, as we gaze, into smoke and flame? Behold, through the smoke, those thundering fair-haired giants marching in the rear. The Danes, the Danes! They have reached Southwark; the river cannot stop them; they are rampaging through London and all round us; they set fire to all that is combustible in the city, and leave it in rubbish and ruin.

Not the first warning, by any means, to the British Islands, of this new and most terrible enemy, leaping on to their shores, and requiring either to be cast back or admitted and absorbed ere a national history could form itself. And here again, for a century or two, we shall know quite as much if we stow ourselves away within the dome, and wait there in darkness, as if we remained outside, letting our eyes range over the vast and glaring confusion. Some day, perhaps, our historians will undertake also this piece of work, and clear up for us the Danish or Scandinavian invasions of the ninth, tenth, and eleventh centuries, and their real connexion with British history. As it is, we have to imagine for ourselves, and mostly in the vague. That all round the islands, in every accessible bay, and up every firth or navigable river in England, Scotland, and even Ireland, the Hebrides, and the Orkneys, Danes are leaping ashore, sometimes plundering and going away again, but at other times, when the whim seizes them, remaining and settling; that everywhere the natives are fighting them, skinning those they can kill, and nailing their skins to the church-doors; that, nevertheless, in the end, about half the area of our islands

is Scandinavianized and made into Danish dominions; that probably it is a good thing now for us that such was the case, and that much of the best pith in Britain at the present day is owing to that immense inrush of Scandinavian energy—all this we know, or may infer. Or, fixing our attention on England, we have the vision, first, of all Anglie or Northern England, including Northumbria, Mercia, and East Anglia, wrested from the Wessex kings and subject to Danish law, and even South England itself, or the old Saxon kingdoms of Wessex, Sussex, Essex, and Kent, overrun by the Danes and only retrieved from them by the great Englishman, Alfred.

Too little leisure had Alfred, through most of his life, to think of a capital, or to know where his capital might be; and London, or what remained of it, was long at the mercy of the Danes. But, as soon as he had a little leisure, and the limits of the Danes had been settled, he looked after it, and had it rebuilt (886), so that from that time the citizens cherished the name of Alfred, and manned their walls stoutly for him and his successors in Wessex against every Danish army that came near. And it began to be clear what London was to be in England, when the Danish imbrogio should be over.

It almost seemed over in the time of Alfred's great successor, Athelstan, when the Danes had been walked through to the Scottish border, and all England had again been brought within the sway of Wessex. But then, when Ethelred of Wessex was "unready," there came in, to the reinforcement of the suppressed Danish element in England, the whole strength of the joint Scandinavian kingdoms of Denmark and Norway under King Swen (1004); and in ten years Ethelred was a fugitive in Normandy, and England was but a portion of Swen's large Scandinavian empire. And his son, the great Knut, or Canute, kept it so in spite of opposition; and a Danish dynasty was established in England; and, so far as England had a capital at all, it was properly not anywhere in England itself, but away in

Norway or Denmark. But, though Knut went and came a good deal between England and his continental possessions, England had the most of him, and he did his duty splendidly here, and was, as every information or legend respecting him shows, a man of true English humanity and genius. When he was in England, however, it was not London that he favoured with his residence, but rather the fenny and more Danish country of East Anglia. There it was that, being rowed in his barge with his queen and nobles one summer evening to the monastery of Ely, where, according to his custom, he was to keep the feast of the Purification, he felt his royal heart softened within him by the song of the monks as he approached, and, standing up, the better to listen, gave vent to his feelings in the little scrap of verse which, preserved long in the popular memory of those parts as King Canute's Song, was at length happily booked for us by an old chronicler, and is dear now as our earliest specimen of genuine English poetry, though it came from Danish lips:—

"Merrie sungen the muneches (*monks*) binnen
Ely,
Tha Knut king rew (*rowed*) therby;
Roweth, knightes (*row, my men*), near the
land,
And hear we these muneches' sang!"

England might have been worse off than under the rule of Knut's posterity, had they been at all like himself. But it was not so to be. Alfred's posterity of the native Wessex line were waiting for the reversion; and, Knut's Scandinavian empire being divided after his death, England, after a little while, came to Edward the Confessor (1041-1066). Wessex, or the South of England, had preponderated, politically, at last, over all the north of England—over Mercia, East Anglia, and Northumbria Scandinavianized. And apparently not without reason, if I may rely on the same kind of statistics for the period from the so-called end of the Heptarchy to the Norman Conquest, as satisfied us for the period of the Heptarchy itself. Then, as we found, such muses as there were in England chiefly inhabited North-

umbria. Now it is different. Of thirty names on my list as those of the most eminent Englishmen, intellectually or ecclesiastically, during the last two centuries and a half of what is called the Anglo-Saxon period, twenty are certainly and presumably names of Wessex or South-of-England men (Wessex now not distinguished from the old kingdoms of Sussex, Essex, and Kent), while three are names of Anglo-Danes, and seven are distributed between Northumbria, Mercia, and East Anglia. Among the Wessex names, also, are indubitably the greatest, as St. Swithin, St. Neot, King Alfred, Bishop Ethelwold, Archbishop Dunstan, and Archbishop Ælfric.

Beyond a doubt, now, London is to be the capital of England. In the reign of good King Edward the Confessor, while all the land is in peace, lo! this city of the Thames, the assured emporium of the North and South, celebrated for its abundance of traders and provisions even more than it had been in the Roman times—fairly walled in, and with portreeves and guilds, and some substantial sort of Saxon municipal government; with a bridge, too, over the river, and, as you can easily see from this height, a sprinkling of villages and hamlets all round about, over the river, and down the river, and northward over the fields to Hampstead Heath. Nay, Westminster, up the Strand there, is to be, by King Edward's command, no mere village much longer, but a separate city. "Without the walls of London," Stow tells us from an older record, "upon the river Thames, there was in times past a little monastery builded to the honour of God and St. Peter, with a few Benedict monks in it, under an abbot, serving Christ: very poor they were, and little was given them for their relief. There the king intended (for that it was near to the famous city of London, and the river Thames, that brought in all kinds of merchandises from all parts of the world) to make his sepulchre. He commanded, therefore, that, of the tenths of all his rents, the work should be begun in such sort as should become the prince of the Apostles. At this his commandment

"the work is nobly begun, even from the foundation, and happily proceedeth till the same was finished: the charges bestowed, or to be bestowed, are not regarded. He granted to this church great privileges, above all the churches in this land, as appeareth by this his charter: 'Edward King greet William, bishop, and Leofstane and Ælfric, portreeves, and all my burgesses of London, friendly; and I tell you that I have this given and granted to Christ and Saint Peter the holy Apostle—at Westminster full freedom over all the land that belongeth to that holy place, &c.' He also caused the parish church of St. Margaret to be newly builded without the abbey church of Westminster, for the care and commodity of the monks, because before that time the parish church stood within the old abbey church, in the south aisle, somewhat to their annoyance." Having done all which, and convoked a great assembly of bishops and nobles to London for the ceremony of the consecration of the new abbey, King Edward died and was buried.

It was a characteristic of the Confessor's reign that one heard a good deal more of French spoken about London and Westminster than was pleasant to an English ear. But more of that language is to be spoken by-and-bye, both here and all over England. For what is that new cloud approaching this way over Kent? Not the Danes again, surely? Well, they are a kind of Danes, too, if you go far enough back in their pedigree; but Danes with a difference—Danes that have been Gallicized for a century or two, have cut their hair short, rid themselves of grosser ancestral tastes, brought their brains to the highest perfection then known in the world, and learnt to speak Northern French, and make it answer their purposes. It is William the Norman that has landed. He has gained the battle of Hastings; he is marching on London. See five hundred of his horse already skirmishing beautifully in the suburb of Southwark!